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DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Earth Means no Task, Holds not no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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Christian Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Unintentionally I touched the lid of Pandora's box and let out four whirlwinds! I touched the box by putting a simple question to Prof. Buchanan, Mr. Kiddie, Dr. Peabody and Dr. Brittan—what they meant by "Christian Spiritualism." This question could be well answered by a single sentence; thoroughly in a brief paragraph. They each used nearly two columns and leave the question itself unanswered. They all turn on the humbug questioner with patronizing insolence or ill-concealed anger. As frogs by shallow streams, when disturbed, plunge in and by vigorously stirring the mud give the water the appearance of great profundity and conceal themselves, so these champions of "Christian Spiritualism" conceal their meaning in obscurity of words. They retort by making this great question a personal matter. Were it one of individual opinion, I should not reply, for it is of little consequence to the world what any one of us may think. They have made it personal, and I must in a measure do the same. I am, forsooth, dubbed an Atheist, because I said Spiritualism writes the name of no God over its portal. And will Mr. Kiddie tell us what name he would have written? Will he have Brahma, Ormuzd, Christna, Allah, or the terrible Jehovah? If none of these, what will he write? Just God! Ah! surely he will then need an adjective to define his god, for that word is like a kaleidoscope—it appears differently at every turn.

As for friend Peabody, he would with proper training have made an excellent lawyer! When he brought forward the Independent Church matter, and made capital out of the fact that I was a member, I said, "He is mistaken, and if I explain he will gladly retract." Instead of this, however, he reiterates as though never a word had been written. He knows that I never subscribed to any organization with formulated creed; that I accepted a letter of fellowship in order to comply with the law conferring rights on ministers of the gospel. He knows that I regard this whole affair as a legal fiction, compiled with to gain a certain end, and hence it is unjust to use it as an argument, and far from fraternal. Mr. Peabody says:

"After soundly berating Christian Spiritualism and seeking to belittle such advocates of it as Kiddie, Buchanan and others, Mr. Tuttle says:

"By existing critically and making a 'corner-stone' of Jesus, they set themselves directly across the path of advance marked out by great thinkers and scholars like Max Muller and others, who bring all religions, as evolutions of human thought, to one common level."

"And who, pray, has made a 'corner-stone' of Jesus? I do not know of one in the ranks of Spiritualism. Thank heaven, the great body of Spiritualists are intelligent enough, honest and honorable enough to make the due distinction between the man Jesus and Christ—that is to say, the Christ-principle, or the Christ-spirit of truth, love and purity."

I sought to "belittle" no one, nor do I care to exalt my own ideas. I want to know what is true. I said that the use of the word "Christian" is an entirely new sense, when it is known to a certainty that the world at large will accept it in its old significance, and so using it because it would be so understood, in a sham. I will further say that the use of the words, Christ and Jesus, in the way Mr. Peabody has done, is also a sham. "Making a corner-stone of Jesus," I used that term as synonymous with Christ, just as all the world use it. When we talk of Christ, do we mean a "Christ-principle," a vague, intangible non-entity, or a man living in Palestine 1800 years ago? Take Mr. Peabody's pamphlet, "Christ the Corner-stone of Spiritualism." Does he mean the principles of love, goodness, etc., or of Jesus the Christ? All the arguments and drift of his pages are for the purpose of showing that Christ, i. e., Jesus, is the corner-stone of Spiritualism. If he really means the

great principles of love, justice, etc., which form the moral background of Christianity, and not the personal Christ or Jesus, he writes for the express purpose to deceive; and if he really means these principles, why does he designate them "Christ" principles? They were common to the world before the beginning of our era, and I challenge Mr. Peabody to produce a single truth expressed by Christianity, which was not equally well expressed outside its pale. Then why put this trademark, "Christ-principle," on truths known before the dawn of the Christian era? Did Jesus Christ copyright his sermon on the Mount, and his golden rule, that they must bear his signature with "all rights reserved?"

Mr. Peabody congratulates himself in having struck a key note as proved by the sale of 12,000 copies of his "corner-stone" pamphlet. Does he not mistake? People wanted to know if Jesus Christ, or the "Christ-principle," was the foundation of Spiritualism, hence they bought the book, read it, and were woefully disappointed. They were impressed with the fact that a double meaning ran from beginning to end of the book, and the author was playing bo-peep from behind a fog-bank.

No man, however divine, like Moses, Zoroaster, Mehtus, Jesus Christ, Paul, Calvin or Luther, has the least right to stamp his name on the common principles of truth. They are universal and immortal. That we live after death is a fact on which rest the grandest theorems of spiritual science. That fact is the "corner-stone" of the spiritual temple; the "Christ-principles" are only brick and mortar.

One quotation more and I have done. Mr. Peabody says: "Mr. Tuttle makes this admission, 'Spiritualism is Christian; it is Mohammedan; it is Buddhist; etc.' Exactly so! and being so why is he so troubled?" I am not troubled, nor do I make "admissions." I am not arguing this question to simply gain a victory in discussion. I will grant everything that appears true to me, and if then I am in error, I hope I will now and forever be first to confess that error. I make this statement, "Spiritualism is Christian," etc., which I believe true, wherein does Mr. Peabody differ? He would stop right there, nor accept the grand statement of Dr. Buchanan:

"The only use of the word Christian is to illustrate by a familiar example, the lofty living character of a true religious sentiment, with which we are already familiar. I cannot say I derive my religion of ethics from the history of Jesus or the New Testament. I derive them really from the constitution of man as unfolded by the new anthropology, and this I have so fully explained heretofore, that I might hope not to be misunderstood by intelligent Spiritualists."

In the same manner, had Dr. B. been read a Mohammedan he would have used the word Mohammedan, simply as a ready means of expressing the highest form of ethics. Really he is not a Christian but an anthropological Spiritualist.

Mr. Peabody has written himself down, not as a Christian Spiritualist, a term which he says has been forced on him, but as a "Christ-principle Spiritualist," and as we find the principles of "love, justice and purity" admit of no such classification, when he tells us what his "Christ-principle" is, we shall better know where to place him.

Dr. Brittan, in display headline, impresses the reader that my attack on "Christian Spiritualism," is made on an "army of straw!" That is, this term is meaningless; as he thus grants the whole position, it is needless to waste words on him, although it is singular, if he really considers the army he has apparently at times so much relied on only an "army of straw," why he allows so much bitterness and acidity to distill from his pen! Vituperation and epithets are not arguments, and do not require an answer.

It is very true what Dr. Brittan says of my being connected with a farm, and perhaps my intuitive sense may be clouded at times so that I may not comprehend the lofty flights of those I criticize, but I have the satisfaction of a very independent life, and as I am not salaried by the spiritual public, I am compelled to support myself, and dare to speak my convictions. And now, dropping all personality out of sight, I will present what Spiritualism is to me, and if it can be bettered by the term "Christian," when that is shown I will be among the first to use it.

Spiritualism rests on the fact of man's immortality. It is the knowledge of everything pertaining to man, as a physical and as a spiritual being. It thus embraces all religions and all sciences. Hence no man can "drop it with his name or individuality. Directly or indirectly it thus embraces all truth. It is a religion, a science, a grand scientific system of philosophy!

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Let not poverty stand as an obstacle to your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify, but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and be compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintances, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving.—Garfield.

Henry Ward Beecher—His Beliefs—Here, There, or Where?

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

In his Plymouth Church pulpit, on Sunday morning, July 11th, Mr. Beecher made a formal statement of his beliefs on some leading religious doctrines to a large and attentive audience. We give the leading points of his discourse:

THE BIBLE.

"I believe God, in every age and in all nations, has moved upon the hearts of men by his Holy Spirit, inspiring them to whatever is pure, true and noble. I believe that the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New contain the fruit of that inspiration as it was developed in the Hebrew nation; and I fully and heartily accept the Bible according to the apostolic and only declaration which the Bible itself gives of the nature of divine inspiration—namely, II Timothy, iii, 16-17: 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' I believe that as a true understanding of God's work in the outward and material world can be gained only by a careful study of the facts of nature, so the true view of the inspiration of Scripture is to be gained not by theories or traditions, but by a vigorous study of the facts—its structure, origin, the nature of its contents; and this is all the more necessary in that the Book, as we hold it now, was not an immediate and complete gift of God to man, but was a growth of ages. It was written by different hands, in different languages, with centuries of interval between part and part, and that the chief substance of its truth was conveyed by Divine mind to the human mind in the way in which God ordinarily imparts the truth—through human experience. I believe that the Bible is largely a record of history, and in this respect it is to be studied as we study any history; that it contains a large measure of poetry, and that that is to be accepted, not as science, but as we accept and use poetry; that it is largely a literature, and is to be construed as we construe literature; that it is a record of institutions, laws, worship, which have answered their ends and passed away, and that therefore different parts of Scripture have different degrees of value. I hold, with the church, that Scripture is not a guide to scientific knowledge; that it records the best conception from period to period of scientific truths which were then held, and that no violence is done to the spirit of truth to accept the fuller disclosures of physical truth which God is making in our day over those recorded in the earlier days. We do not believe that inspiration has ceased."

So far this looks toward a rational view of the book, but he soon turns about and says:

"And I adopt the language of the Westminster Confession, page 13, section X, as follows:

'The Supreme Judge, by which all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men and private spirits, are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other but the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture.'

With increasing years and wider experience, I more and more value this book, as containing the highest moral truths to which the human mind has been admitted; and, from its beginning to its end, it teaches the simple and intelligent man to know what is evil and to shun it, and to know what is good and to follow it; and with yet greater emphasis than when the apostles wrote it, it is a book by which a man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work."

This looks toward the book as authority.

INFALLIBILITY OF MAN AND CONVERSION.

"I believe that every man is born without holiness, without intelligence, without moral sense, without emotions or passions, but with a capacity for all these, which is to be developed by aftergrowth. That by God's decree of creation, man came gradually to the knowledge of his laws in nature and in human society; and that of necessity men should violate divine laws through ignorance and inexperience, and that such violations of law are infirmities; that as soon as men come to years of discretion and knowingly violate them, they sin. And I believe that the whole human race, universally, always, in all times and places, does sin, and is sinful, in various degrees and in various intensity of guilt, and that this ignorance, perversity, disobedience, and sin are such as to require divine interposition for correction and for forgiveness. And that is my faith as to human sinfulness."

"I believe that God exerts an influence upon the human soul by which it is softened, enlightened, and made willing to do all good and averse to all evil; and that when called in sacred scripture, and equally by their reason and moral sense, to seek this renovation by which their whole nature comes under divine influence and is changed gradually from sin to perfect holiness. And that is my belief in the doctrine of conversion."

This is not quite orthodox, but is good.

THE TRINITY.

"I believe that God is unsearchable; that His being lies outside of human comprehension in this state of existence; that, nevertheless, we may obtain a partial and fragmentary view of it with the certainty that in every direction the divine nature is nobler, purer, more admirable and lovable than reason, imagination or experience can conceive. I believe that God revealed Himself gradually as well as partially, and that He is still revealing Himself, through the experience of mankind and through the revelation of His material kingdom. While in the Old Testament, as against a plurality of Gods, Jehovah was revealed as one God, in the New Testament the intimations are that God exists as Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Without attempting to analyze and define the nature of Divine Existence, I accept as the best idea I can get of the interior economy of God's nature the unity of God in a tri-personality. But I do not regard the acceptance of this view as necessary to growth toward spiritual manhood or to acceptance with God. The church did without it for 4,000 years; men may live without it and yet be good men. For myself, I accept it as the easiest interpretation of the varied representations of the New Testament, and I therefore believe and preach the Trinity."

This theological mystery he accepts, yet does not hold it of highest moment.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

"I believe heartily in the divinity of Christ. I reject as unscriptural the doctrine of a human soul and a divine soul, as set forth in the Athanasian creed, and believe that the essential nature of Christ was divine, simple, pure, uncompounded, and that as much of divinity as could be manifested and expressed under the limitations of material laws and in a human body, were made known in him; but that the earthly existence of Christ did not give forth, nor could the whole of His divine nature. He was more than he appeared. But I do not demand of any technical adherence to a fact whose philosophy is obscure, and must always be; but I do insist upon the duty, the privilege and the safety of rendering to Christ all the homage of love, fidelity and obedience of which the soul is capable; and the assuming for our own lives His spirit, disposition, doctrines and precepts. I regard them as the very essence of Christian religion."

This is a square turn toward orthodoxy, and yet he says the "philosophy is obscure." Here is Christ lifted above all humanity, as the example and guide, and no recognition of a spirit or doctrines like his, ages before he came on earth.

THE ATONEMENT.

"I believe the atonement is not a plan, an act, or series of actions devised to amend a broken law, but that it is the inherent and eternal nature of Divine love. The life, the teachings, the suffering, the death and resurrection of Christ were but the means of disclosing the atoning nature of God. They were an illustrious exposition of an eternal fact—an exposition of atonement, and not the atonement itself. I believe it was meant that the creation of a system of living influences designed to act, not upon God or his law, or upon the public sentiment of the universe, but that the life, teachings and death of Christ were simply instruments by which the heart of man might be interested and affected. The beauty of holiness, the attractive sweetness of Divine love, the brooding care and kindness of everlasting strength toward weakness and wickedness—these were the influences flowing from the life and sufferings of Christ."

This is not orthodox, and it is not satisfactory to reasonable, to thinking people of broad views and spiritual culture. Atonement is at-onement, reconciliation; and how the cruel crucifixion of God the Son, can reconcile men to God the Father is far from clear.

BACK TO THE APOSTOLIC CREED.

"And now, from out of the subtleties, the puerilities, the tangle of medieval and modern theology, I go back heartily and embrace the sublime simplicity of the apostles' creed: 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; 'And in Jesus Christ, His only son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he arose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen."

This is a long step back: immaculate conception, bodily resurrection and all are accepted, from the long-gone centuries when this old creed was framed.

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

He does not accept eternal punishment because, while the Scriptures teach future punishment, "as to the method, duration, the final outcome of penalty, I do not think the Scriptures give any decision." In closing he says:

"I belong to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, whether they admit my love or return it. The number of men clothed with courage to make known the ever-widening substance of truth is every year increasing. The world is awakening. Glorious times are now at hand. The new heaven casts forward a twilight glow over all the earth. The world is to be redeemed, and I, far from here, shall hear the shout of victory: 'The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' Even so, Lord Jesus come quickly."

The whole discourse shows the conflict between the enlarging soul of the man and the fetters of his creed. He would do well to read the history of Mr. Facing-both-ways, in Pilgrim's Progress. If the Congregational churches utterly cast him out, it will be a blessing indeed to him and his friends, for then, and not until then, will he be "clothed with courage to make known the ever-widening substance of truth."

In reading a sermon like this the question comes up: "Can a man stand in an orthodox pulpit and freely speak the truth that he sees and feels?" Verily the old passage of the camel through the needle's eye is as easy!

An Irrepressible Conflict.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A late number of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, (that of June 5) contained an article from Mr. Hudson Tuttle, in which several well-known advocates of Spiritualism are severely criticized for taking the title of "Christian Spiritualists." They are charged with acting, in this, under the fear of "Mrs. Grundy," and with purposely shaping their course so that that mythological personage will "have no peg on which to hang a question" as to their "respectability." To this it is added that "after all, these Christian Spiritualists are no more Christian than those who reject the term;" that "they only desire to retain the name as a sham, and it is a sham that deceives nobody;" that "they have Spiritualism, but blighted, dead with the dry rot of respectability." Of course it is implied in these declarations, as plainly as human language can imply, that all those who style themselves "Christian Spiritualists," are cowards and hypocrites, not daring to sail under their own true colors, and wishing to appear for what they really are not, so that they may be respected beyond their merits, though it is conceded that these "shams" and deceivers have the negative merit of "deceiving nobody."

My brothers Kiddie, Buchanan, Brittan and Peabody at whom, "with others," the animadversions were specially aimed, have answered sharply and with dignity, and so far as the controversy rests personally between them and Mr. Tuttle, I have no disposition to interfere. But as one of the "others" referred to, I claim the right to say a few words which shall be mostly on general principles. Personally I believe Mr. Tuttle is a kind-hearted man, and that he really does not mean to insult any one. I would not, therefore, lay on his shoulders a greater share of the burden of this sin against Christian Spiritualists (really against Christ himself) than that which rests, and has long rested, equally on others. In expressing himself, as he did, he merely echoed the sentiment of a class to which he belongs. There is unquestionably an "irrepressible conflict" between two parties and two sets of principles in our ranks, and that these parties may the better understand each other, with the grounds on which they severally stand, it is deemed proper to submit the following statement and remarks. "Nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice."

Owing to general conditions both in the natural and spiritual sphere, which I need not here explain, the main branch of the active Spiritualist propaganda, was, from the first, composed of such elements as naturally set out with two general ideas, one affirmative and the other negative. The affirmative was that which simply declared the reality of communication between the two worlds. The negative was expressed in the actual or tacit cry, "Down with the churches as seminaries only of tyrannical bigotry; down with the 'Holy Bible' as synonymous with 'excellent art work'; down with Christianity as a dark relic of an ignorant and by-gone age; down with all religion and with every mode of worship as a form of enslaving superstition and an engine of tyrannical priestly rule; down with the idea of an omnipotent omnipresent, intelligent divinity who exercises any supervision over the affairs of mankind, and who is any more entitled to reverence, worship and love than the stones, the trees, the rivers, or the stars, which can neither feel, perceive, nor know anything; and henceforth let every man be his own God." And to all this, large numbers were willing to add, "Down with all priest-made marriages, and indeed down with all marriage except that which is free from the meddling of human legislation, and dissoluble absolutely and always at the option of the parties."

Between the years 1850 and '60, a few persons besides myself, were formed to accept a radically different view of the philosophy and purposes of Spiritualism, but these overborne by adverse majorities, were visiting

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It is evident to me, from these and other psychometric investigations, that neither Darwin nor Haeckel has yet solved the problem presented by the various organic forms of our planet. Had they seen these dog-like animals of Sideros on our world, they would have placed them in the genus *canis*, and in all probability have traced their ancestry to the hyænodon of the Eocene. The horse-like animals would have been traced to the *protophippus* and the *echippus*, and the human beings would in all probability have been regarded as the direct descendants of the lemuroid monkeys of the early tertiary. Natural selection is after all but a small factor in the production of living forms. The grand cause is inherent tendency, which is universal, operates on the planets that whirl around Auldebar, as it does on Saturn's moons, as it did on Sideros, and does to-day on our own globe. Surrounding conditions modify the result, but even on a world as unfavorably situated as Sideros, we find protozoa, radiata, mollusca, articulates and vertebrates; the grand forms in which life presents itself upon our globe. Vertebrates are represented by the classes of fish, reptile, bird and mammal and even the leading families of mammals, by forms so closely resembling those of our own planet as not to be readily distinguished from them. Animals existed there that we should place in the orders carnivora, rodentia, pschydermata, ruminantia, quadrupedia and bimana; nor do I suppose that the others were unknown; while the leading races of mankind, the Caucasians, Mongolians, American, Malaysian and Ethiopian, had their representatives on Sideros, possessing similar physical and mental peculiarities. We are but ants, surveying the world from the tops of our respective hills, and we are too apt confidently to assert that the circle of our vision is the boundary of the universe.

TOWN NEAR THE OCEAN.

He continued: "Now I see a good-sized town near the ocean. Here are animals like oxen but smaller. These people are taller and rather brown; they have straight hair. I see ships here with sails. There are cities on the continent. An army comes from the continent in ships and attacks these people. There is war for a long time. Bows and arrows are employed, all sorts of weapons of iron; some of the warriors wear a shield and a breastplate. Stones are thrown by one party out of iron cylinders in great quantities."

Man's development on other worlds seems to proceed in a very similar manner to that in which it has done here. No devil is necessary to account for war, any more than for small-pox or earthquakes. Planets go through volcanoes and earthquakes, cyclones and floods to order and stability, life and beauty; and men through ignorance, brutality, lust, war and drunkenness to knowledge, peace, love, tenderness and all the virtues.

ADVANCE TO CIVILIZATION.

He sees the same people at a more advanced stage: "Now I see them pretty well civilized. Five or six men form a kind of council and rule, though there is still fighting done sometimes. The ships are very large now. Cloth is made of the covering of a kind of woolly goat or hairy sheep. There is a fibrous plant that grows in damp places and has a large leaf. They make a great deal of cloth from it, but it is yellow. The ox-like animal has a crumpled horn that covers a good deal of the head. These animals do a great deal of work, but they go slowly. There are good plows here. I see nothing but wood used for fuel. Dogs are used in carts; they have fine, large ones which they have been breeding up. There is an animal here that looks like an enormous deer, with a long neck arched like a horse. The rich use them to draw their vehicles. The horns are long, and the animals are beautiful but fierce and sometimes kick and run away. I see them riding on their backs."

"This is a pleasant climate. I see stars that I do not recognize, and one body nearly as large as the moon; but I can see through the outer part; it has a solid centre. Sometimes the whole heavens looks like the milky way."

The body that was nearly as large as the moon, with a surrounding nebula, may have been a comet surrounded by a meteoric cloud. Many planets and satellites would shine with great lustre in the sky of Sideros, that are either invisible to us or are only seen through a powerful telescope. The appearance resembling the milky way was probably some electrical phenomenon like the aurora borealis.

"They have a coarse material like Chinese paper on which they make black figures. They eat a good deal of roasted flesh, and birds that look like geese are eaten. There is a transparent mineral here that is plentiful; they shape it into lenses and magnify with it. I see people holding them in their fingers."

"The island is a great deal smaller now. The streets of the city are curved; some are circles with parks in the interior."

"The people elect governors in a singular way. They all meet in a park with the candidates, and each goes to the side that he believes in."

"The language is very musical; they use their hands a good deal in talking. The houses now look better."

The reader needs to know that the psychometer as he gives this description is advancing along the line of the nation's progress during hundreds and probably thousands of years.

"The people are very clean. They employ clock-work in many machines. Their years are very long, and when cold weather comes, they suffer a good deal. It is a lifetime from winter to winter. I do not think they live any longer than we. There is more electricity in this planet than in ours. They use it in various ways. I see men rub their hands in the dark and the sparks fly. This makes them an energetic people."

"I see men quarrying great masses. Great coils of wire in metal boxes generate the power by which they haul them out of the mine."

"I see something running on a solid iron road. It is an electric engine. A man sits on a great plate outside. Great coils of wire in acid generate the motive power. The engine goes very rapidly. It looks like an immense boiler on wheels with iron plates round it on which men walk. It is not at all like a steam engine. It requires several men to run it. It is very heavy. I saw one explode and a man was killed by the acid that spilled on him. I think it was an experiment. The road is made of iron plates, four feet wide and one and a half inches thick."

"Now I see a different one with three great wheels under it and iron cars after it. They all have three wheels. The engine has two wheels in front very close together. I think they generate electricity. The one wheel behind is as large as the other two. There is a small battery that starts the wheel and they generate electricity to make the engine go. It makes a great noise. There are no rails. The cars are great tubes of iron."

"Now I see fine ornate carriages running on the road, which is 30 or 40 miles long. There is very little danger now. They run them very cheap. There is no

smoke nor dirt. It is difficult to stop. These massive machines require solid rock bridges. Now, I see them much lighter, they use tubular iron more. Now, they run them on smooth roads through the country. Everything is clean and beautiful. Great attention is paid to everything that will save labor. There does not seem to be any religion here."

It is evident from other examinations that, although he saw at this time no signs of religion among them, they were by no means destitute. Many travellers have told us, after a cursory view of certain countries, that the people had no religion, but in many cases, if not all, more careful observation has revealed the existence of religion; and it is questionable whether there live any people upon our globe to-day so low in the scale of humanity as to be destitute of religion. The Siderians seem generally to have been singularly free from superstition, though there were some as much enslaved by it as any people living among us.

"I see an immense round building, a hall or lecture room. The seats are beautiful; the people recline. This appears to be a national hall, a kind of supreme court. A man who is here receives intelligence from all parts of the nation and decides all matters. There are but few laws here. The assembly sitting here consider all new inventions. Criminals are executed by electricity. (I see large smelting works). I think that building is 300 feet wide. There are galleries where people sit. There are beautiful paintings here. The people make the sun do a great deal. Outlines are made by sunlight, and then artists paint them up."

"There is a great deal of difference in the dress. In warm weather a great deal of the body is exposed. The people are lighter in color than they were—almost white. They wear a white gown that reaches to the knees next to the skin. They wear beautiful shawls. In the country they wear blouses. The shoes are easy; they do not deform themselves. Animals are becoming scarce. The iron roads are not very common. There is a whitish metal that is common as iron here; copper is very scarce. Circular and oval pieces of paper are stamped and used for money. A sign is put on them that looks like the wards of a key."

"There is a brown stone that is very scarce; it seems to be very much valued. The women dress like men, but the hair is different; all wear bright colors. They are fond of cloaks and shawls of blue and purple. They wear no hats. They are very quick people, I never saw any like them. They gesticulate a good deal. I see a statuette of the deer-lama in white metal. It is used as a paper-weight. It is not near as heavy as silver."

From the fact that he sometimes sees the people with clothing on the head and sometimes destitute, I think it is probable that during a portion of the year the climate was so mild that a head covering was unnecessary.

A SMALLER TOWN AT A MORE ADVANCED PERIOD.

"Now I get into a town smaller than the other. It is farther from the sea. The trading is done by land. It is perhaps 100 miles from the other town. There is an iron road here that slants toward the middle on both sides. I see engines now that go with very little noise; they draw only three or four cars that are not as long as ours but wider. They have two aisles. They are made of glass, crystal and iron. They are light, are furnished with curtains and look very beautiful. There is a great roller underneath. I saw four trains, one behind another. They go faster than most of our trains. There are two roads half a mile off to the same place; one is for going and the other for returning. They had only one road at first. These people progress very rapidly, more rapidly in some directions than we do. They thought that people existed on other worlds. They were slow to say that a thing was not so; when they did there was good reason."

"They did not work all day, but for eight or ten hours, and the rest of the day, which was I think about 30 hours long, they had to themselves. They took four or five days together as holidays at times."

"They had a very simple clock. The face, which was long, was divided into spaces and a pointer passed along in front and pointed out the hours. They used a great many dots in their writing. They had a very complicated system of numbers; I think they are trying to improve it. They have large ideals. They dig a material out of the ground that looks like yellow chalk, which they burn. They get heat from electricity. They have an electric light, like a great torch. A great deal of wire is placed in acid and eaten up by it all the time. I can see them making it. Jaws seize the metal and a stream of electricity plays upon it as they draw it out. Iron is rolled out after it has been thus heated, as if it was dough; the metal is kept hot all the time."

Wood was burned in the winter, but as time went on they used electricity for heat and then hot water. The electricity cost considerable labor. They could send it a considerable distance and then have a light from it. They were not as easily shocked by electricity as we.

"When they executed murderers by electricity, they applied wires to each side of the head and sent a charge into it. As time passed they executed fewer persons, and they never allowed the public to see an execution. They only killed for murder committed for money. The criminal could be pardoned by vote of the assembly. A man could carry on business in prison and receive the money, but he could not mix with the people; he had to support himself and family. A man could make money in prison. The State supported the family of a murdered man and the family of an executed man. I think they pardoned murderers two or three times, till they found that the public safety demanded their execution. They had an assembly, then 10 men above them and a supreme head, but he had no veto power."

I have made many tests with fragments of various meteorites, the psychometer having no idea of the nature of the specimen examined till the visions presented to him revealed its true character. The following was obtained from a small portion of the Texas meteorite, previously examined:

"I see a lake surrounded by hills. The lake has been larger once. I get an impression of people. I see a wolfish dog-like animal, that seems to be domesticated. I do not think I am on this planet. This world is smaller than ours, yet it looks a great deal like this world. I see trees that look like the poplar and the cottonwood, but the grass is blue and looks different from all I have ever seen here. There is a deer-like animal with long legs and a long head that eats the blue grass. I think it chews its cud. I get a strong impression of monkeys, but I think they are back in time. There are many small rodents here, about as large as squirrels but not as slim."

"There is a vine here that produces a small reddish grape. There are many very beautiful birds, some are nearly blue with black-tipped wings and brown heads; they live on insects. There are hawks. All have long wings which give them a different appearance from our birds."

This seems to be on a large continent. There are many fish in the lake and frog-like animals, but they are long in the body. There are bluish birds like cranes that feed on the frogs. Their wings are very long. They are high, but their wings trail on the ground as they walk."

(To be Continued.)

The Philosophy of Religious Belief.

BY J. L. BATCHELOR.

Man's dependence upon, and subjection to, a higher power than himself, is manifest from everything he affects, and from everything that affects him. Every exertion of physical strength or power brings home to the consciousness a realization of the limitations beyond which we cannot go. These limitations we did not make, neither can we remove them. They invariably operate upon us so long as we are within the sphere of their influence, from childhood to old age, and the only way we can avoid them is to grow and develop ourselves into a sphere of being, not requiring the limitations of the condition from which we have grown. They cannot be removed in the sphere in which they apply, and this fact demonstrates our subjection to them. And thus we unconsciously, in a physical sense, acknowledge a higher power.

We do the same thing in an spiritual sense, every moment and hour of our lives we are appealing to a power outside of, and above ourselves. This is instinctive. The little child, old enough to think, when chided or condemned for some error in its conduct, will instinctively appeal to or assert some principle or reason that to its infantile mind justifies or excuses the error. All the disputes of mankind but exhibit and prove the same dependence. We are constantly appealing to something outside of, and above ourselves, as a warrant and justification for what we have done or propose to do. We call this something reason and truth, and their proper and rightful use we call logic. This reason and truth we did not establish; neither do we control them. We simply discover, apply and use them. And we are just as much limited in their use as we are in the use of the physical substance around us. The latter we can use only as we have the physical strength to handle them, while the former we can use only as we have the mental and spiritual capacity to comprehend and understand them. The limitation is complete and analogous in both cases, and can be overcome only by the same means, to wit, by growth to a higher sphere and utility of being.

With the above facts in mind, it will hardly be considered an assumption to say, that the great object and purpose of all activity, whether in the material or spiritual world, is to produce a growth and development that will measure, determine, comprehend and understand all below it; and that this growth will not cease till all things are thus subjected. Can we conceive of a higher consummation? Can we be satisfied with anything less? This is not an assumption, for it is so logical that logic affords nothing against it.

It follows, and needs no further proof, that every individual instance of the sum of all activity, whether in the mineral, vegetable, animal or spiritual sphere of being, and whatever the sluggishness or violence of the action, constitutes one step in the line of growth and progress which is thus to ultimate.

Now, then, let us partition off from the world's mental activities our particular field—that of religious thought and belief—and see if we cannot discover something of their nature, philosophy and use, keeping in mind all the time the great object and purpose as before stated.

We are naturally religious, because religion opens to us, or attempts to, our relations to our Maker, the great infinite cause, to which we sustain the relation of an effect or product—creator and creature—parent and child. And this relation instinctively leads us to look to our maker, cause and parent as the highest exhibition of productive power within our conception, and to which it is possible for us to attain. Vegetation no more naturally seeks the light, the flower no more naturally opens to the sun, the new-born babe no more naturally seeks its mother, than the spirit of man turns to, and seeks the great source from which comes all its spiritual food and strength; but this food, and the mode and manner of its imparting strength, like that of the physical body, is determined by laws no less fixed and immutable. There is a way in which the growth will be the most rapid; and there is a way in which it will be slower. There is a better and poorer way to any desirable result. We are seeking the better way, but do not condemn the poorer, except by comparison. The poorer way is better than none, or there would never have been what we call evil in the world. Evil is the disadvantage, hardship or suffering of the poorer way, as compared to the better; while peace, contentment and satisfaction are the advantages of the better way, as compared to the poorer. But these distinctions exist only in the comparison, for in all that we call evil there is a latent, remote and unseen power for good that will show itself when ultimate results are reached, or there is absolutely no way to overcome evil. Good must be the ultimate effect of evil or evil is eternal and self-sustaining. This is utterly impossible.

We all know that evil may be overcome by good, but when the good is too weak, the hardship and suffering, which are the natural effects of evil, will in each individual case, as they did in the case of the prodigal son, have to be borne and suffered until they become intolerable, and the sufferer is driven by their effects to look for something better, and resolve to return to the truth, and the evil is overcome. Its final effect is to suggest the better way, and to inspire a desire to pursue it. This shows the weakness of error and wrong, and that truth and right will finally triumph.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded with its own pain,
And doted on her worshippers."

But how, and in what way, do the five hundred different religious beliefs or creeds in the world contribute to this final and grand result? That they do, I have no doubt, and will proceed to give the reason.

The materials which a human being uses in all his mental activity and thought are of necessity to be found within his own brain or mentality. A moment's thought will show this to be true. No being can use, or be influenced by, thoughts or mental pictures not in his own mind. The writer cannot, in his reflections, make use of any idea or thought in the reader's mind, until by mental action such idea has been perceived, and, when this is done, it becomes the thought of the writer's and not of the reader's mind. It is possible it may be a like thought, but it cannot be the same. Thoughts and mental pictures like everything else have and preserve their identity. There may be two such alike, but they cannot be the same. In all our mental activity and reasoning then, we use only our own powers. These may be strengthened by the suggestions of others. But these suggestions must become incorporated into, and a part of, our mental nature, before they can affect our reasoning or conclusions. One man can no more use, in his process of reasoning, the thoughts of another, than his body could receive strength from the food in another man's stomach. He might use the same food, and receive similar support, but it would not be the same. Each would be dependent upon his own, and not upon the other's. So that whatever our reasoning, whatever our religious belief, they have their basis and origin in our own mental condition. Change the mental condition, and you necessarily change to a corresponding extent the religious belief. Upon no other ground can we account for the five hundred and over kinds of religion in the world. They arise from the varieties of mental condition, and from the various standards by which religious truth is tested, and the different stand-points from which different persons look for the highest truths. And the truth, in its appearance to mankind, differs, just as much as the tests applied, and the stand-points from which it is sought, differ. This cannot be denied, except by showing that thoughts and ideas may be incorporated into the mind without any preparation to receive them. Its denial would be the rejection of all scientific processes and demonstrated truths, and the overthrow of all the systems of education and mental training in the world. It is, in short, nothing more nor less than the application to mental and spiritual growth of the principle of physical growth.

This point being established, let us go a step further, and in doing so we shall present a point that may challenge more discussion than the one last considered.

ed, and require more argument, not because of anything far fetched or abstract, but because we so seldom send our thoughts back upon themselves for the purpose of learning the nature and purpose of mental or spiritual action conditions and causes.

Availing ourselves of the principle last considered that every individual instance of mental activity is a step, either directly or indirectly, in the line of progress for the better, it follows as a logical consequence, that in such activity, in every instance, is to be found the cause of such progress, and not outside of it. Let us illustrate: we find ourselves without any volition on our part in a world of wants and supplies, physically and mentally. We find, also, that every thing, from the grain of sand to the highest known among us, is endowed with, and instinctively possesses, the capacity and power to select and appropriate, in obedience to its wants, the supplies best adapted to its growth. This is an invariable law. What we call mineral concretion, vegetable absorption, animal tastes and likes, and mental affinities, are simply manifestations of this universal law. A question of much importance and very decisive arises here, it is this: Is it the nature of the being, or the supply, that determines the want? The true answer is that it is the nature of the being that determines and limits the supply. It is true that there must be a natural adaptation in the supply to meet and answer the want. But the supply, in all the activity that determines this adaptation, is simply negative—acted upon. It is the felt want that determines this instinctively. For instance, a person experiences some specific feature of religious belief, say total depravity or vicarious atonement, or any other no difference what you please. Now the point we are after is the actual cause of this belief. The religious world says this cause is to be found in the nature of the thing believed. We deny this; and say it is to be found in the nature, quality and condition of the mental organization exercising such belief. Let us test the matter. The fact that the thing believed has no volition or choice would seem to be enough to settle the point. If it is the nature of the thing believed that causes the belief, would it not follow that this nature being always the same and unchangeable, the belief thus caused would necessarily, in the mind of all persons, be the same?

Like causes produce like effects. It is mental action that causes or produces belief, and there can be no belief without this. The proposition or thing upon which the mind acts may be the subject of belief, but it cannot be the acting cause. It cannot at the same time be the cause and subject of belief. The want sought to be supplied by religious belief determines the purposes and uses of such belief, and also which one of the more than five hundred kinds is adapted to such want in each individual case. The volition and choice come from the felt want, and not from the kind selected. We say certain things appear to be true, but it is mental action alone that ascribes to the things this appearance. The same thing without any change often appears different at one time from what it does at another. It is a change of mental condition that accounts for this. The best minds in the world are fast coming to the knowledge that real phenomena present themselves to the mental or spiritual nature of man no farther than he is prepared to receive them. The reason of this is to be found in the condition of the mind, not in the phenomena. The child that sees the sun rise receives less than one per cent. of the full impression of the phenomenon, who witnesses the same phenomenon, and knows its cause. Why? Because the child cannot receive as much as the philosopher can.

Now let us go a little farther upon this point of the adaptation of religious belief, whatever it may be, to supply the religious want that man naturally feels. We have seen that the great object and purpose of this natural supply is growth and progress for the better. This growth, it is manifest, is secured by the natural effect of the particular religion actually believed, upon the mind of the believer. It cannot affect the mind of any other person because no other may know what it is, except by a mental process like that by which the believer embraces it, and then it becomes the mental picture of such other person, with such changes as the changed circumstances require, as we have seen. Ninety-nine of every hundred religious professors will tell us that they believe certain religious tenets without any principles and modes of enforcing the same, because of their tendency and influence in restraining and reforming others. Their estimate and value of the more than five hundred kinds will be upon this ground alone. They believe in certain kinds for the sake of the effect such kind will have upon others, not on themselves. Is it not evident, that such belief arises not from the nature of the minds of others, and the adaptation of religious belief to such minds, but alone from their own. Have we not seen that no man can judge what the truth is, except as it appears to his own mind, through his own action? The kind of religion, reader, that any man would select for you, would necessarily be the kind adapted to his wants, because it would come from the nature and action of his mind, not yours. Take for instance, the person who actually and truly believes (and there are many such) that eternal penalties, and of the severest kind, are necessary to restrain mankind from sin. That there is an adequate and true cause for the existence of such belief, they can be no doubt. And that cause, when learned will disclose the whole philosophy of religious belief. Experience has shown, and since of every ten religious persons will say, that their religion, whatever kind it may be, is not so much the result of reason and logic as of emotion and impulse. Every person's religion is embraced because it seems to him to be the truth. The truth appears to him in that particular way. He can see it in no other. It comes to him in no other. His mentality can receive it in no other. It is not so much through the process of logic and reason that he reaches this conclusion, as through the demands of his instincts and impulses. Everybody knows that you cannot reason a religion into a person that does not seem to such person to be true. This is also true *vice versa*. The lower religion yields to the higher only as the believer is raised to a higher sphere of being and perception. Religion is a feeling, emotion or sentiment—the fragrance of a flower more or less divine—the incense that spontaneously arises from the spark of divinity within us, and will unceasingly continue to arise, in better kind and greater volume, as that spark continues to enlarge and expand. The expression of this religion, the mode of worship, is determined by the reason and judgment, and this just as near the religious thought as reason and logic can come. Now, why is it, that a person sees or feels that it requires penalties of the longest conceivable duration, and greatest possible severity, to restrain the sinner? Can there be a logical doubt? If our positions are correct the reason is clear. It is because such restraint is needed by such believer. And God in his infinite wisdom has naturally and unconsciously led such believer to embrace it, ostensibly for his neighbor, but in reality for himself. And the same wisdom will continue such belief, in the natural order of cause and effect, until the mind embracing it shall become enlarged and expanded into a sphere of being where such beliefs are not needed. Religious belief is the divine school where God educates and disciplines his children. Every child is both teacher and pupil. The good at heart need a less rigid discipline than the bad.

The rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is based upon the principle sought herein to be illustrated. The would or wish for benefits and blessings, as it exists in the mind of the actor, is made the measure of the response, or what shall be returned. If this is true as to benefits and blessings, is it not true to penalties and punishment? Jesus

Continued on Third Page.

Good manners is the art of making people easy. The three sources of good manners are good nature, humility and good sense. Good sense and integrity, if we are sure we possess them, will not make good manners unnecessary—the former being but seldom called out to action, but the latter continually.

A photograph of Dr. Tanner taken on the 16th day of his fast, before he began to drink water, shows a distressed expression painful. Another, taken on the 21st day, exhibits a striking improvement in his appearance, and an almost total absence of distress.

ting with Mrs. Patterson of Pittsburgh, who is said to be a well developed medium for independent state writing. Our observations were too limited to express any conclusive opinion, but we hope to be able to publish some results of experiments which Mr. Chapman promises to make.

In Philadelphia we met Miss Mary Jones, the accomplished daughter of a well-known citizen. She is a fine clairvoyant, it is said. We received several satisfactory tests. Since then a spirit in whom we have confidence assures us, through another medium, that Miss Jones will become a fine medium for materialization, and that the manifestations will occur in the light, with the medium in view.

Said to be Possessed of a Devil.

It appears from the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, that hundreds of people go to see Antonio Lachinski, a Polish woman, who is said to be possessed of a devil, and who resides at South Bend, Ind. She rests on a pallet on the floor of her husband's residence, and at intervals throws her arms violently in front of her, as if making a motion to drive some one away, and says in Polish, "Don't go away." Her symptoms are so peculiar that Father Czerwinski, to whose church she belongs, determined to make some tests to see if she really was possessed of a devil. Among the tests usually applied in such cases are addressing questions to the evil spirit in a language the one possessed does not understand. If the evil spirit is there the reply is made in the same language. The questions were addressed to Mrs. Lachinski in Latin, and were promptly and correctly answered by her in Polish, although she does not understand a word of Latin. The *Inquirer* naively states that "further tests are to be made, and if she is really possessed of a devil, proper measures will be taken to drive it out, Father Ferre, a French priest, who cast a devil out of a woman in Ohio, sometime since, has been called to look into this case."

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Prof. Denton is to give a course of lectures at Calumet, Michigan.

Dr. S. J. Dickson, of Blue Island, Ill., is in Delaware, Ohio, visiting some patients.

Dr. Henry Blade was at the camp meeting at Lansing, Michigan, from July 30th to August 1st.

Wm. Lumaroux, of California, had some very satisfactory tests through Mrs. Blade, the state writing medium.

The sweet singers of Battle Creek, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jordan, were at the camp meeting at Lansing.

Sunday, August 8th, A. B. French, Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mrs. B. Shepard, speak at the Nehalem Falls camp meeting.

Anna M. Middlebrook, M. D., who has been quite prominent as a spiritual lecturer, has been united in marriage to H. V. Twiss, of Manchester, New Hampshire.

P. C. Mills writes that he is lecturing with good success in Michigan, and wishes to make engagements for other western states. His address is St. Louis, Mich.

Speaking of Dr. Tanner, the *Tribune* of Wednesday says: "He talks rationally, and walks about the hall where he is domiciled, but did not go out. He will ride no more until he has completed his fast."

Prof. P. O. Hudson, the balladist and composer, known as the "Liberal Sankey," can be engaged to sing for all liberal or spiritual meetings. His terms are reasonable. Address him at 144 Grand River Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Wm. Fletcher write that they will sail from Glasgow for New York, July 20th. They are to receive a grand testimonial from their friends who have attended the Steinway Hall lectures. They will remain in America until October, and then return to London to resume their lectures. Mr. Fletcher will lecture at Lake Pleasant camp meeting, August 12th. All letters to them should be addressed to the *Janner of Light* office, Boston, Mass.

The Rev. Mr. White, of New Hampshire, has founded a religious sect called Angelic Believers. They believe in the disposition of Angels to visit earth's people, if they were only properly encouraged. His object is to restore the old accessibility between human and angelic beings. In a sermon lately, White said that it would not surprise him to have angels call upon him at any time, and held himself in readiness to give them a welcome. Three boys resolved that White's faith should be rewarded. One of them borrowed three of his sister's nightgowns, and got three pairs of chicken wings which were fastened on the shoulders of the white garments. With some other fixings by way of disguise, the boys went at night to the cottage of White. They knocked and said they were angels. He examined their wings and plumage, and was satisfied. They were hungry and asked for food. White had no food. A fatted calf would do. White had no calf and offered them pork, at which they turned up their noses. Some cold chicken was set before them, and hard cider, and they were enjoying the repast when Mrs. White came in. She was suspicious and examined the flowing garments, on which she saw the name "Dlodget" marked. "Ole-man," she cried, "I've washed all three of them nightgowns afore." The Whites locked the door, took off the angelic robes, and put two broomsticks on the boys, and turned them out to go home like common mortals.

DR. TANNER.

Letter From a Prominent Physician.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While at your office, I mentioned to you the proposed fast of Dr. Henry B. Tanner of Minneapolis. It was to be at Claremont Hall, New York, under the auspices of professors of the United States Medical College. On my return home matters were under full weigh, and I lost no time in paying respects to the champion faster. He seemed elated, and we conversed a little time over the subject and the felicitous prospects before him. I neglected not to remind him of Moses and Elijah, the latter of whom made a forty-days' journey (I) without food, from Southern Judea to Horeb, and the former twice abode forty days in the same place, neither eating bread nor drinking water; and both "saw the Lord," while Jesus also fasted forty days in the wilderness of Pera and saw somebody else.

"I do not expect to go so far," the Doctor remarked. I remained during the day, and took an evening watch. Since that I have visited him three times. The man certainly stands it well. He has from July 11th passed thirteen days, drinking water two days at the outset, and once at a later period, but never touching food. "His eyes are not dim nor his natural force abated." He takes occasional walks; will go up stairs with rapid steps, that will make others wheeze; appears cheerful and indeed "quite comfortable."

On Thursday, he became much incensed at the unreasonable and dishonorable conduct of one Dr. Bradley who pretended to see something suspicious headed to him. The man Bradley did not question the matter on the spot, but went away, and came back some time after, having taken liquor, and made the charge. It was a sponge saturated with water that had been handed to Dr. Tanner and it was openly done. Bradley carefully quizzed it dry, and then declared it might have been beef tea. The watcher, Mr. Frost Johnson, the landscape painter, who had given the Doctor the saturated sponge, attempted to set the man Bradley right; but finding him determined to be wrong, flatly gave him the lie.

Dr. Tanner was much excited and determined to be given an emetic. Bradley refused to do this, declaring it to be no evidence. In consequence of the excitement, the attendants required Dr. Tanner to drink water, which was the only breaking of his fast yet had.

The two professors of the United States Medical College, Dr. R. A. Gunn and David Wark, who take the principle charge, are men of marked ability and superior medical knowledge. Dr. Gunn has always been skeptical in such matters, and I suspect, a little vain of being so. Professors Griswold, L. de V. Wilder, Nilsson, Tutthill, have also aided in the watch, besides physicians and students who have volunteered.

The reporters of the principal journals have also been present, and keep a close watch. They are very candid generally; the untrue statements and innuendoes that characterize two or three newspapers, are not from them, but from others, not witnesses, having unfriendly motives.

Various physicians of the Old School also participate. Among these is Dr. Maurice N. Miller, of the University Medical College. He declares the experiment honestly conducted, but that Dr. Tanner is actually dying from starvation. Members of the Neurological Society have also taken part, and Dr. Bradley was of their number; his public opinion set in so strongly against his fast, that he stopped the attendance. Of course a despicable fling and insinuation must be made, and it has fallen. Dr. Gray, of Brooklyn, the acting President, has issued a card falsely declaring that the watch over Dr. Tanner was loose, and would conduce to nothing. "Members of the Neurological Society would not act conjointly with gentlemen who did not belong to the regular profession." "Any person well versed in sleight of hand could feed himself or be fed with ease as the watch is now being conducted."

By like logic, the Holy Roman Catholic Church, one and infallible, sets all Protestants aside as perverses and candidates for hell fire. Indeed, "science" not a-days, only *quærens orthodox*; it has no special relation to knowledge.

WILL DR. TANNER'S FAST BE SUCCESSFUL?

I think it will. He possesses great strength of will, and a strong purpose often holds fast the life and averts dissolution. The "good children" of the Sunday school books and tracts, always die young; their feebleness of will is itself a harbinger of death. In addition, the Doctor has a good supply of brawn and adipose tissue. He has not made heavy draughts on the reserve. He is cheerful—sometimes almost gay. The ordeal is called a terrible one; but to me, the terrible part of it is the presence of spectators, curiously regarding the scene, and having an unwholesome moral and mental atmosphere. Some of them would devitalize a man in health, except he washed them off, as Dickens's lawyer did his clients. A man of the moral constitution of Hammond, would half-kill any sensitive person, as the Conger set does a horse. If Dr. Tanner can tolerate his skeptical and life-withering visitors, he may hope to succeed in making his forty days. It has been done by others; and he has the right to make the attempt, will and moral force to do it.

He enjoys music, and Miss Maurer treats him with an hour or two daily on the piano. He is to have a chorus to-morrow to sing Moody and Sankey hymns. That shows strong recuperative energy. Dr. E. E. Kunze placed at his side a night-blooming cereus, just ready to blossom. By the time he is through he will rival Dr. K. in cactus lore.

The letter-writers are all abroad. One tells of plots to kill him. Geo. Francis Train sends a daily missive; sometimes criticizing his diet—I do not mean the serial—but the flesh he used to eat; again telling him not to forget water; thus proving his marvelous endurance and success; and again conjuring him to stop. Miss Mollie Fancher wrote him yesterday. This is right; he is her knight—an Ivanhoe for a Rebecca. At any rate he is a plucky one, brave "as they make them."

Meanwhile the experiment is going on, and the event will assert its integrity, if not its perfect success. It will add to knowledge; and it may be to physical exploration. Whether physical force, aerial substances, or preternatural elements sustain him, will be a topic for examination. It is too early to say.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

New York, July 15, 1880.

We regret to learn that Mrs. L. A. Fear-sall, the well known Spiritualist lecturer, is very ill.

Through the solicitation of many friends, Mrs. E. A. Nichols, the medium, residing at No. 112 South Green street, will delay her contemplated visit to the East until the last of August, thus affording an opportunity for those who wish to consult her during the visit of the Knights Templar to this city. Mrs. Nichols is an excellent test and business medium, also an improvisatrice, and is doing a good work.

Hishop A. Beals holds a grove meeting the second Sunday of August at Byron, N. Y.; at Idle Fort the third Sunday, and speaks at South Barre, Grange Hall, the fourth Sunday.

Dr. Slade will be at the Spiritualists State Camp Meeting at Lansing, Mich., from Aug. 20th to the 30th.

All kinds of liberal books for sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Business Notices.

Physicians use Kidney-Wort in regular practice and pronounce its action perfect.

THE CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE makes its announcements in our advertising columns. All interested will not fail to notice.

A TEMPERATE DEPARTURE.—The following communication explains itself:

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., 1880.

Mrs. H. H. Warner & Co.

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Very truly yours, CHARLES WALTON.

NEW YORK BUTTER MARKET.—In reporting the market prices for butter, the *New York Tribune*, of May 20th, said, "Choice packages to the retail trade reach 19 to 20 cents, but light colored goods are hard to dispose of, and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents." This statement of dollars and cents is rapidly convincing dairymen that they should use the Perfected Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives the Perfect June color the year round and dairymen that use it never send light colored goods to market."

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THE NEW BRANCH OF THE WORLD'S DISPENSARY Medical Association of Buffalo, of which Dr. H. V. Pierce is president, consisting of a score of Accupuncturists, the Father of Medicine, surrounding the globe, they synthesize the whole wide reputation gained by the Family Medicine of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by the incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammoth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association make medicines for the whole world, not only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great blood-purifier, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Urinary Pellets (little pills), and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Licorice—used for all ailments, colds and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses, and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

Reader, the price of my book, *The Truths of Spiritualism*, 400 pages of startling facts, together with my private diary, is not one dollar, but fifty cents. You need the book and photo. We need the money. Come and help us in one hour of trial. Remit us one dollar and fifty cents post office order on Chicago, Ill., and we will mail the book and photo at once. Direct to me, box 64, Lombard, Dupage county, Ill. E. V. Wilson.

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CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES. 27-18

Meeting in New York.

The twenty fifth annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, will be held at North Collins station, Erie county, N. Y., on the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, 1880, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and ending at 10 o'clock, P. M. The program will be as follows: 1. Address by Dr. H. V. Pierce, 2. Address by Dr. E. V. Wilson, 3. Address by Dr. E. E. Kunze, 4. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 5. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 6. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 7. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 8. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 9. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 10. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 11. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 12. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 13. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 14. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 15. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 16. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 17. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 18. Address by Dr. E. A. Nichols, 19. Address by Dr. E. A. 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JOHN G. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1880.

1880 IN ADVANCE.

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PREACHING AND PRACTICE, OR THE MORAL STANDARD OF THE FUTURE.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN IN WILLIAMTIC, CONN., BY CAPT. H. H. BROWN, PRESIDENT SPEAKER OF THE FIRST SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

It is a thought that we cannot too often repeat, that it is only through aspiration that man grows; that the ideal has ever been man's good angel, leading him to higher knowledge, and seeking to realize his dream, he finds. Ever in the beyond is the fruition of his hope, and striving for the crown of that hope, he grasps at least some of her raiment. Thus ever following his ideal he comes nearer to the unattainable perfection.

"Nearer my God to thee!" Lucy Larcom beautifully expresses this thought when she says:

"That haunting dream of better
Forever at our side;
It tugs at our horizon,
It speaks on the tide;
The cradle of the present
Is the nest of the future;
The feet of the immortal
Leap forth to seek the best."

The ideal and the real are thus eternally wedded; one is life, the other is only that "haunting dream" without which no better real life could be. "What God has thus joined together," let us not try to put asunder.

Ignorance dreaming of ideal knowledge becomes intelligent; but I find another eternal union here. Intelligence is not morality. Travellers, all of us, in the mists of error, and it is not strange that theology gives us only glimpses and oftentimes distorted ones of truth, but when the theologian says "Religion does not come by reasoning," and thus discourages investigations, he gives us a hint of a scientific fact, though he is illogical when he divorces morality from religion and declares the moral man, if not a believer the most dangerous of all the enemies of the church. Theology and religion are only the two sides of the one great fact, life. In other departments we say, science and art; theory and practice; principles and their application; thinking and acting; knowing and doing! The M. D.'s talk of "The Theory and Practice of Medicine," and were D. D.'s equally wise, they would say, "The Theory and Practice of Religion;" or, in other words, theology and morality are two sides of the equation that we call religion; or, if you prefer to have religion synonymous with morality, then theology is an ideal system of life, and morality and religion is the practice of that system. Theology and philosophy is the science of life; religion and morality is the art of life; or, we might say, the first is knowing the right; the second is the doing of the right. The first, words; the latter, deeds.

Right thinking must precede right action, though that thinking may have been done by our ancestors and we receive the results in our accepted authoritative standard of morals in church and state. Before a better act can be, a better thought must be, and before the better thought must be a better feeling. This feeling can only come when a glimpse of something higher has fallen like a pebble into the water of our spiritual life and given us the ripple—inspiration. All must have right thinking; for it is one of the requisites of our human nature, that it desires the better and hence it can preach of a better. But those who can execute their thought are rare. The best executives are oftentimes poor philosophers and planners. Washington and Hamilton made only one unit; Grant to do, but a woman to plan his first successful campaign, to assist in the same way later. These cases show us that the one who preaches may be the necessary complement of the one who practices.

Christianity has not erected a natural

standard, for its test of morality is "Belief in its dogmas" and not action. Hence it divorces morality from religion. The standard of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is equally wrong as it gives no credit for motives. To judge alone from action is as great an evil as to judge alone from words. One incident in illustration: A friend of mine, when a child, preferred the crust of the biscuit; it was for her the dainty morsel and so she naturally judged it to be the same to others. One evening she had a little friend to tea, and while at the table the little host broke the biscuit and gave her friend the crust, keeping herself, to her, the inferior part. The mother seeing this, reprimanded her, and so unjust was it that to old age she could not forget it. Never by our standard, but by their own, do we judge others wisely, and the test is fidelity. It is unrighteous to judge others by ourselves—the adage of our fathers to the contrary. They should judge of words and deeds from the proper plane of each. Each one of us is a teacher both by word and act; but remember this, that opinions are never tested by the conduct of their possessors.

Truth does not depend upon the character of its teachers. Did it, can you tell of any truth that would ever have become accepted? Did the universe depend upon the acts of men it would not stand a moment. Fortunately it is for humanity that infinite truth is never disturbed by human life. Truth is truth, though man should be full of evil. Reason, experience, alone its measure.

Would it have added aught to Natural History, had Agassiz been as pure as Jesus? Would it detract anything from the truth of his teachings, could we prove him as bad as Judas is portrayed? Were Edison a drunkard and a libertine, would his discoveries be worth any the less than they now are with him temperate and pure? Gough, Murphy, and Dr. Reynolds can tell to-day of the evils of intemperance, and exhort to a temperate life. Should they go on a drunken spree to-morrow, would it alter the fact that they told truth when they declared temperance better than intemperance? Nay, it would not even prove their insincerity, but only prove a will too weak to hold to the ideal, that's all. There is just as much truth in Beecher's sermons be he guilty of the charges made against him as if he is innocent, but if guilty, while we accept and respect his opinions, the man has fallen and as a teacher by example he is a failure. I have no sympathy with that fanaticism of Liberalism that parades before the public the aim of the clergy as an argument against the church dogmas. It is a parallel transferred to us by the theologian personalities of the past. Glorification of seduction and desertion is no argument against the Presbyterian faith. Hayden raising under a suspicion of murder is not an argument against the Methodist doctrine of "free grace." The Liberal League quarrelling over the question of the proper methods of suppressing vice, cannot in the minds of honest men be used as an argument to prove the private lives of the members are bad. Neither can the quarrel affect the principles of Liberalism. It is doubtless true that quite a proportion of the clergy fall from grace through their passions; but remembering the temptations in their path, their life that separates them from and prevents them having experience with the daily life of all classes, their ignorance of the methods of concealment, the prominence and exposure of their position, remembering all these things, I feel to honor the profession for the greater fact that so few fall when human nature is the same in us all. It is probable that were the other professions similarly tempted, exposed and tested, they would not show so clean a record. Only in one way is the use of these facts justifiable, and that way is when they are used to rebut the assertion of the bigotry of sectarianism, when it says in the language of Rev. Joseph Cook in speaking of Spiritualism, "It has been especially effective in stimulating in half educated minds and coarse natures . . . libertinism in morals; . . . leads its votaries into practical mischief and often into moral ruin;—an assertion you and I know to be so false, as of its own evil, and is unworthy of notice, but if met at all it must be by the old 'Lex talionis' of 'life for life' for every libertine, for every drunkard, for every scandal bearer, in our ranks, we will find you five in your own Mr. Cook, and yet this will not prove your doctrines false nor our own true; it will only prove human nature to be the same, despite doctrines, and teach us that the actions of men are dependent not upon belief but upon the conditions and stages of growth.

This unjust method of judgment has come from theology into politics, and is the destruction of all sound legislation, and unless corrected will overturn our republican institutions. More and more are personal matters coming to be used as arguments in political campaigns. It is fast becoming with us men, and not principles, and so mercilessly is the private life of the candidate hounded, that few good men have the courage to accept any nomination and meet the slanders of the stump and partisan press, and regrettably and immorally men are to-day running the political machinery. It is true that in all officials we would wish purity of morals, but unfortunately goodness is too often so negative as to be good for nothing. Only he who has the positive element comes to the front. Passive men become leaders. Moral men retreat, and let pos-

sitive men in badness, fill places they should fill. When goodness will be aggressive and positive, it will be good for something and will control political action. But remember this question comes before the nomination. The moral tone of the party determines that sometimes, but oftener, and rightly, it is the man's power of winning success, and success is the aim of the party. But once nominated, it is our duty as opponents to fight, not the man, but the principles he represents. He was not put forth as the moral representative of a party, but as its representative in the realm of legislative ideas, and it is only cowardice or weakness on our part, to dodge the issues and strike at character. Gov. Andrews of your state represents the political opinions of those who voted for him, but it would be unfair for me to condemn the republican party for holding the religious opinions put forth in his anti-American, anti-republican, Fast-day proclamation, and still more unjust would I be to hold him as their representative morally. Be pure as snow; the party is not, and were he vile as the sewer, the party would not share his villainies.

Douglas was no less the representative of a great political party because he was temperate; Webster was no less the champion of union because he was also intemperate, and a very bad debtor; Clay no less the whig representative because unchaste; Zach Chandler no less a representative of the republicans of Michigan because his local reputation for morality was bad. He is unjust, and not a deep lover of principles, who condemns the platform of a party because bad men support it.

Let Mayor Kallach, of California, be all his attempted assassin called him; be Kearney all the press loves to brand him; it will not prove the principles of the workingmen erroneous, nor settle the Chinese question. Butler of Massachusetts has received, more than any other man in American politics, slanders from press, platform and pulpit; but suppose all "they say" is true, does it alter his relation to truth when he criticizes official acts, or speaks upon nuance or labor? This tendency to personalities creeping now into first-class journals, and occasionally into our political life, and a dark and damning blot upon our civilization. Let us as liberals elect a higher standard, and work and vote for principles and bring arguments and not personalities, and let reason instead of prejudice be our arbiter.

Supposing we had tried the soldier's of '61 and '64, not by patriotism, but by the standard of an ideal morality, would we have builded soldier's monuments? Hooker and Thomas, Ellsworth and Dalgren are remembered only as patriots. By the standard of loyalty do we judge them, and he would be regarded as preaching treason who would if he could, unfold to our gaze any ignoble action; and this is right. Dying with curse or prayer on his lips, sober or drunk, honest or dishonest, the man is forgotten in the patriot and over his dust we have built these monuments of memory in our hearts, and these of stone upon our hillside. "And cursed be he that moves them!"

Freedom for the slave would have been as grand a truth, had pure Garrison been impure, honest Parker been dishonest, and chaste Lucy Stone been a harlot, and Quaker Abby Kelly been an advocate of war. "The truth" and not their lives goes "marching on." Anti-slavery reformers have their private lives. Unfortunately for what truth, the social reformers have, their private character has too often been indefensible; for somehow there is thrown upon us from thence of "Preaching and Practice" the feeling of responsibility of association. If I associate in the caucus with the liquor seller, I am accused of sustaining him, but this is unjust; the temperance question is not before us. I will enter the spiritual meeting and meet on the level there all who come, but I will not meet all of these on a level in politics or in a meeting of social reform. "Birds of a feather flock together," only when the interest of the feather have in common, requires it, and a public opinion must learn this and only hold us responsible where it is right that we be responsible.

But I would not condemn that demand made by the common conscience for good moral character in all representatives. That demand will slowly bring the supply, and is the only way the supply can come; but I do unhesitatingly condemn that unsparing habit of testing a person's political and religious opinions, by their actions. The man is thus to be measured, not his views. Do you see the distinction? We may accept one and reject the other; may condemn the evil and not the man; receive the preaching and not the practice.

Do not, I beg of you, as liberals condemn preaching as better than practice; all preaching must of necessity be better, otherwise no growth. We must all preach the ideal, all live the real, but preaching will help us to make the ideal the real. Says Lowell: "Longing molds in clay what life carves in the marble real." Take the preaching for what it is worth as preaching; the practice for what it is worth as practice, and be content as Theodore Parker was when he said, "I am content to serve by warning where I cannot guide by example." There is no dishonest, but honest rather where preaching is the excess practice. Preaching may be golden, but life is ever true. The guilt lies in hypocrisy. Preaching one thing and making no effort to live it, is bad enough; but the unpardonable sin

is preaching one thing in condemnation of a brother, while loving and living the same. Come not to me as teacher, if you cannot by word tell me of that which is nobler than your present act, but if you condemn your brother, I like you well, and if while condemning you do the same as he does, I only pity you as the doubly guilty, and hypocritally the greater guilt. But hypocrisy is only the homage vice pays to virtue; deceit and falsehood the counterfeit of only of valuable truth, and they who use them thus tell the value of the genuine; so ever the hypocrite and liar preach honestly to us.

Which is the better, preaching or practice? I answer by asking, which is the better, science or art; theory or practice; steam or the engine; the body of the spirit; action or reaction; wisdom or goodness? One is useless without the other; wise men and good men are both necessary; we would have good wise men and wise good men, if we could. Wise men if not moral make moral men in coming generations; and good men if not wise, make men wise in the future, for the wise live in words and the good in deeds; these both preach continually and the inherited wisdom and goodness of to-day thus came to us. But in their day the lives of good men oft rivet error upon the people. If the teachers of old creeds had been immoral in their lives, measured by the standard of their day, their creeds would not have been so easily accepted. To-day the priest emphasizes the holy life of Jesus and because his life was good the heathen accept the teachings supposed to be his. The preacher is a good man, loved for his humanity and for this the inhumanity of his dogmas is accepted. Thus a good man, if not wise, may work much evil. The wise man, if immoral, will find his life imitated in others, and thus he also becomes dangerous. From both these extremes we learn that two factors enter into the formation of a true standard of morality, namely: That which tests goodness—conscience; and that which tests wisdom—judgment.

When these two are in harmony and in equipoise there is justice. But when conscience is brought to judge of knowledge or judgment begins to measure goodness, then injustice commences, and this is the injustice under which society is to-day suffering. It is the error of Christianity when it favored the acceptance of its tenets as its standard of life, thus making the judgment of the past the jailor of the conscience of to-day. Let each rule its own realm, and judgment, the positive, be king of wisdom, but conscience, the negative, "the still small voice," must ever be lord over the realm of goodness. So intimately will these blend in perfect lives that only by the most subtle chemistry can they be separated. But what standard will these two, coequal potentates erect?

Theology has a miraculously given standard with a "Thus saith the Lord," appealing neither to man's judgment nor to his conscience, but makes both for him. Science and philosophy, however, test this standard and ask "Why?" and for much of it find no answer. "Thus saith the Lord" must thus be attested by natural law, before liberalism can accept it as its code.

The legal standard is far behind public conscience. By a flaw in the indictment, a quibble of the lawyer, a defect or a lack in the statute, guilt escapes. There is no law to touch him and so he daily measures falsely, spreads innuendoes and escapes the clutches of the law, lives legally moral. But sometime law will show the high tide of conscience rather than as now its ebb, and the standard of daily life will be that of the courts.

There is a social standard, but it can be none of ours, and it is part of our work as liberals to elevate and purify that standard. It has to-day two codes, one for man and one for woman, and by thus bringing sex into morals is cursing both man and woman. Profanity, tobacco, fifth, corner loafing, street political slanders, and bar-room stories are right for man, but let woman attempt the same and her character is gone forever. Man may dress as he chooses, but woman is immoral if she does not conform to the fashion. If her dress is too short to take up the fifth of the street, she is viewed with suspicion, but who judges of a man's character by the length of his pantaloons? A Methodist reverend in the Connecticut River Valley in Massachusetts, lately preached a sermon in which he condemned the present style of ladies wearing the Derby hat, and cautioned the young men against marrying a woman who wore one as she would not make a good wife; but where is the woman so base that she would support Mrs. Livermore if she should bid her sex become of gentlemen who wore silk hats or the Ulster overcoat? In confidence, in her love, through the holiest emotions and under the impulses of her strong maternal nature, woman yields to man her honor, and he too often false deserts her, and she suffers alone. The grand glory of motherhood should be her shield from slander; she is outcast and sent down still lower that she may hereafter be willingly the slave of the passions of her betrayer; but he is petted and his fault condoned. "It is only his wild oats!" Mothers bring to him their daughters as to a festival and beseech of him the honor of sacrificing to his name one of them at the marriage altar. "Och, och, dammed spot!" it is but a bravado of marriage and of morality. Let him be outcast! Brand upon his forehead "Murderer of truth, honor and love!" and let him go! But for the crown of her glory—maternity, because of

the purifying fires of her suffering for her gift of a life immortal, comfort, cheer, sustain and protect the victim; leave him to conscience and to nature.

Only science can erect our standard and she must find it in natural law, and read it in effects from causes.

Nature thunders everywhere that her greatest boon is life. For this she worked millions of years upon chaos, or low and lower organisms she worked millions more; upon men she has expended other millions still, and "more and longer life" is her cry. Then the end and aim of morality must be life. That which makes it more valuable, that which increases its length and usefulness, must be moral. That which lessens its length, power and use, whatever its name, must be immoral. To take any other view is to indict nature, condemn life and send all things back to chaos. It is to declare evolution an evil, growth a curse and progress a sin. If the "purpose of nature" is to declare for us the true aim of our efforts, it will be to work in harmony with her for the development of latent or spiritual powers through material organisms; this is done by and through life, and the longer the life and the more perfect its expression, the truer are we to Mother Nature, and to God, the Father spirit. Then the first part of the standard of morals of the future will be—that which lengthens human life, is moral; that which tends to shorten it, is immoral! So important to I regard this that I might for myself be content to let this be the whole of the "law and the prophets," but let it may not be explicit enough I will add a supplementary clause.

The object of life, the purpose nature has in life, is unfathomable of powers latent in the "energy" that materialism finds working through matter, or as I prefer to denominate it—the development of the latent powers of spirit. When you are in harmony with nature or doing right by the result, if you are happy, you know that you have been doing right; if you are unhappy, you know that you have been doing wrong. Life and happiness must then be the aim of morality; that which increases these, is right; that which lessens them must be wrong. Emphasizing this I might leave the rest unsaid, but in explanation of this proposition we will add something more definite.

The result of all right action being happiness, as surely as effects follow causes, just so surely does happiness follow him who works in harmony with nature. All that right doing implies is "harmony with our environment." We need not be in doing as for our actions, for if at peace within, if we are happy, we have done right; are we ill at ease, unhappy, the act was wrong—commands and creeds of men to the contrary. Nature then intends us to be happy and opens the way for us by right doing. This, then, follows as a natural conclusion: That is right which increases the sum total of human happiness, and whatever decreases that sum is wrong.

Now let me put the whole proposition in a way you may the more readily remember it:

That is moral which tends to lengthen life and to increase the sum total of human happiness!

This is the whole ethical code of the future and by it I am willing to leave all questions in religion, politics, business, sociology and ethics to be tested. If capital is now used to lengthen human life and increase human happiness, then your investment is moral; but the disease bred in our manufacturing, the poverty fostered in the homes of the ill-paid and the crime festering there, tell me that to-day capital is immoral and that this wrong needs to be righted. Does labor in its strikes, in its Trade Unions, in its political efforts tend to increase peace, love, harmony and good-will, then to the extent it does not, be it more or less, labor is immoral and needs purifying. Test your political movements by this code! If concentration of capital in hands of a few, and joint-stock corporations will increase the sum total of human happiness, then vote for them. If human life is shortened by the influx of the Chinese, then bid them go.

Test society by it. Does the reign of fashion lengthen human life? Ask the pale consumptives? Does it increase human happiness? Ask the wearied devotees? Will plurality of wives make more happiness? Then up with the banner of polygamy, but if it breeds sorrow and discord we will work for monogamy.

Test your own habits of life. Are you, your families and your friends happier for your whisky and tobacco? If so, their use is moral and we will encourage their use; but if we can prove as we think we can that they tend to the destruction of both life and happiness, we will declare the use, sale, manufacture and cultivation to be immoral and by every effort consistent with personal liberty to be discouraged. If your churches tend to lengthen life, they are moral; but if by confining within doors those who on their only day of rest should be in woods and fields, then they are immoral and should be things of the past. If they are fully realized, then they are immoral; purify them with pure air. If the subject is extended you are standing on the life element and consequently they are immoral and the sun must come to remove them.

If your "iron creeds" make men and women happier when preached, we also will preach them, but if they bow heads in

Continued on Again Page

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

A BROWN "ARAB-LIKE" RACE.

"Now I am in a long valley. Men are driving deer-like animals with packs on them. They are going to a town near a hill. The men are taller than those I saw before. They are a brown-skinned people and more angular in shape. They have a wild, fierce look about them. They all carry a spear, a long knife and a whip. The animals are more patient than I had supposed. They do not carry much. They keep a great many of these wolf-dogs. There are no women here. The men laugh and talk a great deal, but I do not like their language; it is very guttural."

"The city is not very large." [He called it a town at first, probably owing to the fact that he was at a considerable distance and it looked small; but as the party approached it and he was with them, it appears of a larger size.] "It is on a sloping plain, where there are a great many springs. The houses are not round as a rule. There seems to be no order about them. The people are poor. It seems like the ruins of a city fixed up. Some of the walls are 80 or 40 feet high with ornaments on them. I can see where high buildings have been torn down. There are a great many of these dark-skinned people around here. They have knocked beautiful statues to pieces. I think they must have taken the city. It is in sight of that lake, but I must have come up in time. The city is not more than a mile square. It was occupied by a yellowish and more civilized people whom the brown people conquered. In one direction there are a great many of the yellow people and in another a great many of the brown."

A subsequent examination of the same specimen revealed the condition of the city before it was taken, and while in the possession of a yellow and more civilized people.

"I get into that city that I was in before, but it must be before the savages took it. There is an animal here, like a dog, about as large as a spaniel. It has a good deal of white hair on its head and down its neck like a mane. I see onesometimes of a reddish color. There are many fine statues here; some are naked and perfect. They are in circular parks." (The vision comes in fits; sometimes there is a blank.) I see no beard on the yellow race; the statues have none. They are made of a white rock softer than marble. Statues are made of artificial rock; they are the most beautiful, though the others are the most valuable. The houses are about two stories high, square, with the corners rounded off. The streets are curved. There is a park where the streets cross.

"When the people wish to make a fire, they take two pieces of iron to which wires are connected, dip them in some liquid, rub them together and they become hot. They have fire-places much like ours, used principally for cooking. The rooms are paved with stone."

"This town is quite a centre for trade with barbarous tribes. There is not much cold weather, the seasons are long. I think it is the same world I have been on before. The dresses of the men frequently leave the knees bare. The dresses of the women are looser."

CIVILIZATION OF A YELLOW RACE.

The next examination of the same specimen represents the same city and people at a more advanced period:

"I see places with high walls all around and large gates at regular intervals. There are a great many statues and ornaments inside; it seems to be a sort of garden. The gates are high and beautifully ornamented. I see buildings with very fine pillars and porticos. I think the buildings are lecture-rooms and armories. The people have a vague idea of a supreme being, I think, but say very little about him. Men in very dark and some in rather light vestures read from rolls of paper to the people. There are vast quantities of grain stored in these places as well as arms."

In a world where winter reigned for several years in succession, these stores of grain would be an absolute necessity to a large population.

"The priests or officers give out the grain in times of scarcity, and in battle they are the leaders. The people love the beautiful and seem progressive. I think they select their priests or officers for life; but sometimes disagree and remove them."

"I see no marriage ceremony, except that the parties make a feast and have a general good time. The act of living together is marriage. They make slaves of the dark, Arab-looking people, but there are not many of them. The slaves are well-treated, and upon contributing a certain amount of grain to the public storehouse, they are freed. I see them carrying the grain up. They are allowed a few hours every day to themselves."

"The best houses have rugs on the floor and fine, checkered stones. The people are fond of pictures and ornament the walls of their rooms very finely. They recline on lounges without backs. Their lamps have a flame with a bluish tinge."

"They eat flesh and make bread of a drink that looks like white oats. They use milk and a grain like dark lemonade, but made of a different fruit. There is a kind of plum here as large as a hen's egg, red or brown. It is like a hard peach, yellow inside, sweet and very pleasant. Sometimes several persons or families take turns in cooking for each and all eat in one room."

"I do not see any very poor; all have enough to eat and wear. The city gives employment to all that want it. There are guns here with springs that throw stones to a great distance with force. This is a colony from a large country about 300 miles off."

"In one of the courts there is a wall covered with paper that is written on. I think it is a sort of news stand. In one direction there is a large farming country. There are some fine roads made of rock, and very smooth. Animals like oxen that I saw before, pull heavy loads on them. There are Arab-like men, running on them and carrying letters very rapidly. When the people are in danger they throw up rocket-like flashes to great heights by electricity. About 60 miles off there is a large city on a river, to which ships come."

"There is not much iron around here, but there is copper, which the people mine and sell. Copper is used in the electrical machines a great deal. The people here live by mining copper. They smelt it and run it into bars. It is in one mountain near the city. There are battles here sometimes about the men they elect for rulers and priests."

The mental and moral development of Sideros seems to have advanced in a very similar way to that of our own planet, with some singular differences. They appear to have been far in advance of us in the use of electricity, owing perhaps to the scarcity of fuel. They had better roads and the women appear to have dressed much more sensibly than women generally do here. The absence of extreme poverty and yet the existence of slavery are anomalous features.

"In regard to marriage I think that after a certain age, if the couple could obtain the consent of an officer or priest they were at liberty to marry. Some men have

more than one wife; it does not appear to be forbidden, but it is not sanctioned by the best people. The children go where I saw the large hall and are taught by persons who make that a business. The boys have a military training by men, but women are the principal teachers. The rich ride in carriages, to which the deer-like animals are attached.

"Many battles take place between these people and the Arab-like tribes, but the fairer people are generally the conquerors. When the city was taken the people fought from street to street. The women and children went out to the other city. Some of the women remained and fought with the men."

"Some of the wealthy people have very pretty houses, with gardens, flowers and statues. Their houses are octagonal and finely ornamented at each corner. There is a river near here and a very fine arched bridge across it. The bridge is made of a sort of granite with brown spots in it, and it is about 100 yards long. It looks like a bridge I saw once before with a meteoric specimen."

"There are some square houses, but they are nearly as uncommon as round and eight sided houses are with us. There are high buildings that are round and taper up like a cone to a very high point. They are used as watch-towers and men often look at the stars from them. The farmers lived in very good houses, generally made of stone; but not often round; generally eight-sided, but sometimes square. They had good plows made of iron, but rather small, because the animals that draw them were not as strong as ours."

"The people came back with help and drove the Arab-like people out without fighting. They drove them a long way off and built the city up again; other cities gave them provisions and help. They were not afraid of work and rebuilt with great spirit. The Arab-like men were better fighters, but the yellow men were more numerous and had the best weapons. They often beat by their superior intelligence and strategy."

"They made wine, but could not be called a drinking people. It was a disgrace to drink to excess. The better classes drank very little. The more intelligent people saw the harm of it and tried to stop its use among the inferior people, and did to a considerable extent. Children were supported by the state if the parents did not support them."

"There are large herds of animals here, like goats, but larger and somewhat deer-like. The farmers raise them for their hair and flesh. There are ducks or water-fowl of a grayish blue. Women are out of doors here a great deal and engage in many kinds of business. They dress much like men, have no shawl or blanket over them, but a cloak that is hooked."

"The people take long walks together in the evenings, which are very long. They often go on a mountain when one will sing and talk and then another. I think they are fond of open-air meetings. Their hair seems coarse compared with ours and it is very black and straight. Generally both sexes wear long hair, but I often see both with short hair. There are pools where both sexes bathe together, but they enter from different sides. If persons refuse to be seen naked, they think it is because of some disease or deformity."

"The men are not very hairy, either on the body or face. The women are less so than the men, and have finer hair some of the hair is brown and some yellow. I see some persons with pink eyes and brown hair, but there are very few."

"The yellow race that he describes resembles the Mongolian race of our own planet in many respects—in color, absence of hair on the face, blackness and coarseness of hair and deficiency in fighting ability. In other respects, however, they seem to have differed from them quite widely. The existence of individuals with brown and yellow hair shows amalgamation with some other race. The pink eyed persons were probably albinos."

"They use electricity to make copies of things and use what look like copying licks. I see little oval papers with characters on them, that I think must be newspapers. The paper is glossy and of a yellow hue. The ink is generally of a dark brown color, but some is red. I think they have two ways of getting copies of things, one by ink and another by electricity. They make several copies at once. The letters on a paper are cut through a plate; this is put on a pile of black papers soaked in some liquid, and electricity prints at once on the whole. I see one place where a large paper is pasted on a wall for every body to read."

"There seem to be very few customs among these people that are binding. Evening just before sun-down is the time for courting and pleasure. The days are so long that people work for several hours before light, until half the morning is through. After a few hours rest they work again till an hour or two before sunset, when the pleasure time begins. People gather in gardens to hear others talk. They sleep about one-third of the time. The night is long, but they go to bed late and get up early and sleep in the middle of the day from one to two hours."

"There are carriages that run on the common roads by working a handle up and down, like a hand-car on the railroad; but one man propels a carriage with several people in it. They have others that run by the use of a powerful spring; but the people like the carriages drawn by the deer-like animals the best. Some persons are trying to get up an electrical carriage."

"The women wear cloths or hoods made of hair and linen. The men have cloth wrapped around the head and that hangs behind. It looks a little like a turban, but covers the head like a cap."

"I see many pumps here like ours, and there are many artesian wells, especially in the lower part of the city. There is a spring in the mountain that flows from a tunnel, the water is used for irrigating the gardens. There are many beautiful birds of various colors in the city gardens. Grown people and old people romp and play and are full of life, and children are very active. In a mountain, about a mile from the city, there are quarries of white rock, and near them sandstone quarries; in another direction there are quarries of the brown-speckled granite."

"Blocks of iron are supported on strong, wide wheels and hauled on smooth roads to the city. Large ones are moved by rollers from point to point, and strong engines moved by spring power pull them along. In one place there is a water-power, and blocks of stone are pulled by a chain. They get them to the city after awhile."

(To be Continued.)

It is a fact known to the philosophical instrument-makers, that if a metal wire be drawn through a glass tube, a few hours afterward the tube will burst into fragments. This will not happen if a piece of soft wood is employed. In these times, when glass lamp-chimneys are in such wide use, it is of no little importance that this fact should be made known. Thousands of persons who have been in the habit of using wire, table forks, and a variety of metallic articles in the washing of these chimneys, will, in the above stated fact, find the reason of their chimneys so often snapping to pieces on the lamp.

PANTHEISM.

The Pantheistic Idea Explained—Reply to William Flahbough.

BY FRANKLIN SMITH.

A most interesting essay is that of Bro. Flahbough appearing in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. On Pantheism, Atheism and Theism, as are all those coming from so profound a scholar and thorough inquirer into the history of the development of human ideas in relation to cosmogony and theology, and the great themes connected therewith, which are of such absorbing and momentous importance to the welfare of mankind. But it seems to me that Bro. F. is too much swayed by his theological preconceptions in his inquiries, to form impartial conclusions upon the ideas which he so strenuously opposes. The objections which he brings against any conceivable pantheistic idea of the universe apply with equal force against any satisfactory logical theistic theory.

After some preliminary criticisms of his critics, Bro. F. attempts to show up the absurdity of the pantheistic idea that God is all things, by citing the quarrels and crimes which mankind indulge in, and the injuries which they, as parts of the all, inflict upon each other, as God battling with God, God stealing from God and as God indignant with God. But in all this he has misconceived what the pantheistic idea really is, and views it entirely from the old theological standpoint. If the idea that God, as the all of things, is an individual personal being, in the same sense that man is supposed to be, and acts upon the universe in an analogous manner, then the absurdity which Bro. F. applies to pantheism would be appropriate; but instead, he has simply exposed the absurdity of his theological idea of a personal God, by first appending it on to the pantheistic theories, where it does not belong. Just to the extent that God is the cause of the universe, just to that extent are all acts his acts, and just to that extent is he, in the most real sense, the all of things; and to the extent that he is not the cause of things, does he become a personal and separate being and loses the chief characteristic that the theological idea ascribes to him, only sustaining the same relation to the rest of mankind that a monarch or king sustains to his subjects. And it is upon this latter idea that all governmental and social tyranny has been based.

That God is the absolute cause of things, but that acts are performed of which he is not the cause, are two contradictory propositions, the reconciliation of which is utterly inconceivable. And yet, all systems of theism that are not pantheistic, hold these absolutely contradictory notions. Hence when the attempt is made to refute the pantheistic idea, they labor under the greatest confusion of thought, and misconceive and misrepresent it by imparting into it the idea of an individual personal God.

But let us see what the pantheistic idea really is, and then we shall be more able to decide as to what its claims are to being a true theory of the universe. Its first proposition is that the universe is a unity in the strictest sense; that there is no division of the substance which constitutes it, into one part which is inherently alive and another part, which is inherently dead, but that all things are simply the same substance under different conditions; that these states or conditions are the result of its modifications; that all the forces by which the universe is actuated are the inherent properties of its substance, and all qualities, properties and principles are evolved from and developed by this substance, when subjected to the conditions which its inherent forces necessitate. As all the modifications of substances are changes in its space relations, all its qualities and properties are due to its forms and motions, and these constitute the all of things, or the absolute and only possible expression of its forces. And sentences and consciousness, with all their attributes, are the inherent properties of this essential substance in its more refined, perfect and subtle modifications; that it has the capacity to undergo infinite modifications, and consequently to progress infinitely and occupy every plane and position in the eternal scale and hence to assume every property and quality which its successive modifications involve. By virtue of these incessant modifications, which constitute its every attribute including sentience, through its centripetal and centrifugal, positive and negative, or male and female forces, a constant interchange of substance is taking place between every form and thing in being, hence, every portion of the universal substance is destined to develop every quality and attribute possessed by any other portion. Inasmuch as this universal homogeneous substance of all things is intrinsically alive, every individual formation or atom of it, is a self-existent motor, subject to the actions and reactions of every other atom and portion with which it is connected. That man, while being a portion of this universal substance, is also a result of all the forces, principles, conditions and phenomena that have conducted to his development, stretching back to infinity, and hence may be regarded as an epitome of the whole, and as possessing inherently the principles and forces that actuate the whole, and consequently his career will be commensurate with his infinite and universal relationship.

This is a brief statement of a few of the ideas involved in the pantheistic theory of the universe, and it will be seen from them, that the antagonisms among mankind are the result, not primarily of the will of a personality, but of the necessary and inevitable conditions and modifications of those portions of the universal substance through which they have been gestated and that these conditions are not necessarily unmitigated evils, but simply the minor disorders in the great musical processes of universal formation, essential to the perfectly balanced mathematical harmony of the whole.

But what the advocates of the theological idea rely upon as a scientific basis for their faith in a separate personal God, in opposition to the pantheistic idea, is that matter is dead, and hence the dynamic energy manifested in nature, must be ascribed to a spiritual personality separate from matter, who represents this moving energy. Aside from the fact that such a theory makes God the absolute cause of all action, which Bro. Flahbough attempts to explode by showing its absurdity, there are scientific proofs of its fallacy. There is no possible explanation of the phenomena of the universe without conceiving matter as possessed of the power to react with an equal force when acted upon. Without matter possessed this power inherently, it would be so much dead rubbish, entirely useless, in everybody's way and a stumbling-block both for gods and men. Action in any substance could result in nothing beyond mere change of position, without reaction and no substance could fulfil but one-half the definition of substance, without it possessed both the power to act, and the ability to react when acted upon. All force implies a counterforce, and no force can exist alone. The universe cannot be divided up into two such separate entities, in the sense that one of these substances shall be inherently dynamic, and the other intrinsically static, with no power in itself to react when acted upon. As motion alone is simply change of position, and not a thing in itself, the passive principle is as necessary to the substantial existence which Bro. F. terms God, as it would be to matter. Hence the only logical conclusion we can arrive at is that all substance is both dynamic and static; that is, it contains within itself, the power to act, the capacity to be acted upon and the ability to react, by which the universal operations of nature are performed.

One other argument which Bro. F. adduces in refutation of pantheism, is that progression cannot be accounted for and explained, as an inherent principle in the substance of things, which necessitates their progress, without the intervention of a personal God, and challenges the advocates of inherent progress in the following manner:

"What I demand of my opponents, then, is this: That they show me in all this universe and in all the cycles of time, one solitary instance in which any individual being or thing, from molecule to world, from atom to man, or from man to archangel, has progressed to a higher stage of existence without the aid of something distinct from itself, outside of itself and

beyond itself, bringing to it the moving and impregnating potencies of that higher stage of existence."

Who ever supposed that progress could operate under any different conditions from those prescribed in this challenge? All the phenomena of nature are the movements of substance in space, and no movements are possible but into a lesser or larger space, hence the existence of matter, as the result of the condensation of refined and expended essences, is an inevitable necessity of the first named movement; and being intrinsically elastic, its subsequent expansion, when relieved of the mechanical pressure which condensed it, is also an inevitable necessity. Again, its movements in space must be general by the laws of space (i. e., geometrical and mechanical laws), and as its vibratory movements also necessitate time, it must be subject to rhythmic laws (i. e., the laws of music or harmony). These laws of space and time necessitate progression. Is it not the plainest thing in the world, that if the universe is a unity, as pantheism asserts, that no progress could take place in anything without the action and conspiracy of other portions; that all progress is the result of interchanges between different portions and different conditions of its essential substance; that these different conditions constitute the male and female counterforce, which, by their mutual counteraction create all processes, and procreation and re-creation are respectively their universal results. All the phenomena of nature are in a process of impregnation, gestation and parturition. Every atom or form in existence, from globes to globules, is an ovum, constantly gestating the elements centripetal within it, by its procreative force, and as constantly parturitioning its gestated and ripened essences as nutriment to other forms in virtue of its centrifugal or female force, which combined forces ever operate in accordance with the time and space conditions under which they are necessitated to act. This interchange of the male and female forces, in alternate and reciprocal action and reaction, between the sun and planetary worlds, between the planets with each other and between all forms and atoms within and upon their surfaces, constitute all astronomical, meteorological, electric, chemical and physiological phenomena throughout the universe. They are all a process of condensation, of essential substance, from expanded conditions, by the centripetal or male force, and its subsequent gestation and centrifugation by the female force, whose alternate actions find their perfect illustration and correspondence in the science of music, and by their perfect balance and the mathematical exactness of their reciprocal action, preserve the harmony which is apparent in all formation and development.

When man comes to perceive that he is the result, not of any personality who has created him, but of those sublime and mathematically perfect principles, which are the innate properties of the one universal substance of nature and which by their perfect and harmonious action, have developed him through a process of gestation from primordial conditions, he will arise in the dignity of his nature and declare his freedom from the superstitions which have enthralled the human race during all the childish years of its existence and own allegiance alone to these glorious and sublime principles which have developed him up to a true perception of the universe. He will then direct his reverence and veneration, not to any one personality at the expense of all other personalities, or to any particular portion of the universal substance, to the exclusion of all other portions, for the substance of things is just as sacred in itself when it exists in the form of the clouds beneath our feet, as when it shines in the elements of the sun or gleams and emanates from the most highly developed being in the universe, for all these clouds are the condensations of refined essences that have come down through auras and worlds from empyrean heights and depths beyond the power of our imagination to conceive, and they are the necessary conditions through which and out from which all the glories of the universe are born. Then, in whatever part of the universe we find ourselves, we may pull off our shoes from off our feet, for the ground whereon we walk is holy ground.

Dedham, Mass.

Death.

Death comes to man as a spiritual necessity. It is an angel of love and mercy, and not the enemy of mankind. When all other friends fail to bring relief, death enters, and the pain-racked body ceases its throes and moanings, the eyes grow bright with spiritual lustre, and the word "adieu" is breathed from lips soon to moulder into dust again. Then why picture death as an enemy of the race? Why speak of death with bated breath and blanched cheek? Why send poisoned darts into the hearts of the afflicted? Should we not rather give the true interpretations of death and its necessity? What would become of the world if there were no death? What would be the condition among men, if they could not die? What a sight the world would present, of men and women growing old, sighing for a change, but with no hopes of relief. And it should be remembered that this not only man that dies—every living object passes through this same change. Suppose, by an infinite decree, death in animal life became an impossibility, how long before there would not be room for a human being upon this world of yours? Can you conceive a picture with more deformities than this? How long before the vaulted heavens would be filled with the echoes of your appeals of a change to come, and relieve you of these disgusting sights? Viewed in this light, which is the light of reason, can you say death is an enemy? Rather call it the best friend man has or can ever know.

The separation of friends is always attended with grief. We love to see the faces of our friends. We love the grasp of their hands, and we love to listen to their voices, which are musical to us; but when it is known that death is but a voyage to a better land, and that all will meet again, joy should take the place of grief, and instead of closing your doors and windows, and putting on garments which make the heart sick, you should open wide the doors and windows of your mansions, and invite the angels to come in and make your homes their abiding places.—T. Starr King, in the *Olney Branch*.

Co-operation.

In the town of Guise, in France, a capitalist, M. Godin, has shown in a remarkable manner how much can be accomplished by co-operative labor. The Familistère, as it is called, consists of a community of four hundred and seventeen families, numbering about twelve hundred people, the majority of whom are engaged in manufacturing, while the others keep the stores or tend to the necessary details of the Familistère. Those who are employed are paid wages, as they would be in other places, the great point of difference being that the profits of labor in the factories and sales in the stores are each year divided among all who are members of the association; that is, those who contribute capital are paid a percentage upon that, while the remainder, or a large part of it, is divided in one form or another among those who, in entering, contribute nothing but labor. By degrees the association is acquiring all the capital it needs for its work, so that even that which M. Godin advanced will soon be paid back, and those who do the work will have all the profits. The scheme has been wonderfully successful, and might be profitably studied by American capitalists who have more money than they can possibly use upon themselves and their families.—*The Boston Sunday Herald*.

In the drama the highest thought in every age has found expression. While thrones and altars forged and fastened chains, the poor slaves heard upon the stage the actor curse the injustice of the world, and wept with joy to see, even in a play, the captive free. In all the other walks of life, rogues, hypocrites and cowards-off succeed, but on the stage apianthus greets only those who represent the great, the loving, brave and true, or give to public scorn the very heart of vice.—*Ingersoll*.

year, at Boston University, out of 600 students, 113 were young women. Smith, Vas-

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Theosophy.

We have received from London a little volume of 138 pages, entitled, "Theosophy and the Higher Life, or Spiritual Dynamics and the Divine and Miraculous Man." By Geo. Wyld, M. D., President of the British Theosophical Society. To Spiritualists the book is chiefly interesting because of the clearness and fairness of that part relating to Spiritualism, of which the author seems to have been long a student. He was introduced to the marvels of mesmerism, and clairvoyance as far back as the year 1840. "The clairvoyants in those days," he remarks, "never spoke of being controlled by individuals or bands of foreign spirits but professed to utter the revelations of her inner and secret spiritual nature and vision." Most of the early mesmerizers, however, who succeeded Puysegur, tell of ecstatic visions by their clairvoyants, in which they professed to converse with spirits. While Dr. Wyld would apply these views to an explanation of the mysteries of trance-speaking, he at the same time asserts his belief that "a large proportion of all instructive, and grand and noble thoughts, comes to our soul or spirit through its unconscious communion with angelic intelligence, or through the spirits of those who live in spirit and in truth."

Many of the phenomena in Spiritualism he sets down to the unconscious action of the medium's own spirit; and there is much that he has to say on this subject which is worthy attention. He thought first that the direct writing through Slade was produced by the medium's own partially entranced spirit. On mature reflection, however, he modified his theory so far as to say in a note: "I have come much more round to the theory that most of the mediumistic phenomena of the above kind are produced by foreign spirits."

But Dr. Wyld is of opinion that man is equally a spiritual being whether his body be alive or dead, and that the spirits of certain human beings may leave the body in sleep or during entrancement, or during mere "absence of mind," when the double may become visible; while other human beings exist who can, by practice of will-force, project their souls or spirits externally to the body, and operate on matter at a distance by what is called magical power. He says:

"I have been often asked, if those phenomena are produced by our own spirit, how is it that we are ignorant of the fact? I reply, that it is only half known to himself. The man who has no knowledge of the man asleep, nor the man asleep of the man awake. The somnambulist has no knowledge of the normal man, nor the normal man of the somnambulist. The clairvoyant has no knowledge of the clairvoyant, nor the clairvoyant of the normal man."

But ought not one to be a butterfly, Doctor, before being sure of this last assumption? And when you say that "the somnambulist has no knowledge of the normal man," you say what the experience of many mesmerizers contradicts. It must have been a very imperfect state of somnambulism when the subject was not fully acquainted with his normal self, spiritually and physically. Townsend's somnambulist, Alexis, seemed to understand both the moral and physical anatomy of himself, normally considered. He would criticize the peculiarities and deplore the athletic errors of the normal Alexis, the folly of which he clearly recognized when somnambulant. Most somnambules speak of their waking selves in the third person. We knew one who would always insist on a strict distinction between her somnambulant and her normal self; and such expressions as, "I think so and so," and "she thinks so and so," were common with her.

Still, though we have questioned the form of some of Dr. Wyld's arguments, we think, he is entirely right in the remark that, "Man is only half known to himself." The ignorance which nearly all the philosophers of the last five centuries seem to have been in as respects the psychic mysteries of our nature, revealed by somnambulism and Spiritualism, indicates the high importance of such studies as our author here presents in their result.

With regard to the "Theosophy" of the volume we confess we are not sufficiently

advanced in knowledge to admit or deny it. Our conclusions in respect to the spiritual and immortal nature of man are based upon highly suggestive facts daily demonstrable. We have no such facts on which to base a certainty as to the "magical power" attainable by a non-medical person through the practice of certain habits and the employment of certain charms or formulas. When Dr. Wyld says, however, that "a pure, unselfish, and self-denying life is the foundation of all true spiritual knowledge and power," we cordially assent to the remark. The spiritual knowledge of a depraved, dishonest man may be worse for him than no spiritual knowledge at all.

The Theosophical Society, we are told, teaches that "man is a triform being of body, soul and spirit, and that it is his duty to bring his food under the subjection of the body; the body under subjection to the will or soul, and the soul under the subjection of the spirit, and the spirit under subjection to the will of God;" and we are further informed that Theosophists "attempt to solve the mystery of matter, and to show how matter is subservient to spirit."

The valuable part of Dr. Wyld's interesting little volume is, we think, that relating to Spiritualism. It is evident that his theosophy has not shaken his faith in regard to the interpretation of those phenomena concerning which nearly all Spiritualists are in accord. The following extract will indicate how fully convinced he is of the great fact of the power of the spirits to present materialized simulacra of the human body, or parts of it:

"Of matter itself spiritual phenomena so to prove that, per se, it has no existence, matter being only form assumed by spirit. Granting, for convenience, ultimate atoms, spirit takes these and builds them into any form it may desire or imagine. The idealist, exercising his hands, can with clay or marble mould or chisel the divinest forms. The spiritual man can create or materialize those forms by the mere force of his spiritual nature. The whole universe is only the materialized thoughts of the divine mind."

We commend "Theosophy" to our readers as a highly interesting work, including in a convenient form all that is probably known to justify this supplementary faith, which Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott seem to have been commissioned to engrave on Spiritualism pure and simple. As soon as they can give us facts as accessible, and demonstrable as those justifying our simple hypothesis of an intercommunicating world of spirits, we shall gladly avail ourselves of the new light. But thus far, though we have sought it, we have not found it. "Theosophy" will be put upon the list of books for sale at our office, and we hope it will attract the attention it deserves—both for its literary and scientific merits. The author is a well-known physician; and we are glad to learn that his extensive practice has not been materially lessened by his prominence as a Spiritualist and a Theosophist.

Dr. Tanner.

Dr. Tanner while on the way to New York to perform his forty-days' fast, stated as we are advised, to a medical friend in this city, that he would be aided in his fast by the spirits. This general statement admits of several interpretations, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Tanner will take an early occasion after completing his fast, to explain, in the interests of Spiritualism as well as of science, exactly the method of the spirit aid he has received. If the spirits materialized food within his reach or in his mouth, he would no more be fasting, in fact, than the prophet when fed by the ravens, and yet as the regular faculty of experts around him would deny the possibility of such a mode of receiving nutrition, it would have to be deemed a fast as to them. Yet as to Tanner and in the light of trace science it would not be a true test of the power of the body to survive without food. If on the other hand the spirit aid is advisory merely, or psychological, and does not break the physical abstinence from food in the least degree, then also its nature becomes still more interesting. The tendency of fasting to enlarge spiritual vision, is perhaps the oldest of the historic religious doctrines. Now if spiritual vision is also a means of promoting the power to fast, as Dr. Tanner seems to assert, no man is so competent as he to explain, in what manner the new power is gained. Doubtless the "regulars" will say that the power to fast is a new form of Hysteria, but this will only do for those who are content to deal in words and to leave to their adversaries all commerce in ideas.

"What I Live For."

The Brooklyn Eagle states that the poem of the above title is included in the songs published by "Dr. and Mrs. Banks," the authors of "Daisies in the Grass," published in London. The Eagle says the poem was written about in the year 1880, has been set to music, and is now accessible in any music-store.

Hannah Ewer, of Paltneyville, N. Y., writes us that the poem was published in "Life Illustrated," a paper published by Fowler & Wells, 508 Broadway, New York, November 4th, 1884, and is there credited to G. Linnaeus Banks, as taken from the Dublin University Magazine. These facts doubtless indicate its authorship with sufficient correctness.

We received the report of the Michigan Mediums' Medical Association, by Mrs. L. E. Bailey, too late for this issue; it will appear next week.

We have received a communication from Mrs. E. L. Saxon, which will appear in our next issue.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Number Two.

Two hours' ride from the center of American culture, brought us far down Cape Cod to what promises to be a central point for spiritual culture. Nestling in a beautiful grove which fringes a land-locked arm of the Atlantic, we found the village of Onset Bay Grove. Where, two years ago, we saw but a paltry score of houses, there is now a village of nearly one hundred neatly built cottages, also stores, restaurants, a dancing pavilion, and other improvements, scattered along graded streets, and hidden amid the trees. Many old acquaintances gave us cordial welcome, and made us feel at once that we were among friends. On the morning after our arrival, an informal reception was tendered us by the officers of the Association. Dr. H. B. Storer presided, and introduced us to the audience in an eloquent little speech full of the fraternal kindness, so characteristic of this veteran worker. Brother Storer's hearty and appreciative commendation of the special work performed by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL seemed to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers. After a brief response from the guest of the occasion, speeches of welcome were made by E. Gerry Brown, a director of the Association; W. J. Colville, who affords one of the most striking evidences of supermundane aid in his development and success as a lecturer; Geo. A. Fuller, a speaker who has his whole heart in the work, and who is destined to grow into the hearts of Spiritualists generally, as he already has in New England; Dr. Cutter of Kentucky, whose able lectures upon physiology and kindred subjects, have made her widely and favorably known; Mrs. Shirley, a medium residing in Worcester, and a pleasant, magnetic speaker; Mrs. Lewis, a true-hearted woman full of common sense and deep convictions, and Mrs. Brown a medium and lecturer, whose earnest words and simple pathos impress the hearer that she has travelled rugged paths in her earthly experience, and give evidence of the value of spiritual knowledge to sustain the soul in its trials. The general theme of each speaker was the necessity of critical investigation of spirit phenomena and in approval of the scientific method of investigation as advocated by the JOURNAL. Reflecting, as they did, the opinions of their spirit teachers, as well as the growing sentiment of the people, the several speeches were peculiarly gratifying and encouraging to us.

On the evening of the 31st ult., through the courtesy of that staunch friend of honest mediums, Mrs. Lila Barney Sayles, we attended a séance given by Mrs. Emma Weston, at the cottage of Mr. A. W. Wilcox of Worcester. Mrs. Weston is a lady of refinement and prepossessions one in her favor at once. She is warmly esteemed by a large circle of friends and seems to be a most estimable lady. At the appointed hour we met some twelve or fifteen ladies and gentlemen who had gathered to take part in the séance. Mrs. Weston produced two strips of surgeon's sticking plaster, about an inch wide and twelve inches long, and explained that as the manifestations were to occur in the dark she desired these strips to be used in sealing her hands together to insure the certainty that she could not make the manifestations.

Upon the general request of the observers we placed Mrs. Weston's extended hands one upon the other and wetting the plaster bound them closely together, extending the strips so near to the ends of the fingers as to prevent their being moved. After the strips had firmly adhered and dried, the medium was seated in the centre of the circle, the observers joined hands and wrists in such a manner as to leave the right hand free below the wrist and the light extinguished. After a few minutes weak manifestations occurred. Mrs. Weston then described a youth standing in front of us; the description answered reasonably well to that of our darling and only son, and we so stated, adding that in former years he had taken great delight in manifestations in Mrs. Maude Lord's circles. Immediately lively manifestations occurred; we were patted on the hands, face and knees by hands which seemed smaller than the mediums, though warm and life-like to the touch. We made the request that if the spirit was really that of our son that he would take the pencil from our hand and carry it to Mrs. Wilcox who sat upon the opposite side of the circle. Before our request was fully uttered the pencil was in the lady's hand. During the evening hands were repeatedly placed in our extended right hand, palm to palm, some of them seemed small, and others larger than our own; two hands were felt upon our head at the same instant and two arms extended about our neck. A hand touched our lips; we first felt the tips of the fingers and then slowly the hand and inner side of a bare forearm passed from left to right across our lips. During this manifestation our right foot was extended to its limit and moved about, but came in contact with nothing but air. This precaution with others seemed to preclude the possibility of any active agency on the part of the medium, even had she been able to loosen her hands. The name of an uncle was given us and some slight description of his mental characteristics, which were correct. During the séance an amusing episode occurred; suddenly Mrs. Weston appeared to be entranced and her Indian control said he would let us into a secret though he knew it would cause his medium much chagrin if she knew he had exposed her. "My medium," said he, "didn't want

you to come here to-night. She was dreadfully afraid and nervous over it and tried to get Mr. Oldham to go and tell you it wouldn't be convenient, but he refused. I liked you and I wanted my medium to like you, and when she met you last night she did like you, still she was dreadfully frightened about your coming. We knew you was all right and only wanted things fair and honest, and was bound you should come." Much more in the same strain was said, interspersed with bright witticisms. This exposure of the medium's groundless fears was not in the least annoying to us, and indeed we should have been surprised had she not held some doubts about the advisability of admitting us, considering the efforts made for years by interested parties to create an impression that we were an ogre going about devouring defenceless mediums. Most of the observers received tests which they considered satisfactory, though the spirits seemed to concentrate their efforts in our behalf. After the séance we assisted in removing the strips from Mrs. Weston's hands; this had, of course, to be done by "soaking them in water." We cannot believe it possible that the strips were removed or tampered with by any mortal agency from the time we adjusted them, to the moment we removed them. We do not record the result of this sitting as possessing any particular scientific value, but only as the history of a pleasant hour. Though we have no reason to doubt the genuineness of the manifestations we do not offer them as evidence of spirit phenomena to non-Spiritualists. Mrs. Weston contemplates a trip to Chicago this fall and we know she will meet a kind reception and make many new friends.

The announcement that Miss Lizzie Doten would lecture on Sunday morning, drew a large audience, many coming long distances to hear her on this her first appearance since retiring from the lecture field several years since. Her lecture was a masterly effort, evidencing a vast amount of careful reading and a thorough knowledge of the best authors in the several fields of philosophy, science and history. Indeed we never saw a finer illustration of the old adage that, "God helps those who help themselves," for the lecture was a splendid example of cultured mediumship, showing as it did how the spirits can be aided in their efforts by the self-culture of their instruments. There was no wandering, no repetition, but a close, compact and perfectly arranged presentation of her subject.

As the inspired woman stood on that bright Sabbath morning, pointing the way which leads from mental bondage and superstitious to the heights of spiritual knowledge, a few miles away the surf was beating against Plymouth Rock where more than two hundred and fifty years before, her ancestors had knelt to return thanks for their safe arrival and the mental liberty for which they had risked their lives. Had we possessed clairvoyant sight we should have seen some of those brave old souls gathered around the medium, inspiring with angelic wisdom the tongue of their descendant. We should have seen them watching with looks of love and admiration, and caught their words of approval and encouragement. We should have heard them exclaim: "Well done! We are proud of the good old Puritan blood that courses in your veins, of the strong brave spirit that animates your fragile body. The spiritual influx of the nineteenth century makes of you a grander and more perfect spirit than were any of your ancestors. Keep up a strong heart, know that though not possessed of physical strength, and seemingly doing, as you think, but little to advance the great spiritual movement, there are tens of thousands of loving hearts scattered over the world who are repeating your inspired verses and gathering from them hope, strength and light. And as they repeat your lines their hearts go out to you in love and thankfulness."

In the afternoon Mr. Colville gave a fine discourse. "This gentleman is already well and favorably known as a speaker in most of the large cities of the country. Mrs. Emma Weston, after each lecture described and gave the names of many spirits, whom she saw in the audience. With one exception, we think, they were all recognized. This feature of the exercises added greatly to the interest of the day. Following the lecture came an invitation from Col. Barney to take a sail upon the bay in his yacht. In the evening a concert was given which was a most agreeable alternation of the day's exercises. Monday was pleasantly employed in visiting with numerous friends new and old. We met for the first time Mrs. Susie Nickerson-White, one of Boston's best developed and most popular trance mediums, who is taking a three months' vacation. Mrs. White's petite, graceful figure and large lustrous eyes, give her an appearance so spiritual as to provoke an inquiry whether she really is not a materialized denizen of the Spirit-world placed here to help mortals on their way.

As the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Brown, we were afforded, unceasing care. Mrs. Brown is a fine trance medium, but domestic duties oblige her to hold her medical gifts in abeyance. While we enjoyed every moment at Onset and met with the kindest attentions from all, we want to tell our readers, confidentially of course, that a sweet little baby girl in the home of the Browns got closer to our heart than anybody else. Bless the baby! we never shall forget her.

On Tuesday the 3d we bade good-by to Onset and returned to Boston, where we have put in several very busy days attending to our correspondence and numerous

callers. Calling upon that excellent trance medium and estimable lady, Mrs. J. E. Potter, we were afforded a most satisfactory interview with our spirit friends. We know of no more trustworthy or better developed trance medium than Mrs. Potter, and we recommend her to the JOURNAL's large and critical constituency.

The length of this letter warns us that we must close before we are quite ready. Other Boston notes must wait until our next which will be written from the camp at Lake Pleasant. The mail is closing and these hastily written notes like all others sent while away from home, must leave our hands without reading or revision.

A Rebuke of Scientific Impudence and Literary Folly.

It is often said that the reports of spirit manifestations come only from Spiritualists who are, of course, credulous, and unreliable. If it was true that Spiritualists only make such reports, it is not true that they are, of course, credulous. While we have our share of that failing, yet there are those among us thoroughly careful and critical, and no person is better, if as well, fitted to examine and report such manifestations as an experienced and sagacious Spiritualist. As a chemist can best judge of chemical experiments, so can a Spiritualist best judge of spiritual experiments, as they both become "experts," in their pursuits.

Fairness, candor, a desire for truth, habit and power of close observation are the main qualities needed, in this as in other matters for satisfactory knowledge and reliable statement of facts. A good refutation of the assertion that only Spiritualists examine and report, is given in the JOURNAL of July 24th, in the page filled by an exhaustive and careful description of his experiences with Mr. Slade and Mrs. Simpson, by Prof. V. B. Denalow. This gentleman is not a Spiritualist, but is well known as an able and learned law professor formerly in the Chicago University, a man of clear and critical intellect, of sound judgment and independent thought. His article was not written with any view to publication in the JOURNAL, but was copied from the Chicago Times. Evidently here is a report from a competent person, with no theory to build or defend, and with no prejudice in our favor. Mark, indeed, how careful he is as to theories in his closing sentence: "The more cautious we are in building theories on these phenomena, and the more patient we are in developing the phenomena themselves until they evolve their own theories irrefragably, the greater will be the value both of our facts and our theories when obtained. As for theories, it will be time for me to state mine when I have formed one."

It is well to notice how this careful investigator disposes of Howell, Beard, The Nation and their like. Speaking of his séances with Mr. Slade, he says: "My health was never so good and my mind never more calm than when observing these phenomena. I am as free from hysteria as Dr. Beard, and from lunacy as Mr. Howell, and so were each and all of the twenty ladies and gentlemen who have witnessed these phenomena in my presence or described them to me. So far I have seen as much intelligence, as much skepticism, as much calm, healthy acumen, learning and culture, as much familiarity with scientific methods and with weight of hand as the most querulous could wish, or as Beard or Howell possesses, brought to bear to solve the problem."

There is not justice or honor enough in the Popular Science Monthly or the North American Review, to allow such a statement in their pages. Materialistic and inductive science has control there; it is as dogmatic as the Pope of Rome, and hates Spiritualism as a good Catholic hates holy water.

All these witnesses say that "no human being was in contact with the pencil when it wrote" intelligent messages.

Mark a question and the terse and clear comment:

"What is so easy as to hold a slate in broad daylight where no human being can write on it, in a room where there is only one other person (in a lighted room)? To suppose I cannot do that, or that I cannot know decisively when I do, or do not, so hold it, is part of the sheer insanity of impudence. It indicates that those who so assert have become infidels to the integrity of the human intellect, and have lost their power to remain loyal to the evidence of the senses, an assertion which involves no less than an absolute abdication of the throne of human reason."

This word of solid rebuke of the brazen impudence of so-called scientists does not come from a Spiritualist, yet from a man of clear mind and candid intent. The whole article of Mr. Denalow will make the rapid efforts of Mr. Howell to turn people away from the "Undiscovered Country" (evidently a strange region to him, of which he has only heard silly and "bugbear stories") still more weak and absurd, and to put the Beard tribe on the height of impudence with fools caps on their heads to be seen of all men.

Mr. Denalow's final conclusions will be his own, but all Spiritualists can thank him for his fair and thorough statement of facts, and for his strong words of rebuke of learned impudence and literary folly.

In our next issue we shall publish a very interesting article from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, detailing his experiences during a recent visit to the Oneida Community, N. Y. He gives an inside view of the people there, in his usual pleasant and lucid style.

Dr. Crowell claims that earth-bound spirits subsist mostly on the emanations of earthly food.

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE
HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY.Poem Delivered at the Dedication of
the New Camp Ground at Cascadaga,
N. Y.

BY MRS. E. L. WATSON.

Nature's God hath many shrines,
Verdant valleys, mighty mountains,
Singular, alighting, awaying places,
Fleeting fountains and sparkling fountains.

Primal forests vast and dim,
With their countless aisles and arches,
Through which pours the splendid hymn
Of Old Time's eternal marches.

O how sweet these temples are,
Free from sacrificial crosses,
With no blot of blood to mar
Floors of tessellated mosses.

Now if we would dedicate
All this pure and stainless splendor,
To the soul made consecrate
By its ministrations tender,

Let us first strike off the chains
Of a dark and dread tradition,
That declare to us our brains
Doth expose us to perdition.

Let us free the soul from fear,
The dungeon wherein millions languish,
And bear the tidings of good cheer,
To the hearts that throbb with anguish.

Be unknown all creeds and casts,
Of Christian, Jew, or Greek or Roman,
Only make love's ties more fast,
And to equal, man and woman.

As the summer sunbeams sift,
Through the emerald tents above us,
And the snowy drift,
Symbols of the thoughts that move us,

So from all the wide expanse
Of the April-peopled heaven,
Fours the light of truth's advance,
Without stint or measure given.

In the drowsy Occident,
Slumbering pulses fuse and quicken;
In the flaming Orient,
Holy portents ply and thicken.

Truth without and soul within,
For ever seeking for communion,
For they are of noble kin,
And shall meet in perfect union.

Far and near the fields of thought,
Beautiful with bud and blossom,
Glow where the royal men have wrought,
The rough waves and tempests toss them.

And where'er new alkars rise,
'Tis without the old restrictions,
While from blue, down bending skies,
Drop the angels' benedictions.

May this temple undecor'd,
By the hand of artist human,
Be the good and true combined,
In the life of man and woman.

May your souls be free as air,
Seeking truth without a murmur,
Firm as law by love made fair,
And hucous as the breath of summer.

May all mourners cease to weep,
When they pass this fairy portal,
Knowing that death's solemn sleep,
Doth ever lead to life immortal.

Curing by Faith and Prayer.

Mrs. A. J. Johnson, who professes to cure diseases by the power of faith and prayer, and many believers in Newark, where she is now lecturing and treating those who come to seek her good offices. She said in a recent lecture that while in New York she felt called to go the next day either to Boston or Newark, she did not know which. When she arrived in Newark she seemed to be a great success, and she said, "Oh, dear Lord, what does all this mean?" she went to Mrs. Oliver's house, and was told her brother-in-law, Mr. Williams was dying. She visited his house on Elm street, and communed with God, saying, "Dear Lord, why hast thou brought my face to face with death? why hast thou brought me what you would have me do?" She said her hand on Mr. Williams' head and talked aloud to God. Finally Mr. Williams drew a long breath and said, "I have not drawn so long a breath as that for a good while." He began to revive, and in one week's time he was walking out. Mrs. Johnson said she did not know how to do it, but she said she would tell her how to do it. He went out to ride with unbelievers, and she supposed, talked about things other than what the Lord had done for him. He caught cold. Mrs. Johnson prayed with him again; his faith revived, and he grew better.

Dr. Murphy told of a young lady who had been a lunatic for twenty-two years. When she was brought home and prayed with by Mrs. Johnson she became tranquil, but at the end of twelve days grew nervous again, and Mrs. Johnson was sent for. "The girl," she said, "entered and ordered her to go." "No," said Mrs. Johnson, "I am here in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I am here to pray, and I am here to pray." She then prayed, and finally the young woman came at her call, submitted passively to the laying on of her hands and further prayer, and let her mother put her to bed.

Several other persons in Newark talk of marvelous cures by Mrs. Johnson. —Royal Templar.

The Double Cabinet.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In my suggestions published in your issue of July 24th, respecting the use of a double cabinet for materializing séances, I, of course, contemplated the use of an honest cabinet, which the operators should be forced to examine to satisfy themselves of its being honest. The denial of such privilege would of itself be strong presumptive evidence of dishonesty. I would not give much for the judgment of an investigator, who with a fair opportunity to examine and test the cabinet, would be unable to discover whether the parlor was removable or not. If, however, the medium and his spirit guides, if they have any thing to say in the matter, are honest and fair, they will not object to the use of a cabinet furnished by the investigator.

With an honest cabinet constructed as suggested, if a form should come out of the recent apartment, I do not see why that would not be quite satisfactory as any result that could be obtained with "the medium sitting in plain view with the observers." Although materializations have doubtless been had under the last-mentioned conditions, it does not follow that they are as easily obtained under such conditions as when a cabinet is used. The latter is a fact, and I believe, that total darkness is most favorable, if not absolutely necessary to successful materialization. Until we understand the law by which materialization is effected under any circumstances, it is idle to ask the question why the phenomena cannot be produced in the light as well as in the dark.

Every person who has investigated the spiritual phenomena to any considerable extent, is aware that mediums in whose presence the same phenomena are produced, cannot all produce them under the same conditions. In the case of A, materializations may be produced with the medium sitting in a dim light in view of the observers, while in the case of B (an equally genuine medium), they can only be produced when the medium is sitting in total darkness. In the one case, the use of a cabinet may be dispensed with, while in the other, an honest double cabinet, constructed as I have suggested, would be equally satisfactory, to me, at least.

J. J. C.

Washington, D. C. July 25, 1880.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A Connecticut Murder Case—Facts
Now First Made Public.

[Special to the Hartford (Ct.) Times.]

WILLINGTON, July 30, 1880.

Some time before the war there was committed in the quiet region of the Willimantic river, near the borders of Willington and Mansfield, the most atrocious murder that ever shocked the good people of Connecticut. John Warren, the murderer, lived within the limits of the township of Willington, near the northwest part of Mansfield. He was a young man, who had not been married a year, and his victim was his own wife. He killed her by holding her down under the waters of Roaring Brook, a shallow tributary of the Willimantic, at a secluded, shadowy place not far from the junction of the river with the brook. For a while the crime was enveloped in mystery; but a strange cloud of suspicion began to rest upon Warren, and finally, when a warrant for his arrest was issued, he disappeared. For about three weeks nothing could be seen or heard of him; but circumstances led to a suspicion that he was concealed under his father's barn. At last a determined search revealed him hidden there, and was found that he had been living there, with the knowledge and aid of his brothers and his father. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to State Prison for life—his lawyer saving him from the gallows. Of late years there have been petitions, to more than one session of the legislature, for his release, but his release is improbable. His father and brothers are still living in this neighborhood.

It appears by Warren's confession, that after murdering his wife he dragged the body to some bushes up the bank, near a rock, and there buried it, under earth and brush. A day or two later he went by night, with a hired man, took up the body, carried it two miles or more, placed it in a secluded spot in the woods near the river, and there left it. He drove by that place, on one or another errand, almost every day, and almost always stopped, got out, and went down into the bushes to see the body.

The above related facts were published at the time. The singular part of the story is now to come. On the afternoon of the day on which, in the morning, the crime had been committed, Mr. Philo H. Freabrey, of Morrow Station, Mansfield, was driving to that place, in company with a young woman, a woman walking at the side of the road, in the same direction they were driving. She was about two or three rods ahead of them, but the carriage quickly came up with her. Just before it reached her, the unknown woman suddenly turned, and crossed the road close to the horse's head, and then, as if by magic, she disappeared. It did not disappear by being hidden in the bushes, as Mr. Freabrey and his companions emphatically declared, but dissolved into nothing—became dissipated, in an instant, into air, in their very presence and right before their eyes.

Afterwards, beyond the scene, they waited and looked for the strange figure, but not seeing it again, they took note of the exact spot where it had so strangely disappeared, and drove on. They told their story on arriving at their destination, and described the dress the woman wore. What struck the two young ladies in the strange woman's dress was the absence of the crinoline, or hoop-skirt, then in such universal use; and they noticed also that she wore a sun-bonnet which shielded her face, and a calico dress. They were surprised, on relating the story, to find they had exactly described the dress of young Mrs. Warren (whom they did not know), and still more surprised to learn that she had been seen on that day, and was believed to have been murdered. As the house of the murder became bruited all around the region, the belief that this mysterious female figure bore some relation to the case gained possession of the minds of a few; and when it became known, from Warren's subsequent location of the spot where she was seen, that she had been seen in the same place where he had buried his wife's body, the mystery was solved, and the woman was identified as the murdered wife of Warren. Mr. Freabrey and his lady friends that the mysterious figure that they had seen, had vanished at a point exactly on a line with the spot where the body actually lay buried when they drove by, and only a few feet above the location of the rudely improvised grave.

Mr. P. still lives at Morrow Station, a few miles from here, and he and his wife and her sister confirm this singular story without being able to explain it. Of one thing they seem to be sure—the mysterious figure actually did vanish into air, and in a second of time, and was not lost to view by hiding in the bushes. If it had been a bona fide flesh-and-blood woman, her identity, in such a neighborhood as this could not have failed to be revealed in the talk and inquiry which the strange circumstance elicited.

Like other odd circumstances in connection with this case of the unfortunate Mrs. Warren was the fact that her mother, then living in a town in Massachusetts, had a dream, that night, that her daughter had been murdered—and so vividly was it impressed upon her mind, and so suddenly and unpleasantly, that she did her son-in-law figure in the dream. The next day, the following day the mother could not rest by dismissing it as an idle dream, but was so impressed with a strange sense of the reality of the sleep-revealed scene that she wrote and dispatched a letter to Warren, earnestly asking him if anything had happened to her daughter. Failing to get a reply, she wrote, who, yet, after the lapse of some three days, he wrote her word of the news of the murder, sent a man to Connecticut with instructions to find Warren and ascertain if anything had happened to his wife. The man found him, and was told by Warren that his wife had run away with a life peddler. Warren's own arrest, trial, conviction and sentence came afterward. He still practices the black-stuff and wears the cropped hair and parti-colored suit of a State Prison convict at Willimantic. Does the pale figure of a young woman in a sun-bonnet, lying cold and still on the bush-grass hill above the winding Willimantic, ever come to haunt the nightly visions of his cell?

Medical Law in New Jersey.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I do not remember to have seen any notice in the JOURNAL of the sharp law restricting the medical practice which was passed by the New Jersey Legislature March 12th, 1880. The law requires that "Every person who shall receive or accept for his services any fee or reward either directly or indirectly shall be a graduate of some legally chartered medical college or university in good standing, or some medical society having power by law to grant diplomas." A copy of every physician's diploma is required to be filed in the County clerk's office before June 1st, 1880, upon the report of the law in force in this State. If the legislature could only do a similar favor for those engaged in orthodox preaching, we might be saved from all further waves of progress for some time to come.

STANLEY C. WATKINS.

Generations must pass while the light is making its way.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Walls of the Dying Heard in a House
Where Two Chinese Girls Committed
Suicide.

[Portland (Ore.) Telegram.]

Our readers will remember that a few weeks ago we published an account of the suicide of two Chinese girls in a building on Fourth street, between Taylor and Yamhill streets. There was no cause known for the rash act, as the girls were well treated, happy and contented, performing their duties as servants, girls faithful. They resorted to the fatal step of suicide and murder, after which they drank a large quantity of opium, and in the morning were found dead. Quong Tai, head of the firm, who occupied the house, paid all the expenses of the funeral and gave them a respectable burial. He is considerably Americanized, and is a very intelligent man, but not over a superstitious. For three nights after the funeral had taken place the house was perfectly silent and quiet. On the fourth night strange noises arose from the walls of the families who occupied that floor, the members all told, something like a faint, low, and distant murmur, which could be heard only at night, and which seemed to be coming from the walls. As soon as they retired the sounds of struggling and gasping, accompanied by stifled sobs, echoed along the halls emanating from the room which had been occupied by the girls. Boxes would be tumbled over amid groans and wailing, by means of which would settle and general confusion fill the air. Night after night the same thing occurred, frightening the women and children half to death. Thinking to put a stop to the mysterious midnight uproar, Quong Tai had every article removed from the room, even to the stove and China matting. The same sounds of moaning, sighing and faint still came from the room, notwithstanding its emptiness. Several friends were invited to remain over night in the building and assist in ascertaining the cause. An hour would satisfy their curiosity, and they would retire with their eyes elevated like the fall of a mad star. All the methods devised to hasten the end, by which the devil could be given the grand bounce, were tried in vain, and at last night came to be a terror to the inmates. Several well-to-do friends of the company went on guard, determined to explain away the mystery, but satisfied all the time it was caused by the imagination of the inmates. They were well supplied with candles and lanterns, and took up a station in the office, which is in the front of the building, the door opening into the hall, and the second room to the left of the hall being the haunted chamber. It was a few minutes after eleven o'clock when the silence of the building was disturbed by a loud crash, as if a box or heavy load had fallen from the ceiling. The most plaintive moans and wails were heard, and sounds of struggling. For a few minutes all would be silence, when the struggle and straining sounds would break forth louder than before, and echo throughout the building like the fall of a condemned soul. Being somewhat alarmed by the drama of the "wailing," they stole to the door with a lamp and opened it suddenly, and while the frightful death-struggle was plainly heard. Instantly all was silence except the creaking of the door upon its hinges, and the room was void of any article or thing which comes within the vision of man. The room was searched for some contrivance which could have been placed there for a joke but not a thing could be found, and as there were no windows in the room, nothing could enter except through the door. This was again closed and securely fastened, when the weird sounds would again break forth in wild intensity, and so filled the room with a sense of horror and dread. The wailing in the hall. They one and all became convinced that the house was haunted, and retired to the office. For about two and a half hours the terrible sounds could be heard, slowly growing weaker and weaker, until the sounds came as the dying breath of one now down by the sickle of death. At last, at the close of the night, Quong Tai and the other inmates of the building could not stand the nightly recurrence of the tragedy, and although regretting the necessity of removing his store and family from the building, where he had built a fine and remunerative trade, he did so. Himself and company were very properly and promptly removed to the new building on Front to First streets, between Stark and Oak. He informed us that he was no coward, yet he would have closed out business before to would live in the former building, where the two maidens in spirit-form nightly re-enacted the details of their sad fate. Any persons may be skeptical all they have to do is to step into Quong Tai's establishment and ask him for the facts. He speaks excellent English, and can give the details more minutely than we have in this article. Since their removal from the house we know not whether these manifestations have ceased or not. Quong Tai, and if they do, and if any of the boys desire to investigate the business they can call on Quong Tai, and he will give them all the information and directions within his knowledge.

Places I Have Seen.

Imagine, if you can, a magnificent temple built of white marble, translucent as the crystal, and the sunlight falls upon it, glows and sparkles in its dimensions that its brilliant dome seems to pierce the snowy clouds, while in length it extends as far as the eye can reach; imagine the interior of this temple, and you will have a faint idea of that massive temple of Harmonical City, with its walls of every grade of rainbow colors, and its interior of every grade of rainbow colors. The interior of this splendid palace is hung with richest drapery, and adorned with rarest works of art, creations of those artist-spirits whose delight it is to give outward expression to the ideal of beauty within their souls.

Artists of every nation, in every form of skillful, beautiful as life-like in every sense, as soul-brilliant, as are gathered here. Mortal ears fail to catch the celestial tones of harmony, the divinest notes of melody, that are uttered here by spirits who appear to be all music, all harmony.

The interior of this beautiful building is divided into four spacious compartments, with one vast hall over all.

The lower halls are devoted to sculpture, painting, music and poetry. Each one is fitted up grandly, hung with shimmering drapery, and adorned with forms of peerless beauty. Here the artists of every nation, in every form of skillful, beautiful as life-like in every sense, as soul-brilliant, as are gathered here. Mortal ears fail to catch the celestial tones of harmony, the divinest notes of melody, that are uttered here by spirits who appear to be all music, all harmony.

The whole edifice, with its splendid appointments, is like a divine poem, a completed strain of harmony, a perfect picture, or a finished statue of grace and symmetry. And the forms and faces of the masters who preside within, with the student give glory and benignity to the whole.

The vast hall above is the most beautiful place I have ever seen—pared with white and gold, the walls hung with exquisite paintings, adorned with gleaming statuary, save here and there where openings admit the balmy, perfumed air; the ceiling of white and gold, gemmed with golden stars; the floor of polished marble, and the air is filled with sprays of crystal water, the baskets of richly blooming flowers, winging here and there; the grand stands of shining gold, where the favored children of genius gather; the silken couches and dais for the visiting company—all present a scene of richness and beauty hard to be excelled.

In the places grand entertainments are given. Here the denizens of the city and elsewhere are admitted, to feast the intellect upon the wondrous creations of artist, poet, sculptor and musician, and to listen to instructive lectures upon the arts. And it is indeed a feast to the soul to attend one of these receptions; it is an experience which draws the spirit upward, and elevates it into a purer, more refined condition for purity and goodness are the themes of the artist's inspiration, and love broods over all, manifested in the desire to instruct and bless every life.

This is the largest temple I have ever seen, although many smaller ones, erected for like purposes, are scattered throughout the higher spheres of spirit-life. Spirit in Voice of Angels.

VEXATIOUS SPIRITS.

Showers of Corn-Cobs, Clubs, Stones
and Other Missiles Flying Mysteriously
Through the Air.

[Belle Center, O., Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

About three miles northwest of town there is a farm, known as the Zahler place, one of the oldest in the State, and owned by the heirs, one of whom occupies it. On last Friday afternoon the folks went blackberrying and two of the children went to a picnic near by. About five o'clock the children returned, and they say as they came into the yard a man of small stature, bow-legged, and very ragged came out of the kitchen, walked past them, opened the garden gate and went in. He then jumped over the picket fence into the barnyard and disappeared in the barn. The children becoming frightened at his strange actions went to a neighbor's house, about half a mile distant, and returned home in the evening. When their parents returned they related their story. Mr. Zahler tracked the man through the garden and barnyard by noticing three large-headed nails in the impression of his boot-heel. At the barn all traces were lost.

Now comes the mystery: Mrs. Zahler went to the barnyard to milk; corn-cobs commenced falling near her like some one was throwing at her. Mr. Zahler was standing near by but didn't notice them. She asked him if he saw that. He answered no. Just then a large one came near, but he couldn't see where it came from. During Saturday, the children were hit with corn-cobs, pieces of bark, and small stones every time they attempted to go into the barnyard. Two of the family—one a boy of seven, and the other a young lady of eighteen—seemed to attract the most. When they came near, the missiles were sure to fly. The boy, especially, was hurt about the face with small stones.

One of the neighbors, coming to witness the shower, was hit in the back by a wooden pin that had been used to fasten a large gate. A trace-chain that had been plowed up was hung on a corner of the corn-cob, near the barn, also went sailing in the air in search of something to light on. Hundreds of people have been to see this sight, since Saturday, and all came away satisfied that they saw clubs, small stones, corn cobs, etc., falling near them, but unable to explain where they came from. One man says he saw corn-cobs clear from the ground and soar over his head and light on the ground without the least noise. Another one says he was standing near a chicken-house, the door of which was open, when some half-dozen cobs came flying out. The house was searched, but nothing found. Some say the flying pieces are not noticed until they either strike corn or fall on the ground near by. The strangest thing that has happened since the first night, is that matter how large the article is. One man brought home a piece of an old walnut rail about a foot long and two by four inches thick; that, he says, he tried to aggravate the spirits, and said in a loud voice: "Don't throw any more corn-cobs; throw a club this time." Just then this piece lit on his shoulder as easy as a feather, and he was thrown to the ground. The whole neighborhood is excited, and watch the barn from morning until night, trying not to believe it, but at the same time convinced that they saw something, they know not what.

Letters in Relation to Bro. E. V. Wilson.

Lombard, Ill., Emerson Farm, Aug. 3, 1880.

CO. BOWEN, DEAR SIR:—In response to your kind letter and friendly invitation, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. in your own handwriting. This permission having been given me by the writer; also extracts from others responding. If the many thousands who have received tests through Mr. Wilson's mediumistic gifts, and become Spiritualists from seed words, and have been able to do so, it will bring cheer and sustaining strength to the poor, afflicted brother, who has for one quarter of a century labored in the field of progress, and brought the truth home to so many hearts, that the loved ones gone before them were not dead, but living in the life beyond, and returning to cheer and bless the dear ones here. Let me say to you, that I am very glad to be able to bring a greater blessing to return. Let one and all respond to your kindly appeal in Mr. Wilson's behalf, and manifest their appreciation of the light received through his ministrations.

Mrs. E. V. Wilson,
Better known to your readers and to those who read the book, as Farmer Mary.

LETTER TO MR. WILSON.

UTICA, ILL., July 17, 1880.

DEAR BRO. WILSON:—I am not personally acquainted with you, and yet it was from you I received the first test, that if a man die he shall rise again. That was over ten years ago, in the office of Mr. S. B. Jones. I was a stranger to all there, never having met Mr. Jones or yourself before I went there with a lady to get a book she wished to purchase. There were a number of people present. I was sitting quietly in the room with several others when you came in. You came directly to me and told me many things of the past, that were true, and many in the future that have since come to pass. You dropped a seed that has sprung up and borne fruit. It set me to thinking—not only thinking, but investigating, and to-day, thank God, I have the knowledge that our loved ones have been thrown on the earth, and we must work not only for our own unfoldment, but for others. Your work has, indeed, been a grand one. The good you have done will live after the worn out casket is moldering back to "Mother Earth," and the coming generations will rise up and call you blessed. Now let me say to you, that I am very glad to be able to bring a greater blessing to return. Let one and all respond to your kindly appeal in Mr. Wilson's behalf, and manifest their appreciation of the light received through his ministrations.

Dr. Reals of Greenfield, Mass., writes: I see by the Religio-Philosophical Journal your recovery. You both have our heartfelt sympathy, and our earnest prayers for the good results for the speedy recovery. I want two of the books. Enclosed find amount in currency. I am only one among thousands who cherish a warm friendship for him. We shall miss him at the camp meeting very much indeed. I will do what I can when there, in directing of books, and if I can in any way aid, I will only too glad to do so.

Mrs. H. of Brooklyn, New York writes: I have been a subscriber for the Religio-Philosophical Journal for five years. Enclosed is \$1.50; send book to address given.

E. S. Menzies of Fairmont, Kansas writes: "BROTHER WILSON, I feel proud to be one of the twenty-five thousand called upon, and send Post office order for which send two books, and two photos, for friends. You and Mary have our best wishes, and I send many wishes for your speedy recovery."

Another Sane-Writing Medium.

To the Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Under the head of "Laborers in the Vineyard," allow me to introduce through the columns of your most excellent paper, Mr. Walter Price, the "undisputed sane-writer," who has been giving some very remarkable and interesting manifestations in this town during the last week. All persons who desired, have been invited to take their own sates, fastened together with screws, and see whether it was possible to receive communications upon their sates.

Mr. Price, through whose agency the writing is accomplished, is a young man, about twenty-four years of age, and a native of this State. He disavows any knowledge of how this writing is done, and knows no more about it than anybody else, but believes it is produced through the agency of spirits. About two years ago he commenced re-

ceiving communications in this manner, but with in a few weeks the power of producing the writing has developed stronger than at any previous time.

It is the intention of Mr. Price to make a tour through the Eastern States, taking in all the principal towns and cities, including Chicago, the metropolis and pride of the Western world.

Mrs. C. M. FARRAR.

Dutch Flat, Cal.

Letter from Manitou, Col.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Leaving Chicago the 22d ult., on the 12:30 train of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad for Manitou Springs, Colorado, in search of rest from mental labor and fresh mountain air, I had a delightful ride through the fertile fields of Northern Illinois, rich with the golden grain of harvest and fields of growing corn. The next morning I was passing through Western Iowa, late settled and bearing the fruits of civilization, the day before, arriving at Omaha Neb. about 10 A. M., where I remained two days to rest and attend to patients.

The Omaha society seems pervaded with sectarianism, and has upon its surface little apparent sympathy with Spiritualism, and yet you will find when you get at the real feeling of many prominent persons there, they are really at heart Spiritualists. Two things have operated to keep them silent—one, ostracism on account of the bitter antagonism of the bigoted creedsmen; and the other, their reluctance to fellowship the numerous frauds that are perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism. True mediumship will, if not openly, receive their unequivocal support, but in Omaha mediums must prove themselves worthy of confidence before they will be endorsed.

At 12:15 Monday, I started on the Union Pacific Railroad to continue my westward journey. Rolling prairie gradually changed in Nebraska, to sandy plains as far as the eye could reach, and all evidences of fertility were obliterated by what seemed almost a desert waste. The lack of rains has made this region look desolate, except in the region of the few streams that are not dried up, or the "licks" in the vicinity of the ranches. There is also a change perceptible in other things as you come West.

A new railroad has been built from Colorado Springs to Manitou, and has been running for three days, doing a thriving business. The hotels here are full. Many come here as a last resort for health; some whom I have seen have waited all the hope for a cure, and then, the springs here are wonderful, and the water of the same, rightly used, affords a great variety of medicinal powers. These, with the pure mountain air, will build up many feeble bodies. A knowledge of their properties and powers is, however, essential to success. This is too little attended to and the hope for a cure, without benefit. For the present all letters should be directed to Manitou, Col.

D. P. KARRAN, M. D.

Manitou Springs, Col., July 25th, 1880.

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

Given Through the Mediumship of
Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, No. 2330
Michigan Avenue.

I passed out of the body nearly two years since at the Blackton House, Cape May, N. J., though my home was in Pittsburg, Pa. My name is J. L. Leggett.

Say that James H. McKean still lives. My home was in Indianapolis.

Tell my dear friends in Haverhill, Mass., that although it is nearly two years since they looked upon my face, I often am permitted to see them, and communicate with their spirits, though they call me dead. Tell them that Ida Tucker (or Talbot) assures them life is continued beyond the grave; this is the second time I have whispered to this dear lady. I'd a great many spirits to come through "the voice." Mrs. E. S. Stuckney's mother, Mrs. Hammond, stands by me but is unable to control yet.

I am called Ida Eldred. I passed away quite young from lack of consumption at a place called Ulinas. I attended the High School in Battle Creek and graduated there. My studies here are as pleasant as those on earth were.

My name is Mrs. Bond. I came to this life from Milton, Wis., where I had lived over thirty years. I did not know how to die, and I am now upon earth, but I now testify to its truth. I was what is called a Seventh Day Baptist, and my companion was a Deacon in that church, but there are no sects here. The question asked us here is, "How much good have you done for humanity?" and those who have done the most are the happiest.

I passed away from earth very suddenly, leaving three children and a dear companion, one of my children was but a few days old. I often visit my old home, which was in Plattsmouth, Nebraska. My name is S. M. Chapman.

Notes and Extracts.

Man's views of God are all more or less erroneous.

The religion taught by the spirits is emphatically one of common life—the body as well as of the soul.

The heaven of the spirit is a heaven of ceaseless progress through the ages, higher and yet higher, reaching onward and upward to perfection. "Nearer, my God, to thee" is the motto which is inscribed upon it.

Effort involves loss, but not punishment. The retribution laid upon the transgressor consists in his being made to see the result of his sin, and to remedy it in all its infinitely-ramifying consequences, as far as that is possible.

The consciousness of duty done, of progress made, and of capacity for progress developed, of spiritual graces nurtured, of truer insight gained and wider fields of knowledge opened out—this is the spirit's reward in the past, its earnest of further progress in the future.

The religion taught by the spirits is one which is eminently calculated to make man a better citizen and a better man, in all his domestic, social, and civil relations, and to fit him, indefinitely more than with any other with which we are acquainted, for future progress and happiness.

The future life, differing from the present one only in degree, and in the states immediately succeeding this, only in a very slight degree, is a life of continued progress. In what the first-attained spirit will be compelled to remedy in sorrow and shame the acts of conscious transgression done in the body.

What have we lost and what have we gained? We have lost, first of all, belief in the inspiration of the Bible as understood by the school of verbal inspirationists. We have gained a reasonable, intelligent, and sane basis of record, which describes the progressive revelations of God to man in different ages among different peoples.

Helps man has if he will avail himself of them; but not a store of merit laid up for him on which he may draw at will, and by virtue of which he may reverse on his death-bed a character which has been the imperceptible growth of a life-time, the laborious aggregation of hundreds of days of good acts. For these acts man's absolute accountability is emphatically maintained.

Man is the arbiter of his destiny. It rests with him whether, in the honest and conscientious discharge of the duties and obligations laid upon him, he will fit himself for future progress, or whether he will neglect his spiritual development and live a corporeal existence, which shall stifle his higher nature and chain his spirit down by centering his affections exclusively on earth and earthly things.

The Spirit—the same individual consciousness as we use to call it—may find progress in a state other than that to which we have returned, of his former life, gather up the broken and tangled threads of his old sin, and so work out his own salvation. For instance, if he has neglected one side of his spiritual nature—the affectional or the moral side—he may be tempted to neglect the neglected talent, and so to seek for progress.

than a dollar may be sent in one and five cent postage stamps if more convenient.
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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth Seeks no Rush, Hides at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

VOL. XXVIII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 21, 1880. NO. 25

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A Grand Meeting of the Spiritualists of Oswego County, N. Y.—Onondaga Community.

The "Oswego Valley Association of Spiritualists and Truth Seekers," selected the Fair Grounds of Oswego County as the place of gathering for their twenty-fifth annual meeting on July 25th. The grounds are delightfully located on the banks of a beautiful lake, and are well cared for. The day was perfect, and at an early hour the people began to gather, and by noon over three thousand surrounded the speaker's stand.

What is very singular but characteristic of the spiritual movement everywhere, though uniformly having a high sounding name, there is really no completed organization. Mr. Geo. Williams, proprietor of the *Pulse Times*, and President, took on himself the responsibility of calling the meeting, and may be well proud of his successful management. Mr. Williams is a thorough going business man and the widely scattered brethren are perfectly willing to let him go ahead. Aside from organization which does not seem necessary for its progress, Spiritualism is making rapid inroads into the churches, winning away constantly their ablest members and filling with light the darkened minds of skeptics. No movement ever made such steady advance with so little effort on the part of its recipients.

From Syracuse to Oswego through the Oswego valley, is a most charming country and like a continuous village. At Oswego Falls there is all the water power that can be desired, and immense factories and mills line the banks of the stream. We walked through the largest of these vast flouring mills, capable of grinding one thousand bushels of wheat daily, and were deeply interested in the new processes of reducing the grain to flour. The scrupulous cleanliness throughout called attention, but we suppose since the terrible explosions of the mills in Minnesota caused by flour dust in the air, making a powerful explosive, the necessity of careful sweeping has been made apparent.

We were introduced on the grounds to Mr. D. E. Smith, a member of the famed Onondaga Community, and accepted his cordial invitation to accompany him home. Mr. Smith is a scholarly gentleman and was designed for the ministry by his father; but he became convinced that he could not be honest to his convictions in that sphere, and while yet a young man, with his wife and child, he joined the community. That was twelve years ago.

A ride of forty-five miles over the Midland railway brought us to the beautiful village of Onondaga, and four miles beyond we alighted at Community, as the station is named, only a short distance from the Community buildings, really in one side of the park-like grounds. As we walked up the gravelled approach, a fine view of the magnificent building was afforded. The structure is of brick, and although plain in design, is imposing and altogether pleasing. The reception rooms are elegantly furnished, and as in every other portion of the house and farm, the perfection of order reigns. In this building over three hundred persons have their home. The property is held in common and each laborer for the good of all. It was founded by Rev. J. H. Noyes over thirty years ago, and is an attempt to establish in the 19th century a Christian society such as the New Testament teaches was established by the apostles. A great deal of prejudice has been provoked by the peculiar social views entertained, but now this is allayed by the members yielding to the demands of society so far as to have their marriages duly solemnized by law. Beyond this their lives are certainly beyond criticism.

Especially they have been eminently successful. Beginning with seventy members, with a log house and a wilderness farm, they now have three hundred members, nearly seven hundred acres of highly

improved land, a magnificent home, the largest and best barn in the State and several large factories. Very little of this capital has been contributed; it has been made. At first, it is said, the members worked diligently, but now they are mainly employed in overseeing the great number of operatives they employ. In the morning we saw a gentleman drive down the main avenue with a fine carriage and splendid horse. "That is one of our farmers," remarked my friend. I found that the "farmers" simply drove out and saw that the work was well done by the hands. It is the same in all the varied industries, even the kitchen work being performed by hired labor under the direction of members appointed yearly. And here let me say that the appointments and conveniences of that vast kitchen, would be a pleasant surprise to most housewives. Steam does all the cooking, washing and lifting. The grounds comprise thirty acres or more on which horticultural art and taste have expended unlimited labor. The broad walks and drives are paved with asphaltum and as smooth and clean as a well swept floor. It is not to be wondered at, that for all that region round about, this park is the resort of picnic parties.

Of course, the farm first claimed our attention. It takes in a broad valley and sweeps over the hills. The soil is varied and fertile. The barn is large enough to hold the entire products, and there include all the cereals, with a large root crop for the stock, which consists of a herd of sixty Ayrshires and twenty-five Holsteins, bred pure, and "show animals" every one. The Ayrshires are said to be the best herd in the State.

To farming is added a canning establishment, where all kinds of fruit and vegetables are preserved in a manner which has given their brand a distinct character. The product of the factory last year exceeded \$100,000. Of course only a small part of the fruit canned is grown on the farm. Canned corn is made a specialty; the secret being in exposing the ears, before sealing, to superheated steam, thereby raising the temperature above boiling heat. It takes about one hundred acres of sweet corn to supply this factory. The silk industry employs over one hundred hands and the product last year was over \$180,000.

The trap factory turned out last year 600,000 traps at a value of \$64,000. These traps are well known everywhere and have no rivals. There are eight sizes beginning with the little rat-trap at \$4 per dozen, and ending with the monster bear trap made of huge steel bars, which looks as if made for elephants, and is sold for \$250 per dozen. The latter are demanded by those who seek the ugly grizzly in his native wilds.

The plated steel spoon, fork and knife works, and patent chain, are other lesser industries.

The forenoon was passed in walking over the farm and grounds with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, returning to dinner at one; a dinner where every one of the numerous dishes were cooked and served perfectly, with desert of raspberry biscuit and ice cream, that really was pure frozen cream. After dinner we drove to the outlying portions of the farm, the factories, and over the hills where a magnificent view of the whole domain was afforded.

On our return we strolled through the portion of the ground especially devoted to the children. There is a large flower garden with a playhouse as large as an ordinary depot building, and somewhat of the same style, where everything usually given to children for amusement is furnished. There were about sixty children under ten years of age romping over the grounds under the care of those assigned for that task. A hearty, happy group, remarkably well ordered, neatly dressed and well behaved. A phenologist would say of them as a whole, that their heads are too large for their bodies. Careful training may remedy this fault, yet now one is struck with the large foreheads and swelling heads of these children. One fact is worthy of note; there is not a deformed child among them, nor has there a child died during the last ten years. By five o'clock the members began coming in and several of the older youths engaged in a spirited race with Columbian bicycles, yet we could not help remarking the quiet which prevailed. Every one seemed to fall into his or her place, and there was not the least jar or friction.

After supper the bell-rang and all gathered in the lecture room, to listen to readings by Mrs. Tuttle, who had consented by urgent invitation to give an entertainment. "I may here remark that the literary character of the community is shown by a very fine museum, a reading room supplied with all the leading periodicals and newspapers, a well supplied library, and a lecture room which is designed like a theatre, elegant in all its appointments and used by the Community for all its meetings. It is seated with cushioned chairs, many of which are rocking chairs, an innovation which would delight those compelled to listen to dull sermons. Every one of the audience which filled the room was a study. Intellectually and morally superior to the average of ordinary assemblages, there was written on every face the lines of repression and self-control, on some to a painful extent. On others especially certain elderly ladies, who may be called mothers in Israel, there rested an expression of perfect peace and trust which one may never forget.

We were placed under great obligations to the Community, as represented by Mr.

Smith who drove us to Onondaga after a spirited span of horses to catch the early morning train for the West.

While we do not endorse many of the tenets of the Community, we cannot withhold the praise it so presciently deserves for the extraordinary ability with which it has managed its pecuniary affairs; nor can we fall into the vulgar error of criticizing Mr. Noyes, the prime mover in this enterprise. Few men could mould the heterogeneous material first called together under such discouraging conditions and conquer success. He is now sixty-nine years of age, strong and vigorous and remarkably resembles President Hayes, to whom he is cousin.

HUDSON TUTTLE.
Dr. Tanner.

As Dr. Tanner is now at large, and the scientasters are "having a crack" at the case, I will comply with the invitation of the right worshipful editor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, to make some few statements and observations of the case. The eternal question which every nifty bore on with: "What will be the use of all this to science?" I am not very anxious to solve. My reason is this: The term science has become equivocal, and is little else than a partisan catch-word. What a certain faction of men see fit to label and ticket, is denominated by that appellation; what they see fit to call *unscientific*, is cast aside with disdain and opprobrium, no matter how full of vital truth it may be. We have scientific physicians, who know little or nothing of the healing art; we have accomplished and skillful physicians whom partisans brand as unscientific. The relations of "science" to scholarship are too indefinite, therefore, for a real phillomathist to have much interest in the matter.

With this premise, I must declare that I do not know what "science" will glean from this case of Dr. Tanner; and that it is of very small account whether it gleams any. Men who mean from the start to be unfair, uncanon and untruthful are not to be much considered. I adopt the language of Paul to Timothy as given in the common version of the scriptures: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so called, which some preferring have erred."

The great faster concluded his prescribed forty days on Saturday noon, the 7th of August, 1880, and is now on a course of recuperation. The reaction is of course more trying than the prolonged strain, though briefer. He is beset by visitors all eager to hear something from him while recovering; and it is often necessary to refuse them admission. Professors Gunn and Wark, who have had superintendence all along, still supervise him in this matter. He feeds rather largely, although the fact is largely overstated, probably for the purpose of writing something sensational, which is the newspaper disease. It is more deadly than the more frequent *coccythia ardentia*, as there is a rabble to read and no good conservative waste-basket to receive the stuff.

Dr. Tanner has suffered little during his forty days from the direct consequences of his privation of food. The difficulty of procuring a salubrious atmosphere, has been more torturing. He changed his rooms, sat and reclined in windows on one side of the building and the other, to supply this want; and his walks to Union Square and the rides to Central Park of mornings, were to the same end. To be sure, exertion told on his strength; but bad air will paralyze the most vigorous athlete. Dr. Windship, the champion lifter of heavy weights, was one night lecturing to an audience in Boston, and failed utterly because of the noxious atmosphere of the room. Dr. Tanner told me that he subsisted from the spirit of the air, the electricity which oxygen was the medium to convey.

I remarked to him that I apprehended that he had had only visions of the devil in his long fast. "True enough," he replied; "but they were incarnate." He alluded to several watchers and others around, who annoyed him by their unnecessary noise, and I opined, their utter disbelief and lack of sympathy with him in the task which he was performing. From the very first, this has been a source of our regret. I know many nurses and physicians who have rare talent to make a patient or nervous person uncomfortable, and they not seldom love to display what they regard as their eminent superiority. The other class, cold, skeptical and unsympathizing, are worse than the seven devils cast out of Mary Magdalen; they do not get cast out. They would devitalize (do not have it "devillize" again) a person in health, who had not a good well-laught faculty of putting the influence of their auras away from him. If the psychological demonstrations which had been contemplated, fall of being realized, it is due chiefly to this cause.

The last day, the great day of the fast, was the occasion of a prodigious ovation. Gen. Garfield was in New York, but no such multitude, either in numbers or in heartiness, turned out to welcome him. Early in the day the room began to fill up. At nine, the janitor brought the edibles for breaking the fast. I know not how many watermelons there were; since it was learned that Dr. Tanner ate one with impunity at Minnepsota, the great demon had decided that he must have one for this occasion. The favored one was labelled: "To Dr. Tanner, for his fast meal, from the Georgia State Horticultural Society, in Convention at Atlanta, July 30th." Subsequent explanations revealed it to be luscious,—dead ripe, and red from side to side. But melons were not all. A bundle of grapes, and a variety of patented articles of food, were also brought—enough for a regiment of fasting men. A basket of grapes, procured by the indefatigable Dr. Kuntze, at Dr. Tanner's desire, also garnished the board; but long before he could touch them they were torn from their fastening by ladies and he never saw one; at which he evinced chagrin. A little boy gave him a peach.

The last experiment on the Doctor was the blood test. This is now a medical hobby. When a young couple want to marry and are hesitating on account of temperament or consummation, they have but to go to a certain Old-School physician and submit their blood to him. If the corpuscles are of the right shape and bigness, white and red duly proportionate, and the fee for favorable consideration, of wholesome dimensions it is a very proper thing for that twain to be one corpus. The Tanner corpuscles were found to be red and flattened together, very much like other men's blood. The proportion of white and red had been maintained. Much scientific lingo followed and learned head-shaking, so as to impress the great *ignobile vulgus* with profound awe.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems of the Church of the Strangers, called. Eating is a means of grace, said the humorous divine; and so he had timed his visit so as to be at the feasting rather than the fast. "How much he and Dr. Tanner look alike," said a spectator. "Ah," replied Dr. Deems, "that is the last cruel thing that has been said of him."

As the doctors were talking up the corpuscles, Dr. Tanner drew the peach from his pocket and he proposed to "discuss" that. "You had better put yourself in the hands of the doctors," said Dr. Deems.

Dr. Tanner was not so green as that. "I shall eat that peach first. If you will hurry up the time, Doctor, I will give you a quarter." He had yet a half hour to look at his peach.

The street was densely crowded. The large room in Clarendon Hall was also full of visitors who had paid their entrance fee. I saw clergyman, Pastor A. J. Davis, among the rest; legal gentlemen, doctors, "fair women and brave men"—hearts that spoke to hearts.

The enthusiasm of the multitude fired the Doctor. His face was aglow with inspiration. Grace Church struck twelve and one general shout arose on the air. No more blood-corpuscle nonsense now. This new Hayden trial was over. Dr. Tanner pressed the peach fondly to his lips.

"D'n't," cried Dr. Gunn, "the people in the large room are here on purpose to see you begin."

Dr. Tanner has not been an amiable patient, but willful as Lucifer. He would cheerfully invite a man to remove at short notice without legal forms, that he might go and domicile in a climate somewhat warmer than New York.

The great crowd saw him eat that peach. Cheer after cheer greeted him; and a band struck up impromptu, "The Last Rose of Summer." Promptly, like a great school-boy, he made his way to an improvised throne in the large room. Prof. Wark gave him a glass of milk which he eagerly drank, and called for the watermelon. Hunger had asserted itself, a god or demon, in full fury and majesty. He caught into the soft pulp with Nature's implement, scooped it out and ate. To every appeal he replied that he knew his own business. In a quarter of an hour he paused. Dr. Gunn addressed the audience, desiring the way to be cleared. The Doctor waved his handkerchief, and for some time waving of handkerchiefs and cheering comprised the order of the day. The procession then formed and wound solemnly through to the front door; and Dr. Tanner entering a carriage with Prof. Wark for his "whip," left Clarendon Hall, after an abode of forty days.

He continued eating at short intervals for several days. "His stomach would digest cobble stones," said Prof. Wark. It does almost seem so. He described it himself.

My whole body feels like a hive of bees, all the parts are so busy absorbing food from my stomach. Notwithstanding all that I am eating, my stomach cries: "More! more!" I feel as though every vein and artery was filling up. It is like coming into a new life—a new birth.

He is fast regaining strength, and will soon leave the house to attend to his own affairs. Dr. Gunn is preparing a statement of the case, which is in type. I suppose it will exhibit the phenomena and a fair resume of the matter. He has had it in hand from the first; and as he is a "regular" graduate, perhaps that fact may make the matter more credible. Hardly, however; boaters are worse hated in politics than life-long adversaries. The case has put many notions and theories in a ridiculous light.

AUGUST 19th, 1880.
ALEXANDER WILDER.

State Horticultural Society, in Convention at Atlanta, July 30th." Subsequent explanations revealed it to be luscious,—dead ripe, and red from side to side. But melons were not all. A bundle of grapes, and a variety of patented articles of food, were also brought—enough for a regiment of fasting men. A basket of grapes, procured by the indefatigable Dr. Kuntze, at Dr. Tanner's desire, also garnished the board; but long before he could touch them they were torn from their fastening by ladies and he never saw one; at which he evinced chagrin. A little boy gave him a peach.

The last experiment on the Doctor was the blood test. This is now a medical hobby. When a young couple want to marry and are hesitating on account of temperament or consummation, they have but to go to a certain Old-School physician and submit their blood to him. If the corpuscles are of the right shape and bigness, white and red duly proportionate, and the fee for favorable consideration, of wholesome dimensions it is a very proper thing for that twain to be one corpus. The Tanner corpuscles were found to be red and flattened together, very much like other men's blood. The proportion of white and red had been maintained. Much scientific lingo followed and learned head-shaking, so as to impress the great *ignobile vulgus* with profound awe.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems of the Church of the Strangers, called. Eating is a means of grace, said the humorous divine; and so he had timed his visit so as to be at the feasting rather than the fast. "How much he and Dr. Tanner look alike," said a spectator. "Ah," replied Dr. Deems, "that is the last cruel thing that has been said of him."

As the doctors were talking up the corpuscles, Dr. Tanner drew the peach from his pocket and he proposed to "discuss" that. "You had better put yourself in the hands of the doctors," said Dr. Deems.

Dr. Tanner was not so green as that. "I shall eat that peach first. If you will hurry up the time, Doctor, I will give you a quarter." He had yet a half hour to look at his peach.

The street was densely crowded. The large room in Clarendon Hall was also full of visitors who had paid their entrance fee. I saw clergyman, Pastor A. J. Davis, among the rest; legal gentlemen, doctors, "fair women and brave men"—hearts that spoke to hearts.

The enthusiasm of the multitude fired the Doctor. His face was aglow with inspiration. Grace Church struck twelve and one general shout arose on the air. No more blood-corpuscle nonsense now. This new Hayden trial was over. Dr. Tanner pressed the peach fondly to his lips.

"D'n't," cried Dr. Gunn, "the people in the large room are here on purpose to see you begin."

Dr. Tanner has not been an amiable patient, but willful as Lucifer. He would cheerfully invite a man to remove at short notice without legal forms, that he might go and domicile in a climate somewhat warmer than New York.

The great crowd saw him eat that peach. Cheer after cheer greeted him; and a band struck up impromptu, "The Last Rose of Summer." Promptly, like a great school-boy, he made his way to an improvised throne in the large room. Prof. Wark gave him a glass of milk which he eagerly drank, and called for the watermelon. Hunger had asserted itself, a god or demon, in full fury and majesty. He caught into the soft pulp with Nature's implement, scooped it out and ate. To every appeal he replied that he knew his own business. In a quarter of an hour he paused. Dr. Gunn addressed the audience, desiring the way to be cleared. The Doctor waved his handkerchief, and for some time waving of handkerchiefs and cheering comprised the order of the day. The procession then formed and wound solemnly through to the front door; and Dr. Tanner entering a carriage with Prof. Wark for his "whip," left Clarendon Hall, after an abode of forty days.

He continued eating at short intervals for several days. "His stomach would digest cobble stones," said Prof. Wark. It does almost seem so. He described it himself.

My whole body feels like a hive of bees, all the parts are so busy absorbing food from my stomach. Notwithstanding all that I am eating, my stomach cries: "More! more!" I feel as though every vein and artery was filling up. It is like coming into a new life—a new birth.

He is fast regaining strength, and will soon leave the house to attend to his own affairs. Dr. Gunn is preparing a statement of the case, which is in type. I suppose it will exhibit the phenomena and a fair resume of the matter. He has had it in hand from the first; and as he is a "regular" graduate, perhaps that fact may make the matter more credible. Hardly, however; boaters are worse hated in politics than life-long adversaries. The case has put many notions and theories in a ridiculous light.

AUGUST 19th, 1880.
ALEXANDER WILDER.

Excellent Tests of Spirit Power.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I know that one of the great objects of the JOURNAL is to protect earnest investigators into the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, from the repelling influence of fraud or deception in any shape, and believe it is equally its aim to assist them in their inquiries by bringing to their notice those mediums who are endorsed by all acquainted with them, as being, at any rate, personally honest and sincere, no matter what may be the source of the phenomena produced in their presence, which of course it is the object of the Investigator to find out. Will you, therefore give me a sufficient space to say a few words about one with whom I have had several sittings, and whom I strongly advise all interested in this subject to visit? I refer to Mrs. Simpson of this city, a lady who, I am aware, is too well-known as a medium to be benefited or injured by anything I can say; but to whom considering how little reward conscientious mediums have beyond their own sense of duty well performed, it may be a slight satisfaction when I acknowledge that, after a previous unsatisfactory trial with another medium who was apt to force communications, and consequently not reliable, I have carefully and perhaps sometimes too suspiciously watched her, taking notes on my return from each sitting, and comparing them one with the other, and have come to the conclusion that she may be depended on as a perfectly honest, passive and most excellent medium for spiritual manifestations.

In connection with the foregoing, I will relate two or three very good tests I received, without making any remarks on them, but simply stating the facts as they occurred, leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

At my second visit, Mrs. Simpson's control, "Ski" said, "Go home, squaw will control you," and that was all I could get out of him. Accordingly, thinking it was useless to prolong the sitting, I left and went home in a rather disappointed frame of mind, not having attached much importance to what Ski said. In the afternoon, however, I casually sat down at a table with paper and pencil, and in a few minutes felt the most curious thrill running up my legs and down my arms; then my hand began to tremble violently, and suddenly hand and pencil started off involuntarily, making an unintelligible scribble which covered fourteen sheets of paper. Two or three days after, I was sufficiently under control to write words and sentences, and am still being gradually developed.

At another time Ski surprised me by asking why I did not become a "big Mason." On my asking him what he knew about Masonry, he said that he would convince me he was one before I left the room, which he certainly did by controlling Mrs. Simpson, quite naturally in the course of conversation, to give me the most conclusive signs that either she or Ski belonged to the order; and as a woman cannot be made a Mason, it follows that Ski must have visited a lodge in the spirit form, or have been what he professed to be.

I have also obtained tests written between two slates which I had previously sewed together with needle and thread, (the slates were bound with cloth), besides tying thread several times round them lengthways and crossways.

A very excellent test in my opinion was the following: I wrote on a slip of paper, Mrs. Simpson at my request turning her back to me while I did so, "Can you tell me how the frigate *Atlanta* was lost?" After folding up the slip of paper, I placed it, with the usual speck of pencil, between two slates, and Mrs. Simpson held them under the table with her right hand. Ski did not, however, write an answer inside the slates, which he seems to have great difficulty in doing, but, after a minute or two, Mrs. Simpson was controlled to write with her left hand on some paper which I handed her. "Brave Skirling says she went to the bottom." I asked this question because the subject had never been mentioned before, and because her captain, Francis Skirling, was an old mate of mine some years ago, for whom I had the greatest regard, and the *Atlanta* had not been seen or heard of since she left Bermuda for England last February, although a hopeless search was still being made for her—all of which Mrs. Simpson knew nothing about, even could she have known the question asked, and the name of the *Atlanta's* captain being given in response to my question was a good test.

I could mention several other tests highly satisfactory to me, the links of which were forged, as it were, one at a time at different sittings and the whole chain of evidence stood out clearly and unmistakably on an examination of my notes, but I must not further encroach on your space. Let me, however, add that on Sunday, August 1st, I had a sitting with Mrs. Nichols, whom I had never seen before, and while she was in a trance the Indian control said that the spirit of a friend of mine who was drowned at sea, called Francis, was present, describing exactly the Francis Skirling mentioned before. Other very good tests were also given me on this occasion.

F. J. L.

A man can do what he ought to do; and when he says he cannot he will not.—*Probs.*

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Probs.*

The witty man thinks almost everything ridiculous—the wise man scarcely anything.—*Probs.*

He who misrepresents what he ridicules, does not ridicule what he misrepresents.—*Dr. Hodgson.*

Sideros and His People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

COPPER SMELTING ON SIDEROS.

The following description was given from a fragment of meteoric iron, now in the Montreal Geological rooms. Specimen unknown to the psychometer. I think the locality seen was a part of the same world, from which most of the meteoric masses that have fallen upon our globe seem to have come.

"I see a place where people are smelting ore into copper. There is considerable copper through the mountains here, but more iron on one side. There is not much lava here. I think there is silver here also. I see where the people have sunk a shaft on the side of a hill, 50 or 60 feet deep, 10 or 12 feet wide and waited up all round, and another wall inside of that. There is a connection with the central shaft underground. They put the ore in the centre and add wood on the outside, which they drop; and the metal and slag run out at the bottom. They sometimes run out slag and metal together, and when it cools, they knock the slag off. There is a town 30 or 40 miles off that they take the metal to. These people are dark and rough like Arabs. There is a brown people that they use as slaves. They are rounder, not so tall and oval faced. They wear but little clothing. There seem to be no animals here but pack-animals, to carry the metal to the city. I recognize this as a meteoric world I have visited before so often."

The method of smelting copper described in this examination seems to have been by forming an immense crucible inside of a furnace, which is made hot enough to melt the ore. The ore was in all probability mixed with substances that he did not see.

GREENLAND METEORITE.

With another specimen from Orifak, Greenland, the following was obtained. Mr. Cridge being the psychometer:

"I am on the same globe that I was on last night [with specimen from Estherville, Iowa]. It is not more than 1800 miles through. Like an ocean with a large peninsula in it. It is 250 miles long and 30 miles across the neck. The water seems heavier than ours. The leaves of the trees are of a reddish color and a dark green. The sun is very large and it is uncomfortably warm. This planet seems to reflect a reddish and sometimes a yellowish light. The atmosphere is large for the size. It seems thick for eight or ten miles." This of course was in the infancy of Sideros. Our planet must have had an enormous atmosphere during the early geologic periods.

"There are large fish in the water with very large fins. There is a very thin membrane between the bodies, which taper to a cartilage. There are birds on the land and a few small rodents. I see an animal in a marsh like a small rhinoceros with a proboscis."

A small proboscidian has been seen on Sideros many times and by more than one observer. Mrs. Hubbard with a fragment of the Painesville meteorite describes a small proboscidian:

"I see a large high rock and on the top of it stands a strange looking animal about four feet high, with a long proboscis. It is of a light color, has a smooth skin like that of an elephant and when it walks it elevates its trunk. It is an inferior looking beast."

Such descriptions remind us of the pigmy fossil elephants whose remains have been found in Malta. Worlds bear fruit as certainly as trees and proboscidians seem to be one variety of world fruit.

TEMPLES AND CITIES.

"I see a tree near a bay where a river runs into it. The people are about four and a half feet high and well proportioned. There is a place in the town, where a cross is formed of one snake across another. They are delicate of limbs and must be imaginary. The stone is sculptured out of brown stone, a kind of trap. The people here are highly civilized; here are fountains and fine gardens. Everything is massive. Most of the dwellings are made of stone."

"The cross, which is about 16 feet high, is placed at the end of a street; behind it is a circular park, enclosed with a sculptured stone railing and on a hill behind, connected with the park by steps, is a temple. In front of the door of the temple is an immense statue of a man with a staff in his hand; it must be 50 feet high; one foot is on the body of another man, life size. The temple looks like an immense church. There are many statues all around on the outside. It is the most beautiful building I ever saw. I think it is made of marble. There is a great deal of brass inside; brazen men stand on pedestals; all are robed. The only naked figure I see is that of a little girl in front of a sheep-like animal in the middle of the temple. I see another piece of statuary now, representing a man seated sideways on an imaginary monster; it is life-size. I think the place is heated by steam. There is water through the building, so that they can drench it."

"There is a splendid view of the city from the steps of the temple. There must be 8,000 or 10,000 houses in it; all large; the houses are square, with flat roofs and statues on them. I see no churches, or buildings that look like them."

"There are three-wheeled engines in the city that use gas as a motive power and asphaltum for fuel. They draw cars behind them, carrying 50 or 40 people; one of the cars is like a turtle and others are of fanciful shapes. There is no track for them to run on, only the smooth road. I can see nothing escape, except a little smoke from a low smoke stack."

"The buildings here are generally of one story, some two. The people are of a light yellow color, with dark hair and eyes; the forefinger seems very short. They have a silky material they use for dresses; they are fond of red and blue; the men are as fanciful as the women, and both wear a kind of bloomer. The women have a kind of gown to the knees, when they go out. In warm weather a good deal of the body is exposed. I see no ornaments of any sort."

"Men carry a time-piece in a case. It is about three inches long, one inch and a half wide and an inch deep. There are figures of animals on the side; it seems to be made of silver and is quite heavy."

"The boats are quite small, low and flat and have no sails. There are two small wheels near the stern that do most of the work. There is one on each side made of brass and under water. I see no coal, but great piles of asphaltum. It does not seem to require great heat to run them. I can see a bluish vapor that rises now and then from one."

"The mountains are very high in proportion to the size of the globe. Water covers a quarter of it. Much of the country is rocky and is never used. It rains a great deal up there, in immense torrents. I saw a mountain fall into a chasm. The people have immense aqueducts; they tunnel mountains for the passage of water and collect it into reservoirs."

"There are large, porpoise-like animals in the water that are eaten by the people. Men are carrying one through the streets that is about ten feet long. It is now hung up where the meat is sold. The cars go everywhere

on stone-paved roads, made of large slabs. They go up hill too."

In all I have had about twenty different meteoric specimens examined, by nearly a dozen different psychometers, and a large proportion of the examinations have been made when the psychometer had no knowledge of the nature of the specimen; though in the case of Mr. Cridge, after a few examinations, he was able generally to recognize the specimen, from the similarity of the conditions surrounding him. I am inclined to think, though I cannot be sure, that all the meteorites, which we have examined, belonged originally to Sideros. Fragments of other worlds have in all probability fallen upon our globe, and in the time to come their story will doubtless be read.

A WHITE RACE ON SIDEROS.

With a piece of meteoric iron from Atacama, Bolivia, the following was obtained by A. D. Cridge:

"I got on the sea shore with this. The tide has been up much higher than it is now. The sun seems large and warm here. The country around is rather barren. There are some low, sharp-pointed plants here, that look like a species of cactus. There are shells on the shore, weeds and pieces of wood."

"I see a man dressed in skins sitting on the body of a large, dead bird; it looks something like an ostrich. He has a barbed instrument for throwing with a sling. I think it is made of iron. He is white and altogether like a Caucasian. He is under the average height and slim. His fingers taper rapidly almost to a point. He is rather sharp-featured every way. He has a rather long beard and appears to be about 24 years of age. He is civilized, and appears to have been hunting and got lost; he shouts every now and then. The bird was a swift runner; it has a hard bill. He bit it on the foot and then on the head. He has a light spiked club that he slashes animals with."

"There is a mouse-like animal here with large ears. He is dressed in its skin. The air here seems dense. The man is narrow-breasted, but very active. Three more men come back and drag the bird along. They live in a hut in a little valley four or five miles from the sea. They do not seem to belong here. The hut is made of stone, wood and glass. There is a strange mixture of objects of glass and stone. There are cloth clothes here and long curved swords. One man is quite brawny."

"I see a town now in a very deep gulf, that goes far inland. The houses are of all shapes. There are no very fine buildings; nearly all are made of stone. The people use large deer for draught. They have small ships with sails. They are a mining people. There are mines all around here."

"I see an arched building, a kind of temple. In the centre is a tablet four or five feet high, of white rock with brown specks in it. A man on a seal-like animal with a human head stands on it, and five statues of men at each corner. People come and throw flowers on it. It does not look much like worship. They almost cover it with flowers. I think they have worshiped the sun; it is only a form now. There are globes here, the people must study astronomy."

"There is some ceremony going on now, but the people stand. The platform looks like an immense shell. A man comes in dressed in white and blue, but nearly all white. He carries a silver globe above his head; it glitters. The people chant and then he speaks. There are statues all around the platform where he stands. There are large buildings here adorned with paintings and statues."

The psychometer frequently passes, and sometimes almost without knowing it, from one period in the history of a country to another, perhaps separated by hundreds or even thousands of years. In the preceding examination he sees a mining town, where there are no very fine buildings, and then sees, what was probably the same place, where there are magnificent buildings beautifully adorned. At the time when this examination was made, I had no idea of the situation by the locality to which he refers, but it was a region which I have called Caucasasia; its inhabitants bearing the greatest resemblance to the Caucasian race of any seen by psychometers in Sideros. Other examinations give further details regarding these people.

SIBERIAN METEORITE.

I have a meteorite which fell at Krasnjarsk in Siberia, which was examined by Mr. Cridge, and I thought at first it must have come from some other planet; but a second examination satisfied me that it was from Sideros:

"I see a globe quite large, all a molten mass. This must be at an early stage. Now, I see a large ocean. The sun seems a little larger than it does to us. I see no sign of life here. The sun seemed to grow rapidly smaller. This world must have had a tremendous orbit. It was subject to intense heat and cold. This must have been at an early period of its history."

A SUPERSTITIOUS RACE.

A second examination of a fragment of the Krasnjarsk specimen, six weeks afterward, the nature of the specimen unknown to the psychometer, gave the following:

"I get into a valley with rounded hills. There is a small valley with a stream running through it. There are small people, about four and a half feet high; they are shepherds. The forefinger is longer than your; the head is tall; higher than it is long. They are nearly as brown as a mulatto negro, but it is a different kind of brown. They are superstitious; they worship idols. They kill animals before them and sprinkle the blood on them. The animals are sheep-like goats with very hairy wool. They roast animals with the skins on, upon an altar before the idol. Men beat on a stretched raw hide for a drum. The idol is made of wood and is a man, about 12 feet high, in a sitting posture. There are no very highly civilized races near here. There is a darker and fiercer race nearly all round them."

"These people are vain and self-conceited; they beat the Jews for that. If it was not for their intense superstition they would progress faster. They ramble round with their herds staying a year or two in a place."

Up to this time I do not think he knew that he was on any other planet than ours, and I think he measured the time by our years.

"They have small animals that look like horses; they catch them. (I do not see things well.) It is a very beautiful rolling country with springs, prairies, lakes and woods. Rivers might rise in this section."

(To be Continued.)

MR. BOLINTON IN MUNICH.—So far as we can make out Mr. Bolinton has been very badly treated in Munich. He went as a foreigner who did not know the language, and asked that at his séances he should be as usual, held hand and foot. What more could he offer? Under these conditions he gave satisfaction except in one instance, and if he then disjoined hands in the way stated, those in charge of him were false to their trust in not saying so at the time. It was not honorably open to them to give the alleged details subsequently, and in his absence, when they were necessary to bolster up what appears to be a theory. The same old-fashioned theory has often been mocked in England against one or two mediums, but on close observation proved to be false.—*London Spiritualist.*

Notes from Mrs. E. L. Saxon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Amid the rapidly occurring events of the past few months, the JOURNAL has faithfully followed me. Some of my co-workers took exceptions to your honest and freely expressed views, regarding the "woman question," but I find that like you, many warm personal friends antagonize, not the question, but very seriously our recent actions in the presidential conventions, deeming this an unwise manner of going before the public, and one calculated to hinder instead of help. Regarding all our work purely as educational in its effects on the masses, I can well see where and how this could be so seriously misunderstood, still, seeing how many friends the cause had among public men, it was of value, however painful to those women who participated therein. State work is all-important, and a growing interest was shown in all the State Conventions in the West. Every day's experience only deepens my conviction and knowledge of woman's complete slavery in all things, as a sex. I could cite reasons, arguments and examples, by scores to prove that this sad assertion is truth, bold and cruel, as it is shameful and sad. Only through some great struggle of a national character, can any material change soon come. Then it would come as it did to the negro as a necessity, and open a Pandora's box of evils.

"Educate! Educate!" this honest cry is my only aim," says a noble woman in a recent letter to me. I deeply regret to say that only in the last three months have I seen six good, true, but unfortunate women, who after twenty-five or six years of married life, have gone out to struggle alone, leaving a tyrant in domestic life, either one by nature, or made so by drink. Leaving only after long and sad years of insult and brutality, when the children were grown up and placed in business and in each instance the children standing squarely by and endorsing the mother's actions.

Can it be, oh friends, that by these long lives of self-abnegating torture alone, humanity is to be taught? Can it be that such children will see enough of a domestic tyrant's power to desire women's education to render them self-sustaining and to cease believing that because a man owned a woman in marriage, she had no right of body, mind or soul that he felt bound to respect?

A friend told me only last week of the large number of men and women he had induced to cover all domestic infidelities and remain together married; of several he had induced to return after separation. He made me think of creatures that had crawled from a fire, and he had persuaded them to return, fearing other fires beside this one, and that the world would shun them, for they carried the smell of fire on their garments.

So I say it seems this is to be the education of growing sons and daughters; seeing the shame, agony, heart ache of those preceding them, they will learn a better course of treatment toward those that may fall in their care. Let no one think men only are the cause of married unhappiness. In my opinion many a man has carried a broken heart, has "died and made no sign." Still man's life has larger scope and better chance for daily freedom from the galling chain. These conditions are wrong, erroneous in all things and come from the idea of absolute ownership in the married relations.

The strong physical is ever seeking domination over the high spiritual nature. Women are slaves to every thing; Legouve says, "Slaves to want, wealth and ignorance." I add, most of all, to duty and love. They have been taught that self-sacrifice is their highest, first, last and only duty. Let me say, then, that if rebellion is among women, there is a cause. "Rebellion lurks behind oppression;" one is the cause, the other the effect. So out of these lives of pain a nobler race of men and women will emerge. As all perfection comes through mental and physical pain, so these children of broken hearted women will gather the harvest their mother planted in a life of sorrow and unrewarded toil. I look to Spiritualism, the highest, the best, as woman's evangel. No man ever yet received a genuine spirit message, that did not exalt woman as a vessel of honor, bidding man to cherish his wife as the apple of his eye, her maternity placing her next the divine, as the builder and moulder of men. "From the strongest and noblest woman, comes strong and noble men."

The past month has been spent amid the lovely scenery around Chattanooga, Tenn., where I heard of how the union men of that section suffered, and then when in power how they persecuted the rebels. Where Gen. Bragg held his headquarters on Mission Ridge, the green corn is waving. All around the stubble in the wheat fields told of the reaper's scythe of peace. In the homes of the thrifty western men living on those slopes, were many gathered relics of the war in which they had borne part, now side by side in the pursuit of peace. Rebel and unionist clasped hands and exchanged daily the sweet offices of neighborly friendship. We wandered through miles of their luxuriant vineyards, shining green and beautiful on the long mountain slopes, and here they make boxes and ship loads of grapes north from these old time battle fields. In only a few short years these lovely mountain slopes will be one endless vineyard and fruitful field.

I sat one day on the bald stony top of Eagle Cliff, on Lookout mountain, listening to the story told of Chickamauga by a relative, our faces peering over the edge of the rocky wall far as the eye could reach; one mountain chain swept above another, until five States showed their possessions, and the head reeled in gazing downward on the scene far below. "There," said Captain C., pointing his tawny hand toward the distant field beyond his dwelling, that stood far below, "I stood the first day's fight at Chickamauga, on Wilder's staff, and sixteen of my relatives were sweeping on among the grey and lines that opposed us."

"Count four more," I said, "Uncle John's two grandsons were there, and my two brothers, the eldest fell that day shot through the brain. At Memphis my old father lay a prisoner and my husband, a staunch unionist, was in New York. Let us talk of other things. I hate the very letters that spell 'war.' Men make wars and women suffer by them. Let us hope a wiser race will educate men into peace."

No wonder that war was so horrible—it was indeed brother against brother, and son against father. Far below us on the mountain slope grew rhododendron and laurel and so high above the fields were we, they thought acres in extent, seemed like dooryards.

Leaving our lofty outlook, we went down the deep dells to the great bottomless lake, evidently the crater of some ancient volcano. From this we went down where the water fell over a hundred feet, shining and white as a bridal veil. Twenty-five years had passed since last my voice had rung in happy laughter through this rocky glen. Oh! those "diamond mornings of long ago!" Will one desire their return? Never! War's bitter arrows were arrows of profit, pearls of spiritual truth had gleamed amid the inky blackness of that time of ruin, war and wrath! The white dove of peace waved his brooding wing over sorrowing hearts!

The dwelling of my host where I was entertained with boundless hospitality, was during the battle of Mission Ridge, the headquarters of Gen. Corse, and the master's gold was buried not four feet from where Sherman dug his rifle pits through the garden. Many stories were told of midnight raids, of narrow escapes and ludicrous incidents.

There on the cool piazza, under the leafy vines, the man that was with Hooker in his "battle in the clouds" was the dearest and merriest among our comrades; his wit the keenest, his laugh the gayest, a royal soul indeed.

On my trip upon the cars, I heard a young fellow tell a South Georgian, that he "had been to Chattanooga; that was far enough South, among those treacherous rebels."

I heard the book agent tell a gentleman, that "A Fool's Errand" was written by a Denver girl. "Excuse me," I said, "you mistake. I only wish a woman had written it, but the work is by Aldrich Tourgee."

"No, it is not," he retorted. "I know the girl that wrote it, she has written another."

"But," I said, "Tourgee acknowledged its authorship in the New York Tribune three months ago, in quite a lengthy letter."

Some half dozen chaps helped him laugh at me. I quietly thought, "Being a woman and volunteering information to a man, places you, madam, in the ranks, no man can number, whose *nom de plume* is so gracefully, said by the author, 'one of the fools.'"

During my Western trip I found many pleasant friends and Spiritualists everywhere, in and out of churches, especially among Unitarians. Long shall I remember the sweet and beautiful home of a happy family in which I was entertained. The matter was a Unitarian minister, but in all things as far as I could discern a Spiritualist in belief.

Love staid their smiling guest,
Peace stood a vassal at their door
At Honor's high behest.
Cincinnati, Aug. 5th.

Spirit Identity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The best reason I can offer for trespassing on your valuable space, is that I believe there are thousands in a condition of thought similar to my own, who may be enlightened by the answers which a communication of this character may bring forth. I have been interested in the spiritual phenomena for many years and have come up from materialism to a point where I recognize many of these phenomena as due to the agency of "unseen intelligences." So far, this conclusion is founded on experiment and logical demonstration, leaving no room for doubt. But here I stop; for in all my "experience," I have not been able to satisfactorily identify a single spirit. While I grant a spirit power, I think the proof of spirit identity is very small. I attend the spiritual conferences and meetings in this city regularly and find that the most candid and clearest headed of leading Spiritualists do not seem to feel quite sure on that point. The question is neglected too much. I think Spiritualists should see that this corner stone of the foundation is all right before building too elaborate a superstructure upon it. I like the "style" of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—it is disposed to deal in solid facts, and to go no farther than the evidence will warrant, and I hope you will be the means of bringing the subject of spirit identity prominently forward. The phenomena of Spiritualism is now so fully established and admitted by the intelligent of all civilized people, that could the identity of spirits be as clearly demonstrated, the spiritual origin of the phenomena would be recognized at once.

In spirit communication it is generally the case, that, while spirits claiming to be our near and dear friends can communicate in many wonderful ways and can talk glibly enough of their spirit-home and of the glories of the Summer-land, and tell us of great plans they are perfecting to assist us in our material or financial affairs, when it comes to mentioning particular personal matters and circumstances whereby they might identify themselves unmistakably, there they hesitate, halt, stumble and fall. Something is the matter with the "conditions."

An investigator not long ago went to a sitting with a celebrated slate-writing medium in this city, and on asking if any spirit friends were present, a communication was written: "Yes, I am pleased to meet you here," signed, "Father." Next question: "Father, will you please write your name?"

Here the medium interposed and asked that the sitters would write several names of different persons and include the name of his father among them. When he had done this, the spirit patterning his father had no difficulty in remembering his name. Now, the question might be asked, was there a spirit-glow acting as an amanuensis or office boy to the medium, looking over the investigator's shoulder to pry out the secret of his father's name? But to proceed: The next question was:

"Father, do you see sister Josie, who lives in San Francisco, often?"

Ans: "Yes, often. I go with her to the medium's sances at Charter Oak Hall every Sunday."

"Do you ever communicate with her then?"

"Yes."

"Through what medium?"

Here the spirit could not give the name of the medium, until some ballots had been written. Then the name "Foye" was written upon the slate.

"How long does it take you to come from San Francisco to New York?"

"Dear son, spirits travel with the speed of thought."

"Dear father, that we may know for a surety that you are with us, and can make yourself known, will you deliver to sister Josie a short message, which I will give you, and which will be a test to both of us?"

To this reasonable request the answer was given, in what appeared to be rather a petulant word: "I have already given you sufficient proof that I am, and that I still live. I can do no more." After this no more writing could be got.

The only comment necessary on the above spirit communication (for spirit communication is undoubtedly was) is to say that I knew the father of this investigator sufficiently well when in earth-life, to know that he would do anything in his power, and willingly submit to any amount of "cross-questioning," if thereby he could convey a knowledge of a future life to his beloved children.

Spirits come to us, claiming to be the shades of great and good men of the past, professing to be anxious to convince the world of the truths of Spiritualism, and to demonstrate to all men the certainty of a future existence. If it would not be presumptuous, I could suggest to the spirits of Franklin, La-Plante and Le-verrier a hundred ways whereby that fact—if it is a fact—might be substantiated so thoroughly that men would as soon doubt the utility of the electric telegraph as to question the theory of a future life. With the present contradictory and unsatisfactory intelligence coming from the spiritual spheres, is it any wonder that men are in doubt whether these are the voices of loved ones gone before or the wiles and tricks of malignant demons making sport of the hands stretched forth to the loved and dead?

J. G. D.

Religion.

It is only necessary that books of the past be opened in order to show what man was when reason was the slave of revelation, when every faculty of the human mind was held in subjection to the dictation of a wily priesthood. But these books have been closed. A new order of things has been inaugurated. Reason reigns king over the destinies of mankind. Revelation, investigation and demonstration are the order of the day. Religion, instead of being something to be embraced through fear of punishment, is recognized as the soul's birthright and heaven a condition that may be enjoyed upon earth as well as in some distant clime, and God recognized as the fountain of all wisdom, here as well as in heaven. We believe it possible for mankind to acquire positive information regarding a future life, outside of what is called divine revelation. The natural powers of the human mind and soul, if left free to act, would soon outstrip every competitor whose name is enrolled in the Bible as being specially directed in the performance of duty as a revealer. To-day, even so important a being as Deity is supposed to be, would be questioned regarding his ideas. While the church goes on like the foolish virgins, have hurried to the feast, neglecting to carry with them a supply of the oil of reason to fill their lamps with after the present supply had been consumed.

We need to keep a full supply of good, sound sense and reason on hand, if we would move along calmly, not to be ruffled by the dogmatic assertions or by the slurs and jeers of non-believers; it was so in the past, it will be so as long as men cling to past revelations and ignore present possibilities and objective demonstration. Every man man measure his own abilities by reason.—T. Starr King, in Ohio Branch.

Woman and the Household.

BY HENRY M. POOLE.
(Metuchen, New Jersey.)SUGGESTED BY
"A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT LAND"

O land beloved! O home in upper air.
With thought on earth we live, in truth, compare
By love, by love, by love, by love, by love,
To break the prison bars which we have made,
Shake out our souls, and scatter across the sea
Which rolls in darkness 'twixt this earth and
thee.

We hide our time, hut, at each tidal flow
Behold, some comrades' barque set loose, to go
The unknown way. The nebulous, dim space
Before us parts a moment, and a face
Like moon through mist, upon the inner sight
Glimmers and smiles, then fades into the night.

And then the air is filled with odorous balm
As o'er our spirits steals the holy calm
Of heavenly places. For that Summer Land
Lies just beyond Death's sea, and on its strand
Our duties, clad in shining raiment, move
To sweetest melodies, attuned by Love.

From its foundations grow the brilliant walls
Like trees, and through its many tented halls
Alcove and grotto curve with curious art,
In musical proportions, part to part.
Yonder temple that the eye can see,
Its form seems lost in vague immensity.
Adown its corridors the people throng
From every land and clime, and all along
A mystic shade falls o'er the wondrous scene
Like autumn's veil upon the summer's sheen.

A chord of grief through all the joyous strain,
A vein of lead throughout the golden grain.
"What means this?" asked I. "In the Spirit
Land
On sorrow led?" And then I felt a hand
Upon my shoulder, "Come with me!" said one
Of royal presence. Then at once he won
My reverent heart, such love shone in his face,
And from his form such radiant power and grace,
"As buds and blooms the flower from out the
seed."

Said he, "So truly answering to our need,
Do Wisdom dwell within the heart,
Do June's sweet blossoms in the enchanted air,
Though restless, journey we from star to star
And seek to learn life's secrets from afar,
In vain we go. Within each spirit, lies
The only key to heavenly mysteries:
The fountain whence causation endless flows,
Divine within the human, as the rose
Within the bud. Look in the heart,
And see these noble beings, hark! how crowned,
A thousand years they've dwelt becalm'd, this
dome.
Nor care the boundless fields of space to roam,
Brilliant and youthful still, with potent art,
They bring the universe into the heart,
And mirrored there, behold the real thing.
The field of truth is the inner mind,
Within this temple's vast and shadowy realm
They dwell, and like to pilots at the helm
Of drifting ships, guide unto nobler ends
They on whose brows the shadow, darkling lends
Its gloom. And who are these? you ask,
All! all they ever at a self-made task,
For each one here is a real thing,
And tortured memory a scorpion's sting:
A secret grief, a haunting presence here,
Where death the touchstone is, that maketh clear
And vindicates the law of righteousness,
Unto all sinners there is no redress
For wrong, until they full atonement make,
And loathe the wrong for which evil's sake,
So haug the lines upon the walls,
Of memories made palpable, and each recalls
The act, the time, the place,
Accost that boy."

I did so, and, at once, unrest and joy
Swept o'er his face. "Will tell me why this purg
Of gold and gems is hanging like a curse
Before you?" "Ah! that is the curse of youth,
To hold in sin is manifest, in truth,
In fact, in fact, in fact, in fact, in fact,
I stole such from a lady's dressing box,
I fled, the officers of outraged law
Pursued and tracked me to my home, but saw
My body only. Life had paid the cost—
But something more than earthly life was lost!
Confronted by my dead for seven long years,
The purg I looked for overcame me,
And will be present, until rules the right.
Then shall this image vanish from my sight,
See! at thou my dearest mother love and poor,
With woe and sorrow crouching at her door?
Stripped of her little all, to meet my crime,
Still must I patient wait until the time
Of restoration and forgetfulness."

He ceased, and o'er my spirit came the stress
Of life's great lessons taught on earth so late,
That each one maketh for himself, his fate,
That no atoning blood can save from sin,
That peace and joy can never enter in
And take possession of the soul of man,
Until he has made the holy plan
Of Love Divine and Wisdom.

Then I awoke,
But still the radiant scene appears as bright
As when it beamed upon my wondering night.

An able writer in the *Queen*, says: "The history of civilization may be accurately measured by the steadily augmenting importance of woman in the social scheme. It is true that Greece and Rome attained a splendid height of power and culture, and reached higher water marks in certain directions; but, lacking a solid social basis, their civilizations were hollow and heartless, and they yielded to the radical corruptions which were certain to come under their conditions. Had the factor of femininity possessed its full share of value and influence in the social schemes of the two mighty peoples we have named, it is not probable that Greece would have yielded on the one hand to the Roman power, or that Rome, after being mistress of the world, would have broken into atoms after a century or two under the irruptions of northern barbarians. In other words, the essential rot of ancient society which finally destroyed all its virile force and pluck, was, to put it in the form of a paradox, the non-recognition of femininity in society. All the restraining and purifying influences of womanhood were absent from the social scheme, and the ambitious woman to occupy a position of influence could only attain her purpose by a sacrifice of what good women in all ages of the world have held most precious. The effect of this on mankind was ultimate demoralization. The historian, Tacitus, comments indirectly on this fact in that celebrated passage where he compares the virtue, strength and equal position of the German women, and attributes in large measure the valor and strength of the barbarian tribes of the North to the respect and reverence paid to the wives and mothers of the warriors, alike in the camp and council and the family."

T. W. H. says of H. H. (Helen Hunt Jackson), "She is the woman who has most heart, as a poet in our day and tongue, to the

genius of Mrs. Browning, and has made Christmas Rossetti and Jean Ingelow appear but second rate celebrities. When someone asked Emerson, a few years since, whether he did not think "H. H." the best woman poet on this continent, he answered in his meditative way, "Perhaps you might as well omit the woman," thus placing her at least in that moment's impulsive, at the head of all. He used to cut her poems from the newspapers as they appeared, to carry them about with him, and to read them aloud. His special favorites were the most condensed and the deepest, those having something of that kind of obscurity which Coleridge pronounced to be a compliment to the reader.

A STRANGE DREAM FULFILLED.

The Presence of the Mind—A Singular Story.

(New York Sun.)

I have intimate acquaintance with a lady in one of the counties of Kansas who is of Scotch descent, well bred, intelligent and truthful. Within a part of her family relationship she exhibits at intervals an exceptional mental endowment, either subjection to impressions on the brain from great distances, or the pervasion of space with her sense and sensibility, or clairvoyance, or spirit mediumship. Which is it?

The periods at which this condition is active coincide with misfortunes to distant members of her family. Her sisters are endowed as she is. Throughout their lives they have had immediate intelligence of disaster in the family by dreams, subconsciously confirmed in every instance by letters and telegrams. These dreams are visions of things seen not messages by word or sound. They are pictures of events as if seen with the eyes in the daytime.

My Kansas friend has a dream, bare in outline, severe in simplicity, with not a word of speech, rap, or motion of pantomime in it, with no ghostly shade in the chamber. She wakes up with a full knowledge of a misfortune that has happened to a blood relative. Her vision intelligence covers only relations by blood. Relatives by marriage may die, be wounded, or violently killed, and the sisters will know nothing of it. And this clairvoyance or mediumship does not extend to the male line in the family. It is restricted to the females. Now for a dream which Mrs. — describes: "My brother Dan had disease of the lungs. It was aggravated by exposure and hard service in the army of the Potomac. Rendered unfit for duty, he threw up his commission in the Pennsylvania Bucktails and went to Cuba. At that time I was living in Terre Haute, Ind. My husband was absent in the army of the Cumberland. A lady friend lived in the house with me. Dan was my favorite brother. At short intervals he wrote to me. One day I received a letter from him in which he said that he was strong, that the disease of his lungs seemed to have passed away, and that he intended to take the next steamer for New York, and then go into the Leatherstocking region of Pennsylvania and settle his business affairs. The settlement made, he intended to return to Cuba and engage in business. He urged me to meet him at Altoona, and be with him during his short stay in this country. An impending battle in the south, where my husband was stationed, made me undecided about going. I hesitated, not knowing whether to meet my brother as he requested, or remain at home until after the battle and until I had heard from my husband. I went to bed at 10 P. M., and dropped to sleep at once.

"At 10:30 I was awakened by a short, vivid dream of warning. Alarmed, I roused my friend and said: 'I have my warning. Something is the matter with Dan.' My friend laughed at me. I soon recovered from my nervousness, and again dropped to sleep. Instantly it seemed the scene was changed. I was on the car traveling east. Opposite me sat a white-haired man who had a covered basket on his knee. There was a hole in the cover of the basket. The aged man occasionally peered into this hole. I was curious about the contents of this basket, and was pleased when I discovered there were fish in it. The train stopped for dinner. Getting out I met a lady I knew, and we had dinner together. I have forgotten the name of this station, but I remember that there was a misspelled sign over an adjoining restaurant. The incidents of the dream were those of a journey from Terre Haute to Altoona. I was happy, pleased with the changing scenery, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I looked forward to meeting my brother at Altoona, and in the dream I never doubted that I would meet him.

Soon after my western train ran into the depot at Altoona the eastern train came thundering in. I stood by a post on the platform watching the passengers get off the train, expecting to see my brother. I began to doubt his being on the train, when an expressman passed me, wheeling a great box on a truck. I looked through this box as though it were clear glass. In the box was a coffin, and lying in the coffin was my brother. One glance showed me that he was dressed in heavy gray Scotch twill. From a buttonhole of his coat hung a black ribbon. On his feet were shoes that had perforated toes. Never having seen shoes of this style, they attracted my attention. The buttons on the coat and vest were very peculiar, and forced themselves on my notice. The expressman wheeled the box past me, and it was put on the express car for Hollidaysburg. I got on the Hollidaysburg train also.

"The intense vividness of the dream awoke me. I sat up in bed crying. My friend arose, lighted the gas, and talked to me. With tears streaming down my face, I insisted that Dan was dead. The hands of the mantel clock indicated 11 P. M. Knowing that something was wrong, I resolved to go home on the day my brother had requested. Again I slept, this time a heavy, unrefreshing sleep that lasted until morning. At the breakfast table I told my dream. Good-humored ridicule from my friends had a beneficial effect on me, and after two days I was almost persuaded that I was attaching too much importance to a dream.

"The day of my departure came. I entered the car in the Terre Haute station. I seated myself and looked about me. In an opposite seat sat a white-haired man. I recognized him at once as the man I had seen in my dream. He had a fish-basket on his knee. The faces of the passengers were familiar to me. At the dinner-station I met the lady I had seen in my dream, and we had dinner together. Arriving at Altoona, I stood watching the eastern train come into the depot. I was sure my brother's body would be put off the train. As I stood watching the passengers hurry into the dining room, the expressman I had seen in my dream said to me: 'Please give my message to your brother. He is waiting for you on a truck lay

a large box that was addressed to my father, who said: 'Dan is dead.' He died at sea five days ago from heart disease.' In answer to my question as to the time of day he died, I was informed that it was five P. M. The difference in time of the east and the west showed me that Dan had been dead some four hours before I saw him. I stood in the house by the side of the box when it was opened. The lid of the coffin was removed, and there lay Dan, dressed exactly as I had seen him in my dream.

"I have no explanation to make of the dream. I simply tell you the fact of my having seen an apparition of events that were to occur, an apparition of inanimate objects, of dozens of strangers, and of my dead brother's body."

Knowing the truthfulness of the lady, I believe her strange story.

Morbid Conditions of the Mind.

In certain morbid conditions of mind, and in the case of the few healthy minds endowed with special imaginative force, the products of this mental activity closely resemble dreams in their vividness and apparent actuality. When this is the case, illusions of memory may arise at once, just as in the case of dreams. This will happen more easily when the imagination has been for some time occupied with the same group of ideal scenes, persons or events. To Dickens, as is well known, his fictitious characters were for the time realities, and after he had finished his story their forms and their doings lingered with him, assuming the aspect of personal recollections. So, too, the energetic activity of imagination which accompanies a deep and absorbing sympathy with another's painful experiences, may easily result in so vivid a realization of all their details as to leave an after-sensation of personal suffering. All highly sympathetic persons who have closely accompanied beloved friends through a great sorrow have known something of this subsequent feeling. In the case of most people, however, waking imagination seldom, if ever, rises to this pitch of reality. Hence the illusions of memory that arise from this source commonly appear only after the lapse of some time, when, in the natural course of things, the mental images derived from actual experience would sink to a certain degree of faintness. Habitual novel readers often catch themselves mistaking the echo of some passage in a good story for the trace left by an actual event. Person's names, striking sayings and events themselves, when first heard or witnessed, may seem familiar to us, and to recall some past life impression when they happen to resemble the creations of some favorite novelist. And so, too, any recital of another's experience, whether oral or literary, if it deeply interests us and awakens a specially vivid imagination of the events described, may easily become the starting point of an illusory recollection. Children are in the habit of "drinking in" with their vigorous imaginations what is told of them and read of them, and hence they are especially likely to fall in this kind of error. Not only so; when they grow up and their recollections lose their definiteness, becoming a few fragments saved from a lost past, it must pretty certainly happen that if any ideas derived from these recollections are preserved, they will simulate the form of memories. The present writer often catches himself falling for a moment into the illusion of believing that he actually visited the exhibition of 1851, the reason being that he recalls the descriptions given to him of it by his friends, and the excitement attending their journey to London on the occasion.—*Cornhill Gazette.*

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Phenomenal Spiritualism and Other Matters.

All attempts to undervalue the importance of the phenomenal proofs of spiritual power, which we get through mediums for the physical manifestations, seem to have resulted in an increase of the decried proofs. We hear of new mediums for new forms of demonstration every week. Recently two mediums, Rothermel and Keeler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have been giving sittings for writing with visible spirit-hands. The conditions, we fear, are not altogether such as to bar out all possibility of trick; the proofs that the hands of the mediums are not used, lying in the cogent fact that hands of various sizes, feminine masculine, and child-like, are made to appear. Our Brooklyn friends speak well of these mediums, and we hope they will eventually succeed in giving proofs as satisfactory as those which we have had of direct writing from Slade Watkins and Mrs. Simpson.

"Eliminate the physical phenomena," writes a friend, "and what have we left but a rational form of religious thought and theories in regard to life beyond the grave. What a certain correspondent calls 'Spiritualism,' might as well be characterized as 'primitive Christianity' or 'brutal gaudy Unitarianism.' It is just what I was taught by my parents long before the rape in Lydesville were heard."

"We have no right to claim the rationalistic views of life, death and resurrection, as Spiritualism except insofar as they have been brought home to us through the phenomena—certified to by the 'proof' palpable which (to those of us who are not inspired mediums) have been our only teachers—the only evidence to us that these conceptions we hold so dear are true, demonstrable and demonstrable. What should we do or be without all the knowledge that has come to us through sight, and touch and hearing? Can we even form a conception of our state of vacuity, intellectually and morally, had all these avenues leading from the material to the spiritual been ever closed?"

"Of course if we stop at facts, whether in daily life or in Spiritualism, we shall be miserable Gradgrinds; but no man or woman with a naturally active mind, a mind capable of thinking on things that are unseen, can do this. Even those Spiritualists I have known who are least intellectual, who delight most childishly in the 'proofs' palpable, have been lifted into something which to them seems a philosophy by this means. They are not very wise, because uncultivated and not capable of thinking clearly or deeply on any subject; but such thought as they have, has been roused into activity by the startling and impressive phenomena which naturally seems to them the very gates of the spiritual world. They are so too; and if some, for lack of strength or light linger at this threshold, instead of pressing forward and learning all that man like have learned through study of the phenomena or through more direct spiritual teaching. Is not this difference inevitable?"

"Can any revelation, short of a miraculous illumination of a human mind, make philosophers of people who have never learned how to think? What would the condition of the minds of these men and women be if they had never had the life of the spirit made manifest to them through the senses, and been forced to see that life beyond the grave was human life still and not the inconceivable and (to most) undesirable condition represented by the dogmas of the churches? Have they not been forced by their interest in the phenomena, to dwell in thought on something above the daily toil for bread or the frivolous amusements which would otherwise have occupied their spare hours? How I do long to say strongly and clearly what I feel and think on this subject!"

"Have we not still all to learn in regard to these same decried phenomena? It is by developing them under rational conditions, by careful effort and patient study—varying and modifying them so as to make them a real and most worthy study (worthy of the wisest) that we can alone attain to a true knowledge, and escape from the danger of wild and deluding theories such as— and have fallen into."

"How have we attained to any knowledge of things in the heavens above or in the earth beneath except by close observation of facts and drawing wise and cautious deductions therefrom? What else but just such study separates the most highly cultured man from the ignorant savage? There is quite too much tendency among the Spiritualists of the day to rely on individual impression, to trust to their inspirations, and in this way are they led into all manner of follies. Nothing can ever hold men firmly anchored to truths except the holding firmly by facts, and the

unwearied, persistent study of these. Only by understanding what we see and hear, and touch, can we reach a knowledge of the spiritual that lies behind all phenomena. It is again, again, and ever again, the flower in the crumpled wall, which, fully understood 'root and all, and all in all,' would reveal to us 'what God and man is.'"

The same writer, now in Europe, under date of July 18th, writes us: "I really wonder that many men of sense and education find so much to admire in her utterances, and regard her as being really inspired by wise and exalted spirits. I do not understand it. To me her English is simply atrocious—such a flux of words, involved and of little meaning, is enough to drown the little wisdom to be found intermingled therewith. Carlyle says we should not ask how much chaff there is, but 'Is there any wheat?' But with such endless talking, it would be a miracle if some little sense did not creep in, and I think it is a just cause of complaint when the chaff is so superabundant. I wish I could see more in her lectures, because I think it must be there, or so many people, quite as well able to judge as I am, would not admire her, as they do. I have never seen her, so that her personal magnetism, of which I judge she must have a good deal, is lost, and I can only judge of her words as I see them in print."

"Am I over critical and captious in regard to these inspired lecturers? I do not wish to be other than perfectly just; and sincerely desire to see all the good there is to be seen. I suppose I lose a good deal that many wiser than I am enjoy, but what am I to do about it? I have read lately some of Mrs. Richmond's lectures, really trying to find in them pearls of price, but with my best efforts I could only discover wax beads and tinsel. Are you and I standing nearly alone in this bewildering sea of enthusiasm and talk? So much theorizing, such torrents of words, such mists and clouds of religious dreaming that our friends call the one and only true, exalted Spiritualism! I don't see into and through it at all!"

We give our correspondent's criticisms for what they are worth; merely remarking that they harmonize with much we have heard from others. Of Mrs. Richmond's verbosity, her faculty of accumulating glittering words in which the meaning is so diluted that it is hard to get at it—there can be little doubt. To turn from her effusions to the last work of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, is like turning from a repast of kickshaws and gilded confectionary to wholesome fruits, grains, and meats.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER THREE.

While in Boston we were the recipient of numerous friendly calls, and indeed we feel very much at home in that city. We visited the office of the *Banner of Light* several times, but did not have the pleasure of comparing notes with our esteemed friend Colby, as he was resting from his arduous labors at Hampton Beach. We trust he will return saturated with new vitality and continue to edit the *Banner* for the balance of this century at least. We spent a pleasant hour with the Messrs. Rich, father and son. A ride of half an hour from the Parker house, brought us to the quiet and elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. Epes Sargent where we spent several delightful hours. We found Mr. Sargent greatly improved in health since our visit in February, and busily engaged in his literary work. He expects to publish in November a new work on the scientific basis of Spiritualism. Such a work is of imminent importance, and it is needless to say that in the hands of Mr. Sargent it will be well done. When we saw Mr. Sargent in the winter his health was very precarious and both he and his friends somewhat anticipated his early translation to a higher sphere. We were strongly impressed that his work here was not completed, that Spiritualism could ill lose his services at this time and confidently predicting his recovery and future work. Time has verified the correctness of our prophecy, and we are half inclined to think ourselves only the medium for transmitting what was known in the Spirit-world.

The new office of the Free Religious Association at No. 3 Tremont Place, is a great improvement. We there made the acquaintance of Mr. W. J. Potter, who succeeds the able and scholarly Abbott as editor of *The Index*, and of David H. Clark, associate editor and business agent of the paper. Mr. Abbott also dropped in accidentally and thus afforded us the pleasure of once more grasping the hand of as true and brave a man as ever trod the soil of Massachusetts. The time will come when he will be fully appreciated by the Liberalists of America. His philosophical writings and uncompromising work for pure liberalism will live long after the froth and scum which now pass current are buried in ignominy.

The knowledge that in northwestern Massachusetts there were gathering hundreds of friends from all sections of the country to take part in the opening day at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, made us impatient to be with them despite the many attractions proffered by Boston and its hospitable people. So, heading toward Hoosac Mountain, Massachusetts' greatest bore in more ways than one, we passed Boston's enchanting suburban villages, on through Concord whose shady streets and dull sleepy air gave no hint of the stirring scenes of long ago, nor of the mighty intellectual forces which for years have been evolved within its precincts. Here the School of Philosophy affords opportunity to W. T. Harris, H. K. Jones and others, to give to appreciative listeners the results of years of profound study. This gathering of philosophers which at first was treated with good natured ridicule by the press and busy people of the world, has demonstrated its right to live and begin to engage the attention of the thinking public. Leaving Concord behind we sped on through the winding valleys toward our destination. The dust

smoke and ascending grade, remind us that the attainment of all that is desirable and pleasant in life is uphill work, and that even a camp meeting, though it be of Spiritualists, cannot free itself from the condition incident to this life, and compel its attendants to endure some trials before entering into its joys. Capt. H. H. Brown, we found to our pleasant surprise a fellow traveler. At Ayer Junction, Bro. M. H. Fletcher, a director of the camp meeting, joined us by appointment and took us in charge. In the middle of a hot afternoon we came in sight of a pretty little sheet of water covered with boats, and its shores heavily fringed with pine, while among the trees on the hills peeped out cottages, tents and hotels. Across the water came quick music, indicating that the surplus energy of the camp was being worked off through heels and toes. This is Lake Pleasant, exclaims Bro. Fletcher, and soon we are grasping the hands and receiving the cordial welcome of the friends already here before us. Dr. Beale, the affable and efficient president of the association, seems peculiarly fitted for his responsible and delicate position and is deservedly popular. Mr. Smith, the secretary, and Mr. Perkins, in charge of the property, are busy early and late. The greatest harmony and good feeling seems to prevail among the directors and, as a consequence, the undertaking moves on smoothly and successfully. Our readers are already familiar with the advantages and claims of this place as a camping ground, and we need not repeat them.

That a Spiritualist camp meeting should be held in Franklin County, where the atmosphere has for a century or more been laden with echoes of Jonathan Edwards' utterances, and where Moody, the Evangelist, claims his home and cries aloud to his neighbors to shield themselves behind the blood, is a striking evidence of the irresistible progressive spirit of the Age. As an account of the opening exercises, and items of interest have no doubt been sent to the *JOURNAL* by Bro. Huddington, we need not dilate upon them here. Among the many assembled here whose names are familiar to the public, we met Mr. and Mrs. David Jones, of Utica; and Mrs. Horn, author of "Strange Visitors." Cephus B. Lynn adds to the enjoyment of the place by his genial presence and ability to call every man, woman and child on the ground by their first names. E. Gerry Brown delighted his old associates by suddenly dropping in upon the camp for a brief visit. He was one of the original officers of the association before becoming interested at Onset, and still retains a fraternal interest for Lake Pleasant. Bro. Gilas B. Stebbins also made every countenance glow with kindly greeting. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Underwood came over from Springfield and spent a day with us. Mr. U. is just recovering from an attack of malignant diphtheria and is not yet very strong. He was, however, to start for the West, with Denver as his objective point, on the 10th. Dr. Mack, now of London, widely known as one of the most powerful healing mediums in the world, is visiting the camp accompanied by his friend, Signor Bondi, an Italian artist of note, who is also a Spiritualist. These gentlemen will probably visit Chicago and the West before returning to Europe.

On Sunday, the 18th, we anticipate a treat in listening to Prof. Kiddle and Cephus B. Lynn; then, too, that tireless worker, S. B. Nichols, and many other friends will be on the ground. In the meantime we are hoping for cooler weather; the sweltering heat we are now enduring destroys all ability or desire on our part to write. Few, if any, of the campers have, like ourselves, experienced in years past the pleasure of a sunstroke, and therefore they are unable to secure the "necessary conditions" for obtaining the full amount of misery that lies hidden in a hot August day. But with the pure air, good water and freedom from care, the campers seem oblivious to heat and are enjoying the season to the utmost, not seeming to feel the need of a sunstroke to increase their happiness or heighten their sensations of contentment.

The ideas of the Sioux Indians, in reference to the whereabouts of the soul after death, are somewhat vague. According to some accounts, it lingers about the body for some time after death, and finally ascends to the Milky-way, which is a celestial highway leading to the happy hunting grounds, located in the distant south. The practice of placing food upon the grave of the dead arises from a belief that all matter, inanimate, possesses an immaterial principle. The soul of the provision is absorbed by the soul of the departed. Among the most peculiar of their spiritual characters is one who may be termed the "spirit of contradictions." He assumes the form of a little old man, who in winter goes about naked, and in summer he wears a buffalo robe. Whatever he does is contrary to nature or custom. A band of followers are associated under his name, who abide by his precepts.

Thos. Walker, the trance medium, declares that the world, hell, or everlasting fire, means the fire in Gehenna, the valley of Hinnom, which was kept perpetually burning outside the city of Jerusalem. That fire, he affirms, had died out, and in that same valley orchards were growing, and there were people who had actually eaten pears that had been grown in hell.

The Iowa State Camp Meeting will be held on the beautiful State Fair grounds at Cedar Rapids, where there is abundant shelter in case of rain.

E. V. WILSON.

Incidents in Connection with His Sickness and Death—He Appears to His Brother—His Spirit Stands by the Side of the Grave.

The announcement last week of the death of that veteran laborer in the spiritualistic vineyard, E. V. Wilson, cast a feeling of extreme sadness over those who were intimately acquainted with him, and who knew the great good he had been instrumental in doing for humanity and Spiritualism, he having been an almost constant worker in behalf of the angel world for nearly a quarter of a century, dispensing broadcast his knowledge of a future existence. As the telegraph wires furnish an excellent means of communication between those widely separated, imparting at times most valuable information, so did the organum of our lamented brother enable our friends in spirit-life to transmit to their loved ones on earth, messages that were more highly prized than the most valuable diamond or precious stones. Through his instrumentality dark places were illuminated, doubts in relation to the future dissipated, and in homes where sadness prevailed over the loss of one near and dear, he caused cheerfulness and serenity to prevail. His pathway in life is still illuminated with the grand results of his achievements, and as time passes on the blessings of thousands will also heavenward as an incense to his disenthralled spirit, and enable him to discern the marks of his footsteps on earth. With unbounded energy and zeal, joying the cause in which he was engaged, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, he went forth conquering the strong citadels of superstition and ignorance, and spreading glad tidings of great joy among those seeking messages from their loved ones.

Though by nature iconoclastic, while he tore down the fortresses of error, he left in their place a temple devoted to the harmonious philosophy. He tore down, it is true; but he never left in his pathway hearts rendered sad and disheartened by his actions. If he destroyed the idols of old theology, he left in their stead the grand principles that were spoken by the sweet lips of angels. If he destroyed the God of the various orthodox churches, he portrayed one to whom he loves all humanity, and who exercises a watchful care over all his children. He was constantly at work. The pulsations in the spiritual atmosphere which he caused in the North, South, East and West, through the aid of his wonderful tests and eloquent lectures, are still in motion—still sending forth their divine radiations, and still marching on, and we seem to hear them sweetly murmuring, "Bless Bro. Wilson, bless him! bless him!" and then they appear to whisper, "cherish his family and hold them in kind remembrance."

The messages from spirit-life that he has given, his wonderful delineations of character, and those remarkable tests that point conclusively to those near and dear to the children of earth, are lights that have illuminated the pathway of the doubter and skeptic. He lived in both worlds. He could converse with spirits, see them, and behold the transcendent beauties of the spheres above. In his "Spiritual Christmas Tree," a production from his pen that appeared in the *JOURNAL*, Dec. 27th, 1879, his character and innate goodness is most beautifully illustrated. He said therein:

"Again I was robed in my garments of light and my eyes were opened, and I saw on the apex of the pyramid of green a star of great brilliancy whose light illuminated all the branches beneath it. On these branches I saw first four stars, whose golden light was in marked contrast with the astral star on the apex of the cone, and all the way throughout the branches were stars of lesser magnitude, of every shade of color known, representing love, truth, hope, faith, charity, justice, patience, goodwill and works, every kindly act, every tear in sympathy with suffering humanity, every good deed, every help extended to a fallen, erring brother or sister, were crystallized gems, stars hanging pendant from every green limb of our spiritual Christmas tree. I saw it in its splendor. I shouted, Eureka!"

Then a spirit responded:

"Behold your Christmas tree, your tree of life! In its branches are presents, your acts your life has woven. Others are to be added. Those already there are to be kept bright. You must water its roots. You must feed your tree. You must keep on in good work. Every error reformed, every act of goodness in the future, will be gathered up and hung upon this tree as presents to brighten your future, to honor your spiritual bride, to adorn your future life, making it a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul.'"

For nearly two years, Mr. Wilson had been failing. Disease had fastened its fangs upon him, and the most skillful physicians aided by the angel world, could not eradicate the same. He had labored at times, perhaps, beyond his strength; but a few months ago he was compelled to give up altogether from sheer exhaustion, and he remained at his home at Lombard, Ill., where he continued to hope until the last nearly, that he would regain his strength and be enabled to go forth again in behalf of the cause he loved so well. Only sixty-two years of age, he thought that his life should be spared, that he might be of more benefit to Spiritualism, and to his family who were so near and dear to him!

His devoted wife, like an angel of love, administered to him, hoping until the last that he might survive, and continue with those who needed his assistance so much. On Sunday evening, however, the time for the separation of his spirit from the worn-out cabinet, had arrived, the angels were then in attendance, and the dissolution was accomplished. When the struggle was over, his brother, D. J. Wilson, said that a smile

of ineffable sweetness seemed to glisten on his face, as if the radiance of his spirit-home was seeking expression through those features soon to molder into dust! During his last paroxysms, just before the final separation, looking up to those in attendance, he said, "Is this death?" and "those were his last words. Thus passed away one of the most efficient workers in the cause of Spiritualism and truth."

The brother of the deceased, D. J. Wilson, who had not visited him for many years, received a premonition at his home in Mercer county, Ill., on Wednesday, Aug. 4th, that he could not long survive, and started from there immediately to visit him, and on Sunday his fears and premonition were realized. On Monday, August 17th, at a circle in which all the family of the deceased were present, the brother saw his spirit enter the room, seemingly fresh and vigorous, holding a roll of papers in his hand.

On August 11th, the funeral was held at his late residence. The exercises were very brief, but highly impressive. In consequence of the early decomposition of the body, it had been deposited in a grave only a few rods from the house, on the previous day. A goodly number of friends from the city, was present, including several mediums. Dr. Bushnell, the President of the First Spiritualist Society of Chicago, made a few explanatory remarks in reference to the burial of the body on the preceding day, and stating there would be brier exercises at the grave. He spoke in high terms of his earth-life work. He was followed by Mr. Williams, who has been an active worker in behalf of our cause in this city. He was highly eulogistic of the man who had been of so much service to humanity and Spiritualism, and paid him that high tribute of respect so justly his due. He was followed by Mr. J. H. Francis, associate editor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, who spoke of his extensive labors, his untiring zeal, and the effect that his works would have on the world in the future. The friends then formed a procession and marched to the grave, on which had been placed several beautiful bouquets of flowers, the one presented by Mr. Dan'l Hale being especially elaborate, and expressing in the center the word "Faithful," emblematic of the life of the one on whose grave it rested. The others were represented by the Williams family, and were beautifully and tastefully arranged. After singing by those present, Mrs. De Wolf, the medium, was entranced and said:

"Come unto me ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give thee rest. The invitation has been accepted by our lamented brother, whose material body lies before us. He was weary in body, but strong in spirit; weary with daily toil, in consequence of striving to dissipate the shadows of superstition and error; weary with the toll of battling against the walls of ignorance that had risen in the minds of the people. The Spirit-world with its angelic messengers have at last been disclosed to his view. It is well that he lived. He feels a recompense for his labors in the knowledge he imparted to mankind—a knowledge of spirit-life and of heaven. Discarding a God of vengeance and hate, he brought a knowledge of the angels to mankind and disclosed the long hidden mysteries of spirit-life, furnishing treasures to many seeking souls. Through him the angels have poured their inspiration, love and kindness. Our brother was strong in the battle of life; strong under the inspiration of angels to struggle for light, and he was as pure in spirit as the flowers that lie on his grave. To-day he has risen to a glorious inheritance—can traverse the gilded fields of spirit-life, and walk and talk with angels. He is not dead—only the broken garment—the worn out body—is laid aside. The spirit which expresses itself through the external form, is the real man; the body is only the object through which the spirit, at best, can give but partial expression to its lofty thoughts. Stepping aside from the body, the man becomes an angel by the change."

The speaker claimed that the ascended spirit that had done so much for the cause, would continue to watch over the wife, ever uppermost in his mind, and his children whom he had left behind and who were so dear to his heart. But he not only loved his family, but all humanity. "Do you think," she said, "that his labors are completed; that he who went forth fighting so well against wrong, now crowned with a laurel wreath of victory; fighting so strongly against the bars of materiality, do you think that he has ceased his labors? No! He has gone to join those souls that have worked with him, and he returns with greater strength to labor on and bless humanity. He does not wish you to shed tears for him. He will come again in all the power of love, as a worker in the great cause of truth, that the children of humanity whom he loves, may not be without a shepherd, and this great work should go on until not one stone is left unturned to promote the truth for which he lived, and for which he died, for this you call death. There are anthems of music in the world of spirits at the reunion that has taken place there!" He says, "I am with you to-day."

Miss Nettie Bushnell, under influence, then said:

"A glorious awakening of a noble spirit into that life which is free from clay! Would that you might see it. Yes, some of you do. Some see through the vision of the spirit, and observe the assemblage of those who meet to welcome our friend, our brother, our worthy instrument, to their homes, and his home prepared by his work during all his earthly pilgrimage. Many had met

together when his spirit form first left its earthly vessel, and they bore it carefully and tenderly in the arms of love, and laid it by the still waters of peace. They return to-day, glad, rejoicing that you, too, can realize the fulness of the spirit. His soul is broad and beautiful. He returns to his home; he reaches out his hand better than he could have done with his earthly form. I know the glad rejoicing of the Spirit-world, when one who has been so faithful a worker is received into their midst. No tears, then, save those of rejoicing; no regrets in extending their sympathies, their loving kindness. Friend, I do not weep tears of mourning, but tears of rejoicing and gladness! That father and brother has reached his spirit home, and now as in the past, he will move onward through the future. He blesses those he left behind only as they can realize. He is with you always. Fear not, for the end is not yet. The soul transfigured shall reach that immortal shore that is the inheritance of the faithful.

The spirit of the deceased was then seen standing near his wife and children, surveying the solemn scene, looking at the flowers on his grave and the friends in attendance.

After singing a few remarks by a couple of gentlemen present, and an invocation, the company dispersed, leaving the mortal remains of one who had done such effective work for humanity.

The Fate of a True Believer.

On the same morning, comes to us through the daily press, the facts that the so-called "Reverend" Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, is visiting the "dance-houses" and gambling dens of Denver, in order to learn something about sin, and is there declining the invitation of a dancing prostitute to lead in a round dance, and that Miss Bertie Keneaster, a simple minded, amiable and pretty girl of twenty-one summers, a member of Talmage's congregation, has gone crazy through the kind of religious influence exerted at the Tabernacle and more particularly through the preaching of Talmage's principal child-scarer, a Mr. Harrison. Poor Miss Bertie, her father says, "was a bright intelligent girl and had no constitutional or mental weakness until she began attending the revival meetings at the Tabernacle about the beginning of April." Harrison is one of these mountebanks who peddles religion as coarsely as an auctioneer, but whose impudent force imposes on delicate natures. Instead of "How much do I hear for this new fresh sample of the blood of the dying Jesus," which will probably be the next innovation of the sensation school, he modestly shouts, "How many souls will God give me here to-night? How many will here and now decide never again to trust the Lord? There is a fair young girl in the third pew, whose tearful eyes and trembling lips bespeak that she dares not sin against the Holy Ghost, when salvation is offered to her free as water," etc., etc.

It is probable that some lingering grain of sense and reason prevented Miss Bertie from regarding the celestial dicker to which the Reverend huckster invited her as one which she could comprehend, however confident the poor ecclesiastical clown in this theological circus was that she would be damned if she did not make the trade. In a few weeks she fell into melancholy, thought she had slipped away the day of grace, and about a month ago attempted to cut off her hand with a hatchet. A fortnight later she tried to commit suicide with a knife. She is now as dangerous to herself and all around her as a domestic cat who has intermittent fits of transformation into a royal Bengal tiger. When water is offered to her, she says vacantly, "Salvation as free as water, and I refused it! Why couldn't I trust the Lord? Why was I so wicked?"

Her physician is not only certain that the Tabernacle meetings caused her insanity, but that Harrison who conducted them is essentially insane and will do well if he keeps out of the asylum himself. Major Corwin, of the Tabernacle thought Harrison a second edition of Moccly, which is doubtless true, and said that seven hundred converts joined the church during his meetings.

Now since Talmage is sincerely searching for the Devil among the dance houses of Denver, we recommend him to buy a good-sized mirror, big enough for an ass to see his whole proportions in, and then let him explore the image there presented. The Brooklyn girl whose reason he has dethroned is perfectly logical in this respect, that if there were any truth in the fundamental conceptions of Christian theology, the world would be created and governed by a crazy God, and it would be the logical duty of every person who understood his divine government to harmonize with it as speedily as possible by becoming crazy. The poor girl's misfortune was that there was no calm, self-poised, sensible Atheist, Spiritualist, or other form of "Infidel," who had sufficient influence over her to show her that this Harrison was an ignorant concealing all the things he pretended to know, as an astrologer usually is of astrology; that the kind of god he was using to torture her soul with, had no more existence in the universe than an African woman's obi; that the most unpardonable sin the world was capable of containing, was the very process of soul-torture called Revival Preaching, which was dethroning her reason, and that salvation from sin was to be found in a path with which Jesus himself had but little acquaintance, viz: in the harmonical development of all human powers and faculties, the healthful exercise

of each of which must be both passionate and rational in order to be pure.

It would be a moderate punishment to a mountebank like Harrison, and might help to save him ultimately from the asylum, if he could be taken to the nearest ducking-pond and baptized into the trine name of reason, science and hygiene. It is a consolation to believe, however, that fifty years from now, both his theology and his methods will have been so completely expunged from the earth that they would be incapable of destroying the reason even of a rabbit, if they could be made known to that quadruped. Let us hope that poor Bertie Keneaster, is one of the last of the unfortunate who have been deluded into regarding the myths and barbarisms of theology as if they were seriously true. Had as hypocrisy, it is better to seem to believe a theology which we do not believe, than to actually believe it at the sacrifice of one's reason. If we ever felt the need of thanking God for anything, it would be for the gracious and saving efficacy of Christian hypocrisy. This interposing grace preserves Talmage himself from lunacy, and enables him to reap a large profit on the sale of the imaginary blood of Jesus. If he himself believed his gospel the prevalence of lunacy would be largely increased, and if his entire congregation believed it, it would have to be suppressed as a public nuisance.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Col. and Mrs. Eldridge are resting at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

Mrs. Simpson has returned from Colorado and is located again at No. 24 Ogden Ave. Wells Anderson, Spirit Artist, is located at 205 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. De Wolf, we hear, made some very able remarks under control at Dr. Wiggins' mediums' meeting, Aug. 1st.

Next Sunday evening, Silas Arthur, the musical medium, will hold a séance at the residence of Dr. Wiggins, No. 508 West Madison St.

Sadie M. Johnson, the indefatigable worker, has organized a mediums' meeting in Minneapolis, Minn., which meets Sunday afternoons.

Silas Arthur, the musical medium, now resides in this city, at No. 325 Prairie Ave. He gives an entertainment at St. Charles, Ill., August 26th.

We are glad to learn that Miss May Shaw has returned to the city with health much improved. She is a good medium, and has made many hearts happy with her excellent tests.

The first edition of "Spiritual Harmonies," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, and "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" by Giles B. Stebbins, have been exhausted. Another edition will be out soon, when all orders will be filled.

The Rev. John Morse, a clergyman of Dexter, Me., has been suspended by church council because of "his frisky and mullah spirit of perversity." This is supposed to correspond to murder in the second degree.

The Unitarians of Hungary have 7,744 scholars in elementary schools, 775 in the three gymnasia of Transylvania, and 13 theological students. They are active and aggressive, and are adding to their numbers.

Some of the Indians of the West are exceedingly fearful of spirits. They believe that the ghost sometimes strikes individuals, who always sustain some injury thereby. Paralysis and like diseases are the result of these spiritual blows; the victims frequently or always die.

Lyman O. Howe will speak at Merriam's Grove, near Byron, N. Y., Aug. 22nd. At Horse Heads, N. Y., Aug. 20th, (annual meeting) at Little Valley, N. Y., in Champlain's new Hall, Sept. 10th, and expects to attend the Free-thinkers meeting at Horellville, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th.

A detachment of the Salvation Army, with Haskell in charge, has reached Kansas City, Mo.; they have been at Merriam Park, a station on the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Galveston Road, where a camp meeting is in session. Gen. Haskell is accompanied by half a dozen females, most of them St. Louis recruits, and he vows he will camp at Kansas City three months on his return.

D. D. Home has been very ill. For some days it was thought by all his friends about him that he must take leave of his frail body, but we are glad to learn that he is gaining strength though very slowly. We can only spare such noble mediums at this time, and we hope he will stay with us here for many years to come; his work is an important one.

The Garden of Eden of the Indians of Dakota seems to have been situated in the Black Hills, where the earliest scene recorded in their annals transpired. A medicine lodge crowned the summit of one of the hills. A buffalo cow was there; she in some way proved a benefactress of the race. Owning, probably, to superstitious ideas connected with them, the Black Hills have ever been fondly cherished by the Dakotas.

The Illinois Indians formerly offered up a small dog when a child happened to be sick upon a day when there was much thunder, supposing the latter to be a cause of the malady. Many accidents, like confusions, were attributed to this angry god and some tribes did bloody sacrifices of propitiation, often burning to death their own children. Statements that the Indians adored the thunder, however, seem to be erroneous. It was the cause of the thunder that they worshiped, and before which they

burned tobacco and buffalo meat, or cut off the joints of their fingers or threw their children into the fire when they were overcome with fear.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

The celestial harmonies descended on our beautiful drive last Sunday. The morning sun, the divine music of the band and the woods full of brilliantly adorned tents and cottages, made happy the faces of the campers. From two hundred and fifty tents and cottages, and from excursion trains and hundreds of farm wagons, poured forth the multitude to listen to the address of Capt. H. H. Brown and A. A. Wheelock. The Fitchburg band discoursed classical music for an hour before each lecture. The lecture of Capt. Brown will appear in full in our columns some time in the future. It was treated with unusual pith and spirit. His ringing sentences upon the importance of doing something practical to build up higher living among Spiritualists, meeting with a hearty sympathy.

Among the new features at the lake this year, is a \$10,000 hotel, some forty new cottages, a reservoir of water supplied by steam power from divers wells, and the opening up of twenty acres of new grove called the Highlands, which is nearly covered with tents and cottages. No year before has the lake had so many noted mediums; among whom are Horatio and William Eddy, Henry H. Allen, Rothermel and Keeler, C. E. Watkins, Mrs. Nellie Nelson, Mrs. Carrie E. B. Thwing, Dr. Arthur Hodges, Dr. W. L. Jack, Miss Jennie Hogan, Dr. W. A. Towne, Dr. J. M. Weeks, Dr. H. R. Fairfield and Dr. George Dillingham. Among the *Pines* is the name of the new daily paper published here, J. Chappel, of Philadelphia, editor; F. L. Stator, of Jacksonville, Va., proprietor.

At the dedication of Geo. W. Seaman's cottage on the Highlands last Thursday evening, Mr. Chappel read a most exquisite poem from the pen of Richard Realf, entitled, "Indirection," a copy of which I enclose for you. A beautiful hanging lamp was presented at the dedication of Geo. Dillingham's cottage, Friday evening. Mrs. Morse, of Boston, knows to so many as keeper of a Spiritualist's home, is here. Having a severe attack of illness last week, she employed the magnetic healer, Dr. Towne, with flattering success.

Mrs. Hope Whipple, President of the Woman's Social Science Association, N. Y., spoke with admirable taste and ability at the Conference meeting on Saturday, upon the practical work that should be the outgrowth of the spiritual philosophy.

We were glad to greet the face of Col. Bundy at our camp ground on Saturday. The Colonel was heartily received by President Beale and other officials, and he expressed much pleasure in observing the efforts made by the Lake Pleasant Camp meeting to encourage all true mediums and to give the cold shoulder to all false ones.

John F. Arnold and wife, of North Adams, are stopping at the beautiful cottage of Mr. Pierce, of Providence. Mr. Arnold, by his rare conversational powers, entertains numerous listeners on the hotel piazzas, evenings. Mr. Arnold, it will be remembered, was candidate for Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts with Gen. Butler a year or two since.

Oh, how magnificent! says one. Splendid! says another when the band opened the afternoon concert, Sunday. They were right. Here is the programme:

March, Independence, Bagley; Overture, Oberon, Weber; Cujus Animus, Stabat Mater, Rossini; Selection, Tannhauser, Wagner; Spring Flowers, Baquet; Air, Marie, Clarinet Solo, W. M. Watt, Bréant; Selection, Les Cloches de Corneville, Plauquette; Cavatina, Euphonium Solo, H. Powell, Demersman; Selection, Lucia, Donizetti; Finale, Selected.

Your readers can judge that if well executed, the music must be fine. A. A. Wheelock's stentorian voice in the afternoon, Sunday, more than filled the vast auditorium. Many sitting in tents on the brow of the hill hearing him easily. His lecture we will not report as a full abstract of it has already been forwarded to you. There were 4,000 people on the grounds Sunday, an immense number for the first day.

At a séance of the Eddys last week there appeared what purported to be the materialized form of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Edward M. Stanton, Gen. Thomas Col. Orr, Col. Jim Fisk, also an ancient Peruvian, who was nearly seven feet high. Mediums were promised to a young medium for over two years, and the realization of the promise was a great gratification to him.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

Forepaugh's Show.

Mr. Forepaugh's great circus and menagerie is to be exhibited at lake front in this city, for one week, every afternoon and evening, commencing Aug. 10th. He undoubtedly has the best exhibition of the kind now traveling, and those who do not visit it will miss a rare treat. Among the many attractions are the following:

15 trained elephants of all ages, sizes and sex, all appearing at the same time; Zulla, the famous French aerialist, riding a velocipede between sky and earth and wheeling her babe over an invisible wire, 100 feet in mid-air, crossing the high wire, 90 feet from the ground, and blindfolded, also with her feet encased in sacks; a human being shot from a monster cannon loaded with powder, and caught by a lady hanging head downward on the lofty trapeze; trained giraffes, lions, tigers, and 50 performing Arab horses, and the first and only mammoth circus in two rings, with 100 peerless performers, and the largest menagerie in the universe, with 1,500 wild beasts, including leopards, hippopotamus, monster 6-ton rhinoceros, sea lions, and colonial trained wild beast show.

Business Notices.

Use Kidney-Wort and rejoice in health. One package makes six quarts of Medicine.

All practitioners should attend the Progressive Physicists Convention, 9th of September, at 256 Longworth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$200 REWARD—CATARRH CURE.—Some people would rather be humbugged than to get "value received" for their money. Hence it is that such persons run after false and pretended cures for catarrh, forgetting that Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy is so positive in its effects, that its former proprietor advertised it for years throughout the United States under a positive guarantee, offering \$200 reward for an incurable case, and was never called upon to pay this reward except in two cases. This remedy has acquired such a name that a branch office has been established in London,

England, to supply the foreign demand for it. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

UNABLE TO BREATHE THROUGH NOSE.

PORTLANDVILLE, Iowa, March 11th, 1879.

DR. H. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Some time ago I bought a Doan's Catarrh Remedy, and commenced to use them. The aches and pains in my nose, throat and catarrh from which I have been for so long a sufferer, have entirely left me with their use. I feel like a new man as well as look like one. For four years I was unable to breathe through my nose. From the use of the Catarrh Remedy I can now do so freely. Your medicines I know to be all that they are represented to be. I thank you and the gentlemen connected with him.

Gratefully yours, WATSON SMITH.

SEALD LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, No. 1227 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$3 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular. 51-23U

IMPORTANT TO THE SICK.—Send your address and two three cent stamps and receive by return mail valuable information free. Address Mrs. O. A. Bishop, 15 N. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

THE WONDERFUL HEALING AND CATHARTIC.—Diagnose by letter—Enclose lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name age and sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts. Circulars of testimonials and system of practice sent free on application. Address, Mrs. C. M. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 2310 Boston, Mass.

HIGH PRICED BUTTER.—Mr. A. W. Cheever, Editor of *New England Farmer*, owns a fine dairy and gets a high price for fine butter. In an editorial, Nov. 16, he remarks: "The Perfect Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., we have used for several years, and have found nothing equaling it, although we have tested about everything of the kind made in this or the old country. It should entirely supersede carrow, and all preparations of Anatto." Sold by Druggists.

THE SUMMER SOLUTION.—One great reason why hot weather is so debilitating lies in the fact that the body is exhausted by the labors of the year. Indeed, it is natural that this should be so. In order, therefore, to resist this tendency to exhaustion it only becomes necessary to re-invigorate the body which can readily be done by one or two bottles of Dr. Saxe's Safe Tonic. This remedy, as being extensively used by physicians for this purpose and is for sale by druggists in all parts of the world.

Reader, the price of my book, *The Truths of Spiritualism*, is 50 pages of startling facts together with my photo, in now only one dollar and fifty cents. You need the book and photo. We need the money. Come and help us in an hour of trial. Remit us one dollar and fifty cents post office order on Chicago, Ill., and we will mail the book and photo at once. Direct to me, box 64, Lombard, DuPage county, Ill.

E. V. WILSON.

SPIRITUALISTS AND REFORMERS west of the Rocky Mountains, can be promptly and reliably supplied with their books and papers by addressing their orders simply to "Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal." Catalogues and circulars mailed free. Also, a table of books and papers, kept by Mrs. Snow, always to be found at the Spiritualist meetings in San Francisco.

Mrs. D. JOHNSON, Artist, 713 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis. Water Color Portraits a specialty.

CLAIMANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOOK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examine the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES. 27-15

Passed to Spirit-Life.

At Oswego, Ill., on the evening of August 3rd, 1880, Mrs. Loretta Brown, widow of Daniel Amley, Esq., passed away at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, she being the last member of a large family.

Mother Amley had been a member of the Baptist church for many years, but during the past few years, she had become a Spiritualist. She learned to recognize the presence of spirits, and was able to communicate with them. She was a very kind and loving woman, and her death was a great loss to her family. Her funeral was held on August 5th, and she was buried in the cemetery at Oswego, Ill.

It was my privilege to speak to the friends upon that occasion, and to give them the consolation that is found only in the spiritual philosophy. I explained to them the nature of the soul, and the way in which it survives death. I also explained the nature of the spiritual world, and the way in which the soul can be reunited with its body.

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[illegible]

(Oneet Bay Dot)

REPORTER.—You state the case thus far in such a way as to wholly ignore the personal influence you are generally credited with in creating this sentiment and applying it to the remedial.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

MR. CULVER STOOD BEFORE HIM
hot more than six feet distant, and as natural
more as he had seen him dozens of times in
the study. It did not occur to him that Mr.
Culver was dead, and that his body had
been buried. As soon as he looked up, Mr.
Culver said in his familiar tones: "I want
to see you." "I want to see you," said
Pearl. "I want to see you with me." Mr.
Forecourt says that he asked: "Do you think
it would be better for her to go than to stay
here? Have you any knowledge of future
events which might befall her on earth?"
"No, I have not," Mr. Culver replied, "but
I want her with me. I want to her to
be called her, and she lifted up her hand
and cried for papa. I know she wants to
come."

Mr. Forscutt is pastor of a congregation whose worshipers under the appellation of Latter-day Saints, in the Crystal block, at 619 West Lake street. He believes in accordance with his denomination that spirits are permitted by God to assume mortal shapes and reveal themselves to their friends, but says this is the first experience of his in receiving one who has departed this life. Mr. Gulver had come to be quite intimate with him before his death, and on that ground he accounts for his appearing before him. Mr. Forscutt maintains that he never had a more real experience in his life, and laughs at the idea that it could have been imaginary. — *Chicago Times*.

D. A. Wasson, at the Concord School of Philosophy, said the other day: "That only is true freedom which is law and liberty at once; that only is perfect moral life in which obligation and choice are made one." We commend this idea to the "personal liberty-ites."—*Exchange.*

MIDDLETOWN, O. J. H. FORESTER, M. D.

Centuries of Triumph.

Over Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Bowel Complaints, and various female and nervous disorders has immortalized the Sclater Spa, and these victories are now repeated throughout the world by Hermann's Mineralwasser Sclater Spa, containing all the elements and producing all the happy results of the Great German Spring. Thirty to forty doses

WANTED Agents for the life of GARFIELD by the famous war correspondent "CARL OX" (C. C. Conn). "most consider men in the country to

Union College of Law,
CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO, Ill.
Full term begins Sept. 21. For Circulars address HENRY
DOUTH, Chicago, Ill.

FREE GIFT! *Alcove my Medicine*
Send me a free copy of *Go to the Sun* for
Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Sore Throat, or Nasal
Obstruction. It is elegantly printed and illustrated; 144 pages,
2000 words. It is the most complete, serious, and reliable
little book on the subject of the lungs. Send name and post-office address, with six cents
paid for mailing. The book is invaluable to persons suffering
with any ailment of the Wind, Throat or Lungs. Address
Dr. H. B. WULFE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

State the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

SOUL-READING,
Or Psychometric Delineation of Character.
MRS. A. B. SYKES would respectfully announce to those who wish and will send their autograph or feet of palm to her, that she has prepared a new and complete line of leaflets containing full and complete information as to the following traits of character, intellectual and spiritual faculties with directions for self-improvement; marked changes of character and present and future; the influence of friends, marriages and hints to the theosophically married; adaptation to business and business advice; also important instructions for the soul, social and domestic life, and for the children.

NEW special attention given to medical examinations and diagnosis. Address paper sent in certain cases with special names.

Over twenty years of constant employment by the public have enabled Mrs. Sykes to become one of the world's most successful mediums.

Full and complete Delineation, Medical and Spiritual.

Full and complete Delineation, Medical Examination, Medical Section, Paper and Directions for use. \$1.00 and four-cent stamps.

Address: Mrs. A. B. Sykes, 177 West 11th St., New York City.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 15, 1903.

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from retail prices, and we warrant the letter press and contents to be in as good condition at when first published.

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Study the following list, make your selections and order at once.

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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING.

Second Week of the Gathering.

Again have the pilgrims assembled at this lovely grove where Mother Nature has planned so beautifully for such an assemblage, and the throngs of people seem greater. The intense interest manifested by the audiences that listen with such earnest, thoughtful attention to the speakers, shows that the higher phases of our movement, the moral, spiritual and religious unfoldment, are finding an abiding place with an increasing number of souls who have passed from the external phenomena to that of the unseen and eternal verities.

Saturday, Aug. 14th, was cloudy and bodied an unpleasant day, but it was cool and pleasant. The incoming trains brought many thousands of people, and all the tents and cottages are stretched to their utmost capacity. Saturday afternoon Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith occupied the rostrum. This faithful and long-tried worker was filled with all of the old-time fire and inspiration which made her labors so acceptable to the people everywhere in the earlier days. Mrs. Smith is always dignified and womanly, and her public utterances are filled with a broad charity for all past forms of faith, that have away and molded human thought. She is imbued with a deep religious fervor and a loving child-like faith in the presence and power of the Spirit-world to uplift the great throbbing heart of humanity to a higher and diviner plane. Our cause needs many more such faithful, earnest women, who live in the sacredness of the home, the lofty faith and holy inspiration born of true loving souls!

Before her lecture she invoked the presence of the good and true souls who had entered the eternal home, and also sent out the aspiration of her soul to the All-Father, that we might feel his love and blessing permeating our inner lives, which would bring that peace to human souls that passeth all understanding. She said: "I think we are all conscious that the best thought of the age is becoming baptized with the influx of spiritual truths, and that the true scientist and philosopher, and also the honest Materialist, sees in the higher aspects of our faith a solution of many perplexing problems that have been brought down to us from past ages and old forms of faith, and it behooves us all to be profoundly earnest in reaching out for the light and love that are coming down to us from the immortal shores. The thoughtful men and women everywhere are giving our philosophy a close study, and our phenomena are challenging the true men of science to examine the same and see if the unknown laws and forces are not greater than the visible; for they ask the churches and they find an empty voice. Science as yet fails to comprehend this power of spirit over matter. We welcome all friends of progress, and all friends of a true religion, and invite them to join hands with us in the irrefragable covenant with materialism." She urged the audience to live pure lives and to strive more earnestly for the gifts of the spirit.

In closing she paid a most eloquent and fervid tribute to that battle-scarred veteran, E. V. Wilson, who has just passed to his heavenly home where all trial and sorrow are known no more. Mr. Wilson was at this camp meeting last year and did great service by his morning conferences, and stances every evening, converting many skeptics by his wondrous spiritual powers.

A very large and appreciative audience greeted Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York City, Sunday morning, who, after being received with general applause by the vast audience, said: "Mr. President and friends, I feel this morning that I stand in inspiring presence. This large assemblage and others in different parts of our country, are typical of the great interest manifested in our cause, its phenomena and philosophy, and my address to you is upon the 'Present

Outlook of Spiritualism.' It is not claiming too much to say, that in no period of human history have the truths of inspiration and revelation been so well known or so widely disseminated as at the present time. These truths constitute, indeed, a body of spiritual philosophy at once profound and practical, for it is not as a mere addition to the map, theory or speculation in the world that they have been given to us, but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind.

"The terms 'Inspiration' and 'Revelation' have hitherto been used in a very loose way, as implying something mysterious and abnormal, but in the light that has been shed upon recipient minds during the last few years, these words become the definite representatives of truths as reducible to law as the simplest phenomena of the physical universe."

The speaker illustrated the force of his argument by many facts in the past history of the world, and showed that inspiration was universal to all who would place themselves receptive to these higher influences. "My friends," the speaker said, "ideas rule the world," and he traced the ideas that had molded and shaped human thought, and how this influx of inspiration and revelation came to humanity, it being just as impossible to resist their influx, when the time comes for them, as to stay the progress of the tide. He contrasted the ideas of old theology and modern revelation, and claimed that Spiritualism and the pure doctrines of Christ and Buddha, were synonymous.

He showed by his argument that inspiration is "a breath from heaven," a spirit influence acting upon men's minds, impressing them with ideas, thoughts and emotions and stimulating them to activity, but revelation is a direct communication of knowledge from the spirit spheres, by intelligences acting through intermediaries, and in such a way as to be recognized as beyond, or independent of, the mind which they impress and control. Inspiration is universal and unceasing; revelation is occasional and temporary.

"That model theologian, Mr. Joseph Cook, did not quite perceive the magnitude of the admission he made when he said that Spiritualism is a perfect cure for materialism; for if such be the case (and we know that it is the case) then it is the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon mankind, and to suppose that such a boon emanates from the dread being who personifies evil, is an insult to logic, or even common sense; but while we can afford to smile at Mr. Cook's puerile logic, we must admire his boldness and candor in lecturing upon that dreadful topic, Spiritualism, to an evangelical audience and daring to narrate any of the facts. Thank God, that audience had the privilege of hearing even a few of the facts! The comments are nothing. Men in this age, more or less, think for themselves, and the reverend lecturer, without doubt, cast the seed of truth in much good soil."

"The Hebrew prophets poured forth their solemn notes of warning as inspiration taught them: bidding man turn from the debasing indulgence of sensual appetites. So our angel friends come to us in the present inspiration, and tell us that as we are good, pure and true, so will our inner life unfold through the ministrations of spiritual beings, and this obedience to Divine will is taught by the angels in this new dispensation, as it has ever been in those that have been previously given to mankind. To the child, that infinite soul, that absolute unconditioned intelligence, that supreme representative of creative love and wisdom, is known best by the simple but expressive name, Father! And an obedience to a Father's will conveys to his understanding all that the mature philosophic mind means by conformity to the universal laws of an infinite intelligence, to whom no one with clear conceptions ascribe personality, as we understand it, because universality is totally opposed to finite personality, and we cannot conceive unconditioned unlimited personality."

"But what matters it if we obey the laws of our being? Obedience is the great desideratum, and to induce this more than for anything else, the angels of this and every other dispensation have made their presence known to the world in revelations, and they constantly strive to impress men's minds by inspiration. Truth is universal and immutable, and an absolutely new revelation is therefore impossible. Spiritualism like Christianity comes to fulfill as well as to destroy; but Spiritualism is as yet without an authoritative or generally accepted definition; no two of us have the same facts or experiences, and we widely differ, and the inquirer and the skeptic ask, 'What has come of it? What are its doctrines?' The speaker in a logical manner showed what his own views were in regard to the scope of its philosophy, and urged among mediums a higher and holier consecration, and to Spiritualists a pure, living, loftier faith imbued with a true religious zeal, and a broader charity, and a more earnest study of the laws and forces governing mediumship, and the protection and support of all true mediums."

The speaker in conclusion showed by the words Buddha, Christ and the inspired utterances, of Miss Ixide Doten, that the truth came to no one age, people, or condition, and showed that the future of Spiritualism largely depended upon the application made by its believers, urging us to all reach out for the highest inspiration and true spiritual living. The large audience listened with earnest attention, and at the

close, greeted the speaker with hearty applause.

The afternoon exercises commenced at 3 p. m., with a fine instrumental concert by the Fitchburg band, after which the Grattan-Smith family gave one of their progressive songs. The singing is the best we have ever had upon the ground and gives universal satisfaction.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION INTRODUCES THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

The President, Dr. Beals, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to introduce to you Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago."

After the applause which greeted this announcement had subsided, Col. Bundy said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me inexpressible pleasure to meet with your Association on this lovely August Sabbath, in this beautiful retreat, to join with the assembled thousands congregated in the exercises of the occasion, to listen to the inspired utterances of your lecturers, and the soul-stirring music as it bursts forth, now from your splendid brass band, and now from the well trained Grattan-Smith family, those sweet singers who have so often added to the enjoyment of Spiritualist meetings in the West. Standing in this enchanting valley, lived up with lake and river, and skirted by the ever-green covered hills of Franklin county, it seems as though the place was made for the use of a Spiritualist camp. Franklin county! What a host of reminiscences of long ago come floating in with that name! When the western boundary of civilization was on a line that can now be reached in a few hours' ride, the voice of Jonathan Edwards was heard in this region, proclaiming his dismal doctrines. The inhabitants gathered in mournful assemblages and with funeral countenances sought to propitiate the wrath of a vengeful God. In those days my native State, Illinois, was an unknown and trackless prairie. Chicago, that mighty commercial centre, from whose immense warehouses and vast stockyards the products of the great West are distributed to the world, was yet in the womb of the future and the site which is now covered with business palaces, magnificent hotels, and where centre more railroads than at any other point in the world, was a wet prairie inhabited only by musquitos, deer and duck. What a wonderful change has been wrought in these years. Fifty millions of people scattered over the vast continent can communicate with one another, regardless of distance, in a few minutes of time. We can now pass with the speed of the wind, in palatial apartments and with perfect comfort, from Boston Harbor to the Golden Gate. There is now no bourne from which the traveller may not return. Our spirit friends have established lines of communication between the seen and the unseen world. With all this we are becoming a more intelligent, rational and happy people, having clearer ideas of duty and a better knowledge of the future life. In these days of rapid transit, telegraph, telephone and postal cards, the demand is for condensation, brevity, perspicuity and I shall respect this requirement in my remarks this afternoon.

"Spiritualism is dying out," says a professed follower of the Nazarene, as he stands in his New England pulpit and inveighs against the phenomena of to-day, forgetting that in denying spirit phenomena he is denying his Master's prediction made 1600 years ago, to the effect that mediumistic power should continue. "Spiritualism is fast being relegated to its proper place with the owls and bats," affirms the New York charlatan who passes for a scientist. If any there be so ignorant and foolish, or biased by theological prejudice as to believe these statements, they have only to make the rounds of the several Spiritualist camps to find how egregiously mistaken they have been. Let them go on this lovely Sabbath day to Nesheim Falls, and they will hear that grand old veteran, Samuel Watson, giving his testimony in support of Spiritualism, telling his hearers he finds in its phenomena and philosophy the light and wisdom which are now nearly buried out of sight in the Methodist church, within whose fold he so long and faithfully labored. From the same platform they will hear one of Massachusetts' sweet and lovely spirits in the person of Mrs. Brigham, giving forth in her limble manner the angelic inspiration which has for so many years helped her listeners to higher and better living. Let the scoffing minister and the supercilious scientist visit Onset Bay to-day and they will hear from the lips of that untiring traveler, J. M. Peebles, how Spiritualism is spreading throughout the world and hear him tell that he finds mediums and Spiritualists all the globe around. Go where he may, to the islands of the Pacific, far off Australia, Africa and Asia, he finds Spiritualism the great solvent which is purifying and regenerating the corrupt and effete religious systems of the race. On the rostrum beside the cultured Peebles, they will see Mrs. Shepard, who, coming from her quiet country home at the call of the angel-world, will discourse to the masses of wisdom far beyond her own unaided power. And here, beside this pleasant lake, within this splendid amphitheatre fashioned and ornamented by God's own hand, these cavillers would be dumfounded by the scholarly, earnest Kiddle. The magnetic fire of the eloquent

Lynn would burn away the cobwebs of their prejudiced understanding, light up their reason and warm their calloused hearts with the vivifying fervor of a new life.

No, my friends, Spiritualism is not dying out; it is spreading with irresistible force through all grades of society, it has already honeycombed the churches and radically modified pulpit utterances.

We need not be over anxious about adding to the number of avowed Spiritualists. However gratifying large numbers, great audiences and popular approval may be to our pride; such signs of success are not in themselves evidences of genuine spiritual growth. We as Spiritualists need to cultivate a desire for and knowledge of the higher aspects of Spiritualism rather than to continue our wandering through the wilderness of rudimentary facts. A higher Spiritual culture, a more profound and comprehensive knowledge of philosophy and ethics should be our aim. Unless we can conserve the wealth of spirit force now pouring down upon us, formulate it in science and philosophy, so that it can be utilized to its full extent, it will be dissipated, greatly to our loss and that of future generations. Conviction of the truth of spirit phenomena does not necessarily make a man better; indeed, it often makes him for the time being worse. Spiritualism being a synthesis of well attested phenomena, is just what every one chooses to make it: either a barren jumble of curiosities, or the very life-spring of an earnest, pure and undeffiled religion. It depends upon the state and nature of a man's own character and mind, and the care, vigilance and thought which he brings to the investigation, whether he make of Spiritualism the greatest blessing yet vouchsafed to humanity, or pervert it into a source of errors and misconceptions. With the great philosopher Fichte I believe Spiritualism offers the highest incentive to morality. Doing away with the old superstition of arbitrary rewards and punishments, it makes man the arbiter and planner of his own future, by showing that as he leaves this world he will enter the next—ennobled by his earthly discipline, or the victim of lost opportunities. How important it then becomes for us to rid ourselves of old theological errors and carefully guard against the tendency to fall into the superstitions of the past. Spiritualists there are, who once accepted the dogmas of the church, but now rejecting the same orthodox God and the vicarious atonement take to their hearts a thousand gods in the shape of, to them, infallible spirit guides, and instead of making one man a scapegoat for their shortcomings they throw the responsibility upon the spirit world, assuming that man is a mere automaton. This is only another form of the old superstition. Thanks to the rapidly developing reason among us, this passing away. Within the past few years, Spiritualism has evidenced a new trend. The tendency to lose sight of the Great Spirit, the Over Soul, in our devotion to legions of human spirits, is checked, and Spiritualists are by the law of adaptation gradually rounding out into a more perfect life.

We recognize the fact that man as a physical being adapts himself to and is the creature of his environment. This is equally true of man as a spiritual being. How important then does it become that our public and private lives, our spiritual meetings and enterprises of every description should be of the highest, purest type. The pathway of reform must be clear. True progress leads to purity and self-conquest. In the light of immortality our daily conduct has a new and momentous significance and evolves results that affect not only our individual lives as Spiritualists, but color the whole spiritual movement.

Man moves through life upon the line of least resistance, and I am gratified that the line of least resistance to the majority of Spiritualists is carrying them up to a higher plane of thought and action. I see this unmistakably evidenced by the general sentiment of the several camp meetings which I have attended within the past few weeks. I am encouraged and strengthened by my intercourse with you here at Lake Pleasant. I note with satisfaction the growing sentiment which demands that our phenomena must rest on a strictly scientific basis; that a phenomenon explainable in two ways is worthless as evidence of spirit intercourse.

I came among you knowing personally but few. I have met here the same cordial, hearty greeting from the officers of your Association and the people that I have received at Nesheim and Onset. I have absorbed new life and strengthened my convictions of the wisdom of the critical and analytical methods of investigation. I shall leave the green hills of Massachusetts and the hospitable, sympathetic souls assembled here, with a higher courage and firmer determination to do the work which may be given me. Truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth will continue to be my motto in the future, as in the past. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, she only asks a hearing. And may the prayer of each individual in this vast audience be—

"Infinite Truth, the life of my desires, Come from the sky, and join thyself to me: Thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see."

The audience listened with deep attention to the remarks of Col. Bundy, and greeted them with applause. Cephas B. Lynn followed with a lecture of something over

an hour. He first alluded to the large gathering which had assembled here, and of the illumination of the grounds on Saturday night, transforming the camp into a fairy land. He referred to the system of the Christian churches, and how some such systematic movement is necessary among Spiritualists to utilize their efforts to advance the common cause. He said that Spiritualism had advanced from antagonism to acceptance, and that in the near future, the Christian church in all its branches would have to accept our facts and philosophy, for it is on the one side Materialism, and on the other Spiritualism, and he urged upon the directory of the Association to put as much money into hiring speakers as they did for music, and to invite the theologian, the scientist, and the materialist, the best men and women of all branches of thought, to speak from this platform. He spoke of the enthusiasm that was now manifest, not only at Lake Pleasant, but at Nesheim and Onset Bay, which was good and proper, but there was also a solemnity resting upon the board of trustees and all of us gathered here, for we are between the North Pole of thought as represented by Robert G. Ingersoll, and the South Pole of orthodoxy as represented by Moody and Sanky, we occupy the middle ground, and we are to revolutionize the world—a revolution in science, theology and government. It has already modified theology and has set the world of science to studying our phenomena and the laws that produce them, and scientists like Zöllner and other German savants have found that immortality is as demonstrable as a problem of mathematics. Our theology and philosophy are what we make them by our lives and our intentional and spiritual growth. Mr. Lynn was greeted with frequent applause as he has many friends in camp.

President Beals announced that the association had tendered a

PUBLIC RECEPTION TO COL. BUNDY, which would take place at the hall of the association in the evening. At eight o'clock the hall was filled, many persons standing. President Beals said: "We have met here to tender to Col. Bundy a reception. As editor of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, he has nobly battled for the cause of Spiritualism, and as President of the association, I welcome him to Lake Pleasant. After the Grattan-Smith family have sung for us, Capt. H. H. Brown will give to Col. Bundy our address of welcome. Capt. Brown spoke in substance as follows:

"Col. Bundy, it is my pleasant duty to tender to you in behalf of the New England Camp Meeting Association, the hospitality of a large body of thoughtful and intelligent men and women who do their own thinking. We greet you as a representative of the Spiritual press. In the past, the pulpit and the press have largely influenced the world, and while the influence of the pulpit has largely decreased, owing to the dogmatism of an effete theology, the press has become an engine of great power, and while we thus tender you our thanks for the grand and noble work that you are doing, we will draw no invidious comparisons. We thank you for this western independence of yours. As a lecturer, I wish to thank you for clearing the platforms of our faith from the excrecences that have polluted it. This was a work that we could not do. We thank you for urging upon all Spiritualists to use common sense, to break away from that demon, Authority! I thank you as a medium, who for ten years has been in the public field, for your earnest friendship and defence of all true mediumship, and I also thank you for your efforts to purge our ranks of imposture and fraud. The time will come when mediumship will be recognized as a profession by the friends of Spiritualism and the general public; and character, as exemplified by pure lives and right living, will be demanded of all mediums; and above all and beyond all, that they give honest phenomena. When Spiritualists will arise in their might and say as with one voice, 'We will not condone fraud no more than the world will condone wrong doing.' We shall see a new life. We have sometimes differed as Spiritualists, but as a Spiritualist I would thank you for the great work that you are doing in elevating the cause. As a citizen I thank you for the example that you have given the secular press, as an independent editor, and to you as Spiritualists who are assembled here, I would say that the press reaches many homes as a silent messenger and brings glad tidings. Strengthen and sustain our editors in their work. Col. Bundy, by a friendly grasp of the hand, I would bind more closely the magnetic chain between this camp meeting and the great broad free West, and in closing let me ask that the angel world may sustain you, cluster around and cheer you; and may the great All-Father's love reach and bless you now and evermore."

The President called upon S. B. Nichols, who made a few brief remarks, urging upon us to sustain not only the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but the Banner of Light, and Olive Branch, and all other journals that do not pervert and misrepresent Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. H. Fletcher said: "I too, Col. Bundy, wish to thank you as a medium for your efforts to purify mediumship, and the defence of genuine phenomena. In this sitting out of the true from the false, there will be a great resting among the dry bones. Bro. Bundy, God bless you, and as you are

Continued on Eighth Page.

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

[CONTINUED.]

What is the climate of the country?

"The climate is temperate. They have cold times, though, but they are far apart; the oldest only see two or three of them. There was less salt on that world than on this. The people use none on their meat. The sun has a more yellow glare there, than it has here now. There are animals unlike any that we have. Here is one that looks like a combination of horse, llama and ass. It was not a ruminant and the hoof was undivided. It has no such mane as a horse and is more woolly."

We should place such an animal in the family of the Equidae.

"The people cut the hair for use. There were different species, some looking more like a lama and others more like a horse. They had short horns originally, but as the people did not desire horns they obtained eventually hornless breeds, while they increased in size."

"This is the same world that I have examined before, only this takes me much farther east than I have been before, or rather north of east. It must be 1,200 or 1,500 miles from the city where the people shine for copper. Salt became more plentiful as the ocean dried up. This was at an early time in the human history of this world."

There are many repetitions in these examinations, the psychometer seeing with different specimens similar localities with similar surroundings; various psychometers also seeing similar races and their surroundings. I know of no other way, however, of giving to the reader the evidence I have that Sideros was a real world and that human beings can now read its history. I think it will be seen by the critical reader that these independent examinations made by various meteorites and by different persons correspond with each other like the various parts of a dissected map. Separate they are disjointed and fragmentary, together they form a connected and harmonious whole.

METEORITE, TOLUCA, MEXICO.

"I get to a lake of fresh water eight or ten miles across. There are several islands on it. There is not much vegetation; moss seems to be about all. I get a sense of irregular motion and irregular sections. It is very cold sometimes. The atmosphere is rather thin. This specimen has been subjected to tremendous heat sometime. I am on the same globe where I saw the large temple. It does not take me to the same places, but I can go there. I see the same town."

It is probable that the early part of this examination refers to Sideros after all life was extinct; but the psychometer, not seeing anything of interest, goes back to a time when it was inhabited by man.

"I go to a kind of canyon, where two overhanging rocks make a sort of natural bridge. I see a small town on an island in the ocean. The people are brown and look like low-class Hindoos. They go nearly naked, except when it is cold. It does not seem to snow. There is a blue stone, thrown up by the ocean. Some of the stones have a white streak in them. They hunt them to dispose of to lighter colored people that come in boats. They give them iron weapons and cloth in exchange for them. They gather also a beautiful kind of shell that the light-colored people use for ornaments in their houses."

"They have a great wooden idol that they worship. It is in a building covered with some kind of cane and open all round. I think they kill human beings for sacrifices back in the island. There do not seem to be more than three or four thousand of them. Their feet are different from ours—half hands, with toes far apart."

There was an ocean on Sideros, its only ocean, rudely corresponding with the Atlantic on our planet; the island occupied by the people just described lay to the northwest in the ocean, corresponding in some measure to the position of Newfoundland in the Atlantic. As Sideros advanced toward its most perfect condition these people became extinct. The lighter colored people lived farther to the west on a continent.

"The sun seems larger than ours; the heat is quite uncomfortable at times. The days seem longer than ours. There is not a great change in the seasons. There are but few people on this globe; there are immense tracts unoccupied; they are elevated and the air is very thin. Islands seem to be the best places to live on."

The time represented by this examination may be three or four million years ago, and at that time, when Sideros was in that part of its orbit nearest to the sun, it probably looked larger than it does here at this time, and the weather may at times have been uncomfortably warm. Islands were the best places to live on, for the air was denser on them as a rule.

"The brown and white people, who look more like Caucasians than any others I have seen, fight together. The white people throw barbed wheels out of slings that go whistling through the air. They can hit a man's head at a distance of 100 yards. They poison them sometimes. They use explosive and acids in fighting with these savages, who were a mean and treacherous people. They use explosive arrows, filled with something like wet sulphur. There are others that strike and blaze. They use large iron bolts about three feet long that look like immense arrows without points that are shot from vessels by a spring. They soon clean the savages out. There is a great deal of the main land around this ocean that is uninhabited. The light people have ships that go without sails. I do not think they have done much fighting."

"This world looks very old. There are mountains here many miles high. Some have white tops, but the highest have no snow on them. There seems to be a mark beyond which the snow does not go. The atmosphere is denser near the ocean than it is here."

I think it is questionable whether the atmosphere of Sideros during its human occupancy was ever as dense as it is on our own globe at the sea level, and this is the opinion of the psychometer, as I call his attention to it now. It must be extremely difficult to compare the density of the two atmospheres.

A WHITE PEOPLE ON SIDEROS.

"The white people seem to have good teeth, all of them. The side of the head does not seem as full as with us. The forehead is very well developed. They do not seem to have much veneration. I think they must be materialists. They have an idea of religion I see, but no superstition. They recognize a supreme power and believe in a future state of existence, but do not seem to trouble themselves about it. The back head seems too small. The people are remarkably healthy. I see many old men among them, and very few children die. They eat very little flesh. They do not gorge themselves, though they take a long time at their meals. They have round tables. They have lemonade, made out of some kind of fruit, and nuts and a fruit like the grape, but the leaves are different. The bread looks yellow, but the meal is fine. I think they must sit for two hours at a meal. They sit upon seats that turn round like a piano stool; they eat and then talk and joke and laugh and eat again. No cooking is done in the houses. The dishes are put in a box with wheels and when the meals are over

they are run out of doors. The cooking is done at a large establishment. I see them cooking grapes by the ton. Each house has grounds, but they are not fenced off from the others. The towns are not so large as ours. The people like to live together, but they will not be crowded. None work very hard. Underneath the temple is a hall where many people meet. They have very fine automatic, piano-like music."

There were two classes of "white people" on Sideros, one living farther to the west, who were comparatively ignorant and superstitious; and another on a gulf, about 1,000 miles east of them, that were remarkably intelligent, free and destitute of superstition. I think the latter are the people described in this examination.

I think it probable that the following examination of the Palmsville meteorite by Mrs. Hubbard refers to the brown race previously described, at an early period in their history. She was unaware at the time that the specimen was meteorite.

"Strange forms come before me, but they go so quickly. I can hardly describe them. I can see now what look like human beings, but they are not like our people; they make motions to express themselves and use no language that I can perceive; merely these molting and hideous noises. They run with great agility; they have scarcely any clothing on; their heads slope back; they are shorter than average persons here and are of a brownish appearance. They subsist on what they find in hunting."

"This is a rocky and mountainous region; one high mountain runs up to a peak; inferior, stunted trees grow upon it. I see a little hut made of brush and things picked up. The people who live in it have the feeling that it is their home. They seem destitute of human intelligence. They run like deer and leap over dangerous places readily."

It is not surprising that low races of men should be found on Sideros; the most surprising thing is that races as well developed as some of them are could ever have come into existence there. Judging from many examinations that have been made, the brown race had at one time a much wider range; and the place where also sees them, seems to have been on the eastern or north eastern side of the one great ocean of Sideros and north of the region occupied by the copper and iron miners, with whom she comes in contact before the close of the examination.

"Now I see a large body of water. These people make an effort to talk, but there is no articulation. They eat fish and everything uncooked. Their hair is black and hangs down. They have small features and small heads. I feel as if I was right there with them."

I said, will yourself further this way in time and see them farther advanced.

"I seem to be now on the top of a mountain; there is a chasm below that looks fearful to me; it is an immense distance down. I see a place now like a low building in which men live; it is long and low. I see no woman there. I see what look like mining implements, pick axes and such like. The people seem to work metal in some way; it seems like iron. I see an anvil. They have fire and heat iron. The place does not seem like a blacksmith's shop, but they work iron here. These seem more like our people, but they are tawny, a yellowish brown. There is a mine here where they get the metal out. It seems mountainous all around."

A TOWN DESCRIBED.

The yellowish race, which seem to have been the most enlightened, had many battles with a brown race or "Arab-like" race, living principally in the northern part of a continent, corresponding in some respects with Europe, having a large interior sea to the south of it, not very unlike the Mediterranean, and which may be called the Medisiderian Sea. The yellow race occupied, at the period covered by most of the examinations, the entire border land of this sea, and the valleys of several rivers, and among them the largest on Sideros, which poured their waters into this sea. The following examination by Mr. Cridge is of the Iowa, Iowa Co., meteorite. The nature of the specimen was known.

"I see a town on a hill in a wide valley; it is surrounded by a high wall for protection. The country looks a good deal like Southern California, but the mountains are not as high. There is a brown people here, like Jews or Arabs, a fighting race attacking the city, which is occupied by yellow people. They have an engine that throws out large hot rocks, very rapidly and with great force, by means of springs. They are hard pushed; they have but little to eat; the women look blue. The brown fellows try to get over the wall, but are shot by explosive arrows. The people fight like Indians. There are people 80 miles off coming to help those in the city, but they do not hurry."

"There is a tower in the city, from which streams of electricity are sent up every now and then for signal. The party now 20 miles off, 400 or 500 picked men, start off on the trot. They have bows and arrows and a sword about three feet long, which they carry in a sheath. They are bare-footed, the ground is hard and dry, and they move rapidly. They get there before night is over; the nights are long. The savages were just attacking the tower when assistance came. These in the tower came out, when they saw the help and together they made them fly, though they fought well, but they had poor weapons; they are made of copper and lead."

"It did not hurt those men to move rapidly. They have brought carts full of grain with them, drawn by little oxen. They are not much larger than a donkey, but they pull as much as one of our oxen. They pull by straps and the shoulder. There is a smooth rock road part of the way."

"There is a great deal of copper ore near here. The people run it into bars 10 feet long, 2 feet wide and 6 inches thick. They break these into pieces and forge them into little bars. They do things in a very primitive way, yet they seem civilized."

The following examination of a Palmsville specimen evidently refers to the same people, but at a time when they were less mixed with superior races.

"I think this is a different race from all that I have yet seen. They have a dark complexion, and I think they are short in stature. The lower jaw protrudes more than in any other people I have seen on Sideros. They fight with and rob some people farther down the river. They keep a long necked, rather large coarse woolled sheep, as large as a yearling calf. They cultivate the ground and raise a kind of grain."

"I see a town with a wall all around it, 40 feet high. The men dress in dark half-cloth mostly. They wear a kind of baggy pants, like the Zouaves. Their shoes are partly of wood and partly of leather or skin, soles of wood, and tops of skin. The people seem to be gloomy and superstitious; the women are smaller and slimmer than the men. They have wavy long hair and wear flowers in it. The men wear full beards. They are all dark-complexioned, with black hair and dark eyes. They cannot build very well, but everything is very strong. Strength first, beauty next seems to be their motto. They make me think of Jews and somewhat of Spaniards. There is a large, flat country below them, where the yellow people dwell. It is a river basin, like that of the Mississippi. I can see canals in this valley; the boats are not drawn by animals."

ELECTRICAL VESSELS.

To the south of the region occupied by the brown people, who are said to have resembled Arabs or Jews and who may be called Syrio Siderians, was a rich mining country abounding with copper ore and native iron, once held by the brown race, when in a condition similar to that described in the two preceding examinations, but eventually secured by the yellow race, who seem in some respects to have resembled the Japanese; and may be called Japonians. The psychometer next described a town occupied by them, at the mouth of a river flowing from the metallic region, and on the north side of the Medisiderian Sea, and the vessels that sailed from it.

"I see a town at the head of a large inlet, where the sea has run into an immense crevice. It is quite a fertile region round here. Copper is brought to this place and loaded into vessels, which are 40 or 50 feet long; they have sails with an immense spread of canvas. There are two little wheels near the middle of the boat. They run either way; the wheels move very rapidly. I do not think there are any furious winds here; they must be much less violent than ours."

(To be Continued.)

Demoniacal Spiritualism.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There was a time, Mr. Editor, when the earth was the center of the universe, and the sun with all the host of the heavenly bodies existed merely as "lights" to illumine it by day and by night, the sun performing some remarkable feat, like legions of angels, regularly once in twenty-four hours, after sinking below the horizon in the west, whereby it made its appearance in the morning in the east; at least it seems this must have been so, for did not all the world believe it? And did not the Bible teach it, and all phenomena lend confirmation to the belief. Why, if the world turned over, all the water would be spilled off, and people would be standing upon their heads upon nothing, if they were not spilling off too; and so, in sheer mockery to the human race and to terrestrial nature and to save time-honored doctrines, the priesthood, that had such matter in charge, burned the books of Copernicus (it was the best that could be done, for the deluded man was dead before his books were distributed) imprisoned Galileo and burned Bruno and hosts of others. The sentiment, that what has been believed must continue to be, and there can be no new light on questions settled by common consent and by church decrees, thus vindicated, it would seem that the vexed question might have rested; but it was like Hamlet's ghost, it would not down; and so, in process of time, it appears that a mighty somersault took place in the universe of revolving worlds, or in the opinions of mankind at large, for now the sun is the acknowledged centre of a single system of space, and earth a very small member of the infinite family of worlds.

Witchcraft and demonism have been the main elements in the religion of many low races, from time immemorial; and to-day, all religions acknowledge the existence of devils and evil spirits or angels, that interfere with human beings, expressly for their harm. This belief being nearly universal, and also being sustained (apparently) by phenomena, must be true; for so mankind have reasoned since the world began. In days of yore, old women did ride the air on broomsticks, and transform themselves into cats, lizards, etc., impelled to and aided in this by evil spirits or the prince of devils that they might torment their neighbors; for this was the belief of the "wisest" teachers of the people and of the people themselves, and strange phenomena were at the root of this sentiment. In this day—for so says the church and its wise teachers—the devil tempts men to all sorts of sin they commit; and the poor innocents are to be punished eternally for doing what they cannot avoid under the power of an enemy against whom they have no protection, subtle, invisible, omnipresent. And this under the government of an Omnipotent God, "who will have mercy and not sacrifice," but who made man and placed him at once in the power of this fiend.

Or, we have fiends innumerable, spirits invisible, malignant, bent upon evil, clothed with power to go about wherever they will, possessing or obsessing whomsoever they will—little children, pure, high-minded persons, with whom association with depravity would be unbearable unless compelled or suffered voluntarily for a philanthropic purpose, by no law of restraint whereby the weak, the innocent and unsuspecting, can be protected, vile kept within bounds, and the vicious restrained from propagating a pestilential miasm more deadly than that of the Egyptian plague. And this according to a system that claims to be the religion of reason, of justice, of humanity; that teaches human progress and the guardianship of spirits; makes the second or spiritual state of existence higher than the first or material state, places it a step in advance of the latter, and spirits who have laid aside the mortal in advance of physical man, from having thrown off the clog of materiality, and also from the fact of their possessing superior advantages in having teachers and helpers whose wisdom and experience must in the nature of things place them far in advance of any of earth, whose short day of life and of experience in dealing with its problems are insufficient for their perfect training in all that constitutes the qualified guidance of society. O consistency, thou art a jewel! But then, all this must be so, for the dominant sentiment among Spiritualists confirms it, phenomena (seemingly) confirm it, and the belief of mankind in every age does the same. We shall be heterodox if we question the reality or reliability of all the visions and sayings of so-called seers and mediums and hesitate to concede that all that is claimed to be of spiritual origin is such, as originating from spirits unclothed of flesh, controlling media; and why should we not be cast out of the synagogue of heretics "false dreamers," whose doctrines are pestilential as being different from those of the mass of believers? By the way, such heterodoxy is becoming so common that the stability of some of the old established doctrines of Spiritualism, is being threatened, and it is barely possible that there may be an overturning, by and by, as when the sun and earth changed places in the Solar System.

My attention has been particularly called to this subject at this time by an article in the JOURNAL of July 10th, by J. Mendenhall, entitled, "Evil Spirits, Obsession," etc., in which he takes W. E. Coleman and myself to task for the advocacy of certain doctrines he claims we both hold in opposition to the great mass of believers, to the teachings of the wise in all ages, and the general belief of mankind from time immemorial. Now, if we two lived in an age and country wherein the inquisition was brought to bear to settle matters of faith, we might be in great danger; but as it is, what aspirations we may have for martyrdom must go unsatisfied, and what we suffer must be from the pens of such well meaning critics as the above named writer. I beg leave to caution the critic against misrepresenting the opinions of those he criticizes. I respectfully point the readers of the JOURNAL to my writings on this subject, found in the pamphlet, "Spiritual Philosophy versus Diabolism," "Real Life in Spirit Land," and the third vol. "Principles of Nature," where it will be found that the teachings are very different in important respects than represented by my critic. I teach of no "jumps" from life, but the opposite; of no sudden change at death which transforms the ignorant and vile into angels of light. Neither do I teach that uneducated spirits do not interfere in the affairs of men in this flesh, but, on the contrary, maintain that the confusion of doctrine, the disorders that appear in Spiritualism are in a great measure due to the fact that such do thus interfere; that many spirits who attempt to do a work for mankind are incompetent to do a good work, as many in the flesh are who attempt to do the same. An undeveloped spirit is not necessarily an evil spirit. A spirit may be ignorant, morally weak and inclined to retaliate on those whom he believes have injured him, and whom he is satisfied need correction and warning from the spiritual side of life, to cause them to for-

bear from their evil deeds, least retribution dire visit them, or lest others suffer through their means; and this spirit may be permitted to communicate with men in the flesh if not prompted by malignity, but by a sense of wrong that calls for opportunity of making itself understood, that justice may be done ultimately. The following remark occurs in P. of N.: "Spirits become the avengers of blood," etc. They haunt houses and display phenomena to individuals and circles that are calculated to arouse remorse in the criminal and prove a warning to evil doers."

In spirit-life the ignorant and morally weak must be permitted to exercise their faculties in every direction possible with safety to general society. The principle is illustrated perfectly in every civilized community on earth. All classes are permitted freedom of action within certain bounds. When these bounds are over-past and the individual becomes a criminal or is known to contemplate crime, he is arrested, for the safety of society and placed where his passions cannot have full play for the harm of his fellow beings. Civilization develops this provision for the safety of all classes."

What is claimed in the philosophy I have been instrumental in giving, is that civilization in the spiritual state does what civilization in the material state aims to do. Being spiritual and higher in the strictest sense, it can do more than has yet been done on earth, in dealing with elements of evil and ignorance. Superior methods of dealing with the lowly have been developed in that life where nothing can be concealed from those whose duty it is to oversee society there. Men despoiled of materially come more readily under the control of spirits of strong psychological power, and this power is used for good to all in earth and spirit-life, as a safe and wise policy dictates."

But what of the phenomena that points unequivocally, according to some, to demoniac influence? I have in my works pointed out the origin of some of these, and cannot repeat this here. I claim that psychic phenomena are varied as the classes of mentalities among men; and that it can never be predicted what a sensitive will do or say under the influence of strong positive minds, the pressure of the varied influences brought to bear in circles or under certain circumstances when the brain and mind are excited by fear or the influence of prevailing manias—epidemics in the mental and moral world. Mankind have but just begun to get an insight into the human forces, and it is safe to say that when we know more about these we shall better understand what means the unreliability of so much that passes for the influence and direct communications of spirits. We misjudge phenomena in matters spiritual, as mankind have been wont to do in so many other things. The methods and motives of controlling spirits are often misunderstood. The desires, prejudices, opinions and nervous disorders reflected upon sensitive subjects from earthly sources, are reflected back in the guise of mediumistic manifestations, and appear as from veritable spirits disembodied. Thus it is that such varied and contradictory responses come to satisfy the demands of positive minds, that have not learned the just law of communication between the two spheres of life, but depend upon imperfect methods, and hence must get imperfect results."

Let us have a Spiritualism that is according to reason, or let us have none at all. If Spiritualism is true and what we have ever claimed it to be, a superior system of faith, a system revealing more of divine love, justice and harmony, in all the provisions of nature for the human race here and hereafter than any other the world has known, then surely we can interpret our facts, our phenomena according to its spirit. This is our work and that of those who come after us, if we do not complete it."

To my mind, the accepted doctrine of evil spirits contradicts the whole spirit of our philosophy and contradicts reason and experience; and it is so repugnant to every sentiment of justice and idea of expediency, that it repels and horrifies any who contemplate it in its awful deformity. I noticed in the JOURNAL of July 24th, a short communication that conveyed to my mind very strong suggestions on this subject. It purported to come from a spirit, and was in part as follows: "I do not approve this execution. It will be an unnatural death, and Price will enter the Spirit-world all unwelcomed. He will have power to return to earth again and have fellowship with undeveloped spirits in the form, with whom he can seek terrible revenge on innocent people. It would be better to let him remain on earth to live out his natural life under proper restraints than to send him where he will have so many opportunities for gratifying his vindictive feelings toward those whom he felt had done him injury. Price himself was only an instrument of a revengeful spirit when Black was murdered." What a comment on spirit-life and the order there! Better, indeed, stay on earth where he might be restrained, if he is subject to no restraint there. A perfect state of barbarism is here depicted; a state where evil is paramount, order unknown, society chaotic. Why, oh! why must man die, to be ushered into a life where such liberty of action is permitted—such liberty to exercise the evil passions, which is the province of philanthropy, of civilized methods, to restrain and cure? Where is justice, love, honor, here—where a chance for progress? Out upon such a doctrine! In this communication is seen the reflection of the common sentiment among Spiritualists, and this sentiment will continue to be so reflected by mediumistic subjects until Spiritualists reject this dogma and substitute for it a doctrine more in accordance with the principles of eternal justice and harmony dominant in the universe."

A Substitute for Standing Armies.

This will not be required quite yet, but it is important that preparation should be made without delay. Till the war spirit of the dominant classes and monarchies has culminated and exhausted itself by conflict with humanity in the strict sense, the knavish purposes of "Christian" governments will have to be guarded against. Arbitration might, however, be by international courts of law made to stand in place of expeditions, and colonization might in all cases be substituted for invasion and conquest. If the war party in this country were broken up, the industrial classes would colonize foreign parts, as in the case of Canada at the present day. Wars have been thrust upon all peoples that we have come in contact with because of our military selfishness and ill manners. In the case of an international court of arbitration, fines, and the suspension of commercial privileges would enforce order, and an international police in the interest of all would be the only standing army required."

To protect the nationalities from the treachery of this armed police, every man and woman should be a "soldier," and undergo military or physical training and discipline. Instead of a minister of war there should be a minister of physical culture. Gardens in summer, with commodious lawns or paved spaces, and large covered sheds in winter, heated, ventilated and ornamented, should be used as recreation grounds, where all could join in the national exercises daily. These would be open every evening; and when the industry of the day was over, all would meet in these places for instruction, recreation and physical culture. The public house system would be superseded, and public entertainers of a demoralizing class would not be allowed to degrade the people. Under proper guidance they could amuse themselves and one another, participate in exercises of grace, deportment and social manners. Men would be taught temperance, continence, cleanliness, his duties to society and to the State. This culture is now, to some extent, taught in our schools; and the Volunteer movement and the bicycle frenzy are all in keeping with it. Professional conning, bicycling would not be encouraged; but every one—the weakest as well as the strongest—would do his and her best.—J. Burns, in Medium and Daybreak.

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principle. If the will be set on virtue there will be no practice of wickedness.—Confucius.

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The Pit leaks and Cools! What Can be Done?

This ago is full of alarms. An old lady (old men never say such foolish things, only women) said, "Hell and the devil are the chief consolations of the gospel," and these are being taken from us. Modern criticism starts his satanic majesty from some Persian or other Asiatic origin, and reminds him to the mythical regions from whence he came. "The bottomless pit" of old theology, with its flames and shrieks of agony, and groans of despair, as pictured in old sermons and in Pollock's "Course of Time," and in other good, or bad, Sunday school books, is in danger of being filled up and of having its fires quenched, and an underground railroad opened for the escape of "poor damned souls," such as Burns sang of.

This danger grows grave for it thickens in new quarters. Formerly infidels like Paine, and pestilent Universalists like Balton weakly tried to fill up the pit and convert its site into a garden, but their efforts were vain, for the solid ranks of orthodox repelled them from their task; then the Unitarians and Hicksite Quakers joined them, and the troublesome infidels without grace or godliness, worked on; then came a host of Spiritualists, and for soiled the ranks of the evangelical defenders of the faith, and now, last and worst, their own captains of fifties and hundreds and more, their ordained clergy, come over to the enemy, leaving wide gaps in their ranks.

A few weeks ago, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL published a report of a sermon by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Rochester, New York, in which he avowed "his disbelief in endless punishment, frankly saying it was dishonorable to God and degrading to man. He is a Congregationalist and his church an independent body, and his people, so far, seem to sustain him, believing, probably, in an old but somewhat obsolete saying, in a book called the New Testament, "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and so willing their good preacher should speak his mind. Now comes the news that his brother, a Presbyterian divine, in Dunkirk, New York, has boldly, yet in excellent spirit, avowed like opinions in his pulpit. A remarkable family this must be, evidently resolved and inspired to break up that old dogma of the catechism:

"In Adam's fall we sinned all."

and his sin and our inheritance condemns us to eternal wrath and fire, unless saved by "the blood of Christ." This Adam's race think better of their ancestor, of God and of man, than the catechism or their church, and so they are heretics. The Dunkirk preacher is under the watch and care of the Presbytery, and they are set and chosen to arrest and deal with heretics, and are to take up and try his case in Buffalo, the newspapers meanwhile having daily comments on the matter.

Suppose they try and then excommunicate him. What then? A few years ago such excommunication would have set its mark on a man, like that on Cain of old, and sent him out into a cold world helpless and forlorn, but all that is changed. He can now go on his way rejoicing in larger freedom and renewed strength. His congregation may become independent and support him, or another and larger one may gather around him, or he can go out into some business or industry and find many men enough to welcome him and aid him. Possibly he may become a Spiritualist teaching the natural religion and the great philosophy of this New Dispensation. What a blessing and means of grace and growth his excommunication would be then! Let him be as he has been brave and true, and they cannot hurt him, for every "elect" saint that turns from him a company of good and free men and women will turn to him. There is more and better room outside the Presbytery fold than in it, and his last estate will be better than his first. Dogmatic anathemas have lost their power and it can never be restored again.

But what can be done? How can the peace of Zion be restored? That peace is the stagnation that comes of slavish con-

formity, a Dead Sea of orthodox quiet. It cannot be restored. Doubt of the pit, the devil, the blood of Christ and the rest will grow.

In this dire emergency we offer a suggestion in good faith and intent, whether our brethren of the Presbytery accept it or not. Let them study and accept the spiritual philosophy; then they will not fear spiritual life and growth, but will rejoice in it. They will gain a larger and clearer ideal of the life beyond and the life here, and get glimpses of their arisen friends through the Gates Ajar. Not attaining perfection at a step, they will grow, and will gladly learn that true life and growth are inseparable.

Still on Finance.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1880.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Dear Sir: Please allow me to ask you a few questions:

1. Is money the value itself or is it a representative of value?

ANSWER. It is always the latter and it is often both. Coin is both value and the representative of value. The stamp of government upon it is a mere certificate of its weight and fineness. Paper money and all forms of exchangeable credit, from government bonds down to notes and book accounts, and even oral promises to pay, are representatives of value, of various shades and qualities. One man's word is often a better representative of value than another man's bond. It is because of this diversity in the forms, and inconvertibility in the volume of exchangeable credits, that any financial arguments which assume that currency has any cast-iron limits, fixable by legislative enactment, are fallacious. If all the "currency" in America should suddenly burn up, each man's agreement to take his neighbor's word in exchange for crops or services would itself be currency, though of a very imperfect kind. All that government can do, therefore, is to fix the quantity of currency it will furnish, not the quantity the people will use.

2. If representative, suppose corn was \$1 per bushel to-day and \$1.10 to-morrow would the dollar note be worth but 90 cents?

ANSWER. It would be worth but about ninety cents in corn as compared with yesterday's prices. If all other commodities had remained the same as yesterday, then there would have been an advance in the purchasing power of corn, both relatively to money and also relatively to all other commodities. If, however, goods of every kind, moveables, land and all other values, had also advanced in price ten per cent., it would indicate solely a decline in the purchasing power of money. In short, an advance of all prices equally, is equivalent to a decline in the purchasing power of money. An advancement in some prices, leaving others stationary, indicates that money is declining in purchasing power relatively to some commodities and advancing relatively to others.

3. Illinois raises for this year 300,000,000 bushels of grain. Should the value of it be based on \$16,000,000 in gold?

ANSWER. Of course not. The grain forms a part of an aggregate supply of agricultural products which goes to the purchase of an aggregate supply of miscellaneous consumable products, such as clothing, shelter, implements of industry, worship, government or protection, education, amusements and scores of others. It is not, therefore, the gold that buys the grain, but it is the bulk of exchangeable commodities desired by the producers of grain, of which usually not more than three or four per cent. are paid for otherwise than in some form of exchangeable credit which represents the commodity while it is in transition from its point of production to its point of consumption, just as the draft drawn against cotton represents the cotton from the time it leaves the plantation until it reaches the factory.

The value, *i. e.*, purchasing power of the 300,000,000 bushels of grain, will be measured partly by the abundance in quantity of the production of the cloth, iron and other products with which it will seek exchange, and will be diminished by the abundance in the production of grain by competing producers of cereals throughout the world. It cannot be measured by one criterion. Its price will depend upon the price at which the like quantity can be purchased elsewhere, due allowance being made for nearness to the markets of distribution and consumption. Ninety per cent. of our grain crop is consumed in the United States and its centre of distribution is New York.

4. Should one man own 10,000 acres of arable land in a thickly populated place using it for pleasure grounds?

ANSWER. Pleasure grounds, *i. e.*, parks in the midst of thickly populated places are greatly needed by the populations themselves, both for health and amusement. In Europe such parks are usually thrown open to popular use, under certain limitations deemed essential to their preservation. Such are Windsor Forest, which is a park considerably larger than our correspondent specifies; indeed, this is the only means by which the owner could gratify that love of ostentation or of displaying his own magnificence, for which he keeps the park. Thus the surplus wealth of the rich becomes by an irreversible law of political economy the involuntary servant of the poor. The mere fact that the nominal title to vast areas of land is vested in one person, or in the government to the use of one person, does not expand his consumable powers. He can neither eat, drink, wear nor otherwise absorb it. All he can do is to be its custodian. If he excludes the public from it he gets no enjoyment from it himself. If he admits

the public to it the result is the same as if it belonged to the public. As to the monopoly of land in our Western States, those who have held most of it, have lost most by it, since under the reign of universal suffrage the policy of residents is to eat the core of the watermelon themselves in the form of commissions and revenues, leaving to the non-resident landholder only the rind—the melancholy satisfaction of feeling that he is paying taxes to school the children of a hundred families he has never seen, and repair thousands of miles of roads over which he has never traveled. American land monopolists generally pay for their whistles about all that the music they derive from it is worth, so far as our observation extends.

5. If the west is so broad and fertile, so much room for laborers, should not capital labor to get there?

ANSWER. Labor is not much benefited by being treated as an object for charity. It is in the main a sturdy, vigorous fellow who don't thank anybody for alms, but would rather go it alone. The department of industry now farthest in the rear in the Western States, is not agriculture but manufactures. If the idle coal of Illinois were set to smelting the idle ores of Missouri and Lake Superior, and to spinning Southern cotton, Illinois would hold 12,000,000 of people without crowding.

6. If rum and interest were abolished what effect would it have on the people?

ANSWER. To abolish rum would require a repeal of the laws of chemistry, to which in the present stage of scientific progress, humanity would be unequal since nature would render it impossible. Under present chemical laws sugar and starch can not rest in a liquid solution for any length of time without developing alcohol. It may be a mistake on the part of nature to get up things in that way, or it may be a mistake on the part of man to suppose that the getting up things in that way is a mistake. Certainly either man or nature is mistaken.

As to abolishing interest, its effect would be to restrict poor men to the use of their own surplus earnings instead of adding them with the use of the surplus earnings of others. It would only convert the hard times which prevail in countries where interest is paid into the periodic famines which prevail in countries where interest is unknown, but which are themselves unknown in countries where interest is paid. Our correspondent can find this question fully discussed in Prof. Donnelly's recent work, "Modern Thinkers," in the articles entitled, "Adam Smith" and "Wealth," for sale at this office, or in any of Carey's works on social science.

Wood, The Evangelical Lobbyist.

Thurlow Wood, known during the active forty years of his long life as the "Father of the Albany lobby," which necessarily means the chief of American political corruptionists, a man whose life-long profession it has been to poison our institutions at their fountain, to sow corruption as seed in order that he might reap legislation as the harvest, has thought it his duty to come to the help of Christianity by comparing the labors of Ingersoll with those of Moody. Mr. Wood has never been known to make the ultimate aspects of either religious, intellectual or humanitarian work the subject of his exclusive, profound or luminous study, and it would have been more within the limits of his capacity and on a par with his means of observation if he had compared Ingersoll's labors for the promotion of human welfare with his own. It is a palpable indication of the waning influence of Christianity when it seizes with avidity upon the complimentary things that may be said of it by lobbyists like Wood and self-seeking attorneys like Wendling. Both men are ignorant of the sources of skeptical criticism and both men are debased by their mental constitution from being any thing else than barnacles, which fasten to the bulk of Christianity, not for its profit, but for their own, not to accelerate its motion, but to facilitate their own progress over the ocean of life. When Christianity goes into the dry-dock for repairs, if it ever does, the very first thing it should do would be to scrape off its lobbyists, like Wood, paid attorneys, like Wendling, credit-mobiler patriots whose names we need not mention, clerical "marshes" like Kallioch and Beecher, and buffoons like Talmage.

Wood, speaking of Moody's labors in New York, says, "Hundreds of drunkards were reclaimed."

To this we say that Mr. Wood does not know whereof he affirms. We freely admit that, with some classes of persons, religious excitement is a form of intoxication of the reason, which may be made successfully to take the place of alcohol. That is at the same time one of the best and one of the worst recommendations it has. It supplies a species of mental stimulus which has often been compared to wine and whose effects are sometimes better and sometimes worse; as between mental and moral growth and a revival of religion we prefer the former; but as between a revival of religion and alcoholism, give us the revival of religion every time. But how treacherous must be that kind of conversion to totalism which includes a state of object, mental homage toward a book which says, "Give wine to him that is of heavy heart and strong drink to him that is in trouble. Let the poor man drink and forget his sorrows and remember his miseries no more."

Mr. Wood in addition to the "hundreds of drunkards" reclaimed by Moody, whom he doesn't know, certifies that "gamblers and prize fighters were converted." They are of the class of mental giants, we admit, to

whom the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity ought to appear satisfactory. A faith which is driven from the universities ought to be acceptable to the slums. Yet the story is without foundation. Mr. Wood cannot give the name of ten, five, or one person of either class who has been permanently reformed by the means referred to and whose reformation will stand scrutiny. The story belongs to the class of religious exaggerations by which persons possessing the standard of ethical culture usual among lobbyists have so often sought to come up to the help of the Lord. It is commanded by Paul, Rom. III. 7, who says: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lies unto his glory, why yet am I also adjudged a sinner?"

As to the good which Ingersoll has accomplished, is it not sufficient that he has caused Thurlow Wood to appear in the role of a Christian missionary? Must he needs convert the devil before men will concede his utility?

The Concord School.

If the directors of the Concord School of Philosophy are inspired with all the wisdom that befits their opportunity, they will recognize in their appointments of lecturers for the next year, the truth that a School of Philosophy can not be a *cathedra* for the propagation of a special type of thought or belief. This will degenerate it into a School of Religion, or a Church of some kind, with its Bishop and Presbytery, under other names, but without that grand commerce of ideas, which is necessary, to make the Concord School the annual intellectual fair of the thinking minds of America, where all shall congregate for the exchange of their intellectual products. The Concord School has won a position in the attention of thinking minds and a qualified respect. We are free to admit also that it has done so by the aggregation of three elements only from among the mass that presented themselves, or perhaps, that did not present themselves, for representation. The three elements represented are essentially, Platonism, Hegelism, and New England Transcendentalism or Emersonism. In one or two discussions Spiritualism received such respectful mention as was possible at the hands of discerning non-Spiritualists who had not yet learned anything about it themselves, but who strongly suspected that others had. It would have broadened and deepened the range of discussion immensely, if the philosophy of Spiritualism had been represented by some gentleman like Mr. Epes Sargent or Oliver B. Stebbins, or by some lady like Mrs. Hardinge-Britten, who could have given the interior view of it instead of that exterior non-view, which was all that Dr. Jones, Mr. Mills or Miss Peabody could present.

Again, the Concord managers are open to just criticism for their failure to invite Prof. John Fisk or some equally "solid" representative of that Positivism or Agnosticism which, following the lead of Auguste Comte and of James and John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Buckle, is now exerting so large an influence over modern thought. Doubtless the views of this school, considered as a propaganda are no more acceptable to Emerson, Alcott, Harris and Jones than to itself, but considered as one aspect in the several phases of existing philosophy to development, they are entitled to a place and hearing, and would have their value, and assert their beneficence in any school of philosophy, that aims to be something broader and better than a sect in religion. We should be glad to see a chair established for the discussion of the historical origin of religious beliefs, as they stand related to, or explained by modern research in the directions of philology and ethnology, and some such service rendered to the school of philosophy, by Prof. Whitney of New Haven, or other competent instructor, as has been rendered in Europe by Profs. Muller and Renan.

While the Concord school has thriven on its somewhat thin but healthy diet of Emersonism, Hegelism and Christian mysticism, we believe it might become broadly and powerfully representative of American philosophic thought by sailing out of its little harbor of stillwater discussion, into the open bay where modern Materialism, modern Spiritualism, Scientific Agnosticism, and even the "raw atheism of the Western States" (Nation) contend together, where the waves roll white and the waters are "lumpy." Occasional instances of sea-sickness would be produced and some of the mariners would cast overboard all they had learned under Harris and Jones, but the world would then say of the Concord School of Philosophy that it is a staunch ship with a working crew, who are not afraid of boisterous winds or deep water, but who mean "business."

Catherine Woodford gives an account of a séance in London with Mr. Huak, when water lilies were brought by the spirits. She says: "The lilies thus brought through the closed doors were evidently fresh from their watery bed, without a single blemish or bruise upon their immaculately pure white petals, which were still covered with tiny water drops when we lighted the candles. The table beneath our fingers was wetted by the contact of the flowers, and their stems, which were fully eight or nine inches in length, and the petals firm as if made of wax; a proof of the perfect manner in which this manifestation was accomplished, for every one knows how extremely delicate are water lilies, and how soon they begin to droop and fade."

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

The editor is again in his sanctum.

The Hamsdell sisters intend to locate in Kalamazoo, Mich., for the winter.

Nathan Young, of Mishawaka, has originated a new system of government, which is designed to revolutionize the present state of affairs quite generally.

Silas Arthur, the musical medium, held a séance at the residence of Dr. Wiggin, last Sunday evening. Those present seemed to enjoy the entertainment highly.

Dr. J. Wilbur, of 480 West Randolph st., has returned from Minnesota. Our correspondence indicates that great success attended his treatment of patients while there.

Mr. Bronson Murray, who has been for several months superintending his large landed estate in Illinois, passed through the city last week on his way home to New York City.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at the Grove Meeting, South Champlain, Sunday Aug. 15th; at the Grove Meeting, Tylerville, Aug. 22nd, all in Jefferson Co., New York. His present address is Storlingville, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Mayo, of San Francisco, will visit Reno, Carson City, Virginia City, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver and adjacent cities. One of her friends says: "She is not only a grand medium, but an estimable lady."

We learn with regret that Mr. B. F. Underwood, was taken ill again the day after he visited us at Lake Pleasant, and has been obliged to postpone his lecture appointments. He is now gaining rapidly and will, we trust, soon be in his usual robust health.

Col. Isaac E. Eaton called at our office last week. He has had, he thinks, some most astounding proofs of materialization of spirit forms, at the house of Mr. Hatch in Astoria, N. Y. The Colonel is on his way to Colorado to stump that State for Hancock.

There is a gentle hubbub in the Methodist Episcopal Church over the alleged heresy of Bishop Randolph S. Foster. The Bishop delivered a course of lectures entitled "Beyond the Grave," which were supposed, by some to transcend the boundaries of rigid orthodoxy.

C. T. Wilbur informs us that the school at Lincoln, Ill., for feeble minded children will open September first. No pupils will be admitted who have not received a certificate of admission from the superintendent. Applications should be made at once, as there are but few vacancies to fill.

We received a very pleasant call this week from Mr. J. H. Harper, of Jackson, Tenn. He is an ardent Spiritualist and a firm friend to true mediums. He states that great progress is being made in Spiritualism in the South; says that it is permeating to a great extent all the churches.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, Can., are making strenuous efforts to suppress dancing among the members of their flocks, and numerous stories are told of their sudden and unexpected appearance in the ball room while dancing was in full blast, to the great disgust of the dancers.

Geo. W. Webster, of Bonair, Iowa, writes "I shall do all I can for our school. I think my best work lies in that direction; and I shall do what I can for the general diffusion of the knowledge of our philosophy; shall probably establish a progressive lyceum for Sundays, and shall not hesitate to advocate a code of morals similar to Tuttle's Ethics and shall always be known as an advocate of Spiritualism."

At a "faith-cure" meeting, lately held at the Old Orchard camp ground, the Rev. D. Oullis related several instances of healing by prayer. One was the case of Capt. R. B. Chester, of the Pennsylvania Military Academy, who was cured of heart disease. Another was that of Albert A. Cheney, of Brattleboro, who had been healed of chronic acute rheumatism.

An Episcopal church recently built in Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is said to have the oldest tower on this continent. The building is of rude logs, and was put up in less than three weeks. The tower is an immense fir tree, which was seventy feet high, but which has been cut off forty feet above the ground, and surmounted with a bell and cross. The rings of the tree show that it is at least 275 years old. The church looks out on Puget Sound. In the rear Mount Baker rises to the height of eleven thousand feet. A little rectory has been built close by the church.

An outline of the life and some of the experiences of Dr. Mack, now in London, has been published under the title of *Healing by Laying on of Hands*, (Burns, 1880), containing facts of considerable interest. Dr. Mack says that when he was five years old, and recovering from a severe illness, he had a vision, giving him an insight into one of the spheres of spirit existence. He adds: "The next phenomenon of a spiritual nature that occurred in my experience took place when I was eleven years of age. One evening, as I was running a race with some playfellows, I found myself partially lifted from the ground, and felt my limbs controlled by the spirit of an Indian boy, and I became frightened, fearing that I should never recover the use of my legs, or that they would run away with me, or that I should meet with some mishap. I ran so swiftly under this novel impulse, that I outstripped all my companions. No inconvenience, happily, attended my pedestrian efforts."

Continued from First Page.

turn to that noble wife and mother, may God's love and blessing abide with you all."

David Jones, a medium of Utica, N. Y., editor of the *Office Branch* said: "Col. Bundy I am not a public speaker, but meeting you here for the first time, I have studied you well, watched you closely. All over the world the question has come to me, 'Where is this all to end?' and I wrote to you in response to these inquiries and your reply was frank and cordial, and I said to the friends, 'Wait! Col. Bundy is right.' And Spiritualists will find this so. I am glad that you are here and I thank you for your fidelity and earnestness. Let us take you by the hand and say, 'God bless you.'"

Miss Jennie Hagen, the youthful improvisatrice from Vermont was invited to improvise a poem and her quills chose for a subject, "Col. Bundy." The poem abounded in enloges of the course of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its editor, and was greatly enjoyed by the audience, who greeted this young medium with great applause.

Mrs. Hester M. Poole, of Metuchen, N. J., was invited to speak and said: "I am accustomed to use the pen more than the voice, but in response to your invitation, I will say that I believe that the JOURNAL is doing a great work, and I am glad to meet the Colonel here as a delegate from the great west, and as a fitting representative of the Spiritual Press. May he feel the inspirations of this beautiful lake, and receive a new baptism of inspiration from the spiritual influences that are here. This is a period that marks a turning point, and a step forward. I wish to bear testimony to Bro. Bundy's faithfulness, and I wish to say to the friends here who are strangers to him, that one who has known him for 30 years, has said to me that he never knew him to do a dishonest act or a mean action." (Great applause.)

Mr. C. H. Lynn said: "As a New Englander and a representative of the Eastern press, I welcome you, and regret that Mr. Colby, the veteran editor of the *Banner* which I represent, is not present here to-night, and as our cause is cosmopolitan in its character, I wish that representatives of the spiritual press in Australia, Italy, France, Germany, England and Spain and the whole civilized world, might meet and exchange views. Each editor has his way; Col. Bundy his, Bro. David Jones his, and Mr. Colby his. Spiritualism is a complex subject, and we need all the aid possible in solving the problems, and as it is the fashion to grasp you by the hand, I extend to you, Col. Bundy, mine."

In reply to this ovation, Col. Bundy said, in substance:

"My friends, did I for a moment suppose this splendid ovation, these heart-felt words of commendation and cheer, were for me alone, my feelings would overpower me, and in vain seek expression in language. But I feel that this spontaneous display of approval and appreciation is intended not alone for me, but as well for the noble corps of contributors and associates who have aided me in making of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a mighty power in elevating, purifying and ennobling the spiritual movement. And in their name, as well as for myself, I return my profound thanks. I want you to search deep down into my heart and there learn my motives. This you are doing, and I feel that you will respect and approve them, even though we may differ at times as to methods. I believe that good will ultimately dominate evil, but I also believe it our duty to facilitate the work by every means in our power. My boyhood was spent on a farm, and early learned that a good crop of corn could not be had, even on the rich soil of Illinois, unless assiduous care was exercised in stirring the earth and eradicating the weeds, and I find the same law holds good in the growth of Spiritualism. I owe my knowledge of a future life, my hours of sweet and holy communion with spirit friends, to the sacred gift of mediumship, and I desire to so hedge about the profession as to make it worthy of the mission it has in hand. When mediums as a class come to fully realize this responsibility, the dignity and sanctity of their work, when as a class they acquire the proper *esprit de corps*, the profession will be respected and looked up to as it should be. This is realized by many mediums already, and they are working heartily and earnestly with the JOURNAL to this end, as has been evidenced here to-night, and as you will find the country through. I am, indeed, glad to be with you, and my only regret to-night is, that my dear wife who so nobly aids me in my work, is not here to share with me in person the wealth of kindness you are showering upon us. I hope another year to bring her here, that she may look upon your bright, kindly faces, and be strengthened as I now am, for the work assigned us. I pray that I may in the future continue to merit your approval and best wishes, and that together we may continue to stand, shoulder to shoulder in the great spiritual work. Again from a full heart I thank you one and all." (Great applause.)

The meeting was composed of representative men and women and was very enthusiastic. The spiritual and magnetic forces were great and most inspiring to all present.

Classification of Mediumship and Instruction of Mediums.

A remark I once heard by Warren Chase, in one of his able lectures ten years ago, that "there should be a College of Mediumship," has almost ever since been a burden on my mind, the affirmative feeling there-to, growing stronger the more extensive may have been my subsequent investigations into the principles of Spiritualism and into the erratic actions of its mediums, and I do not know any better way to relieve the pent-up cogitation, than by asking you to give it wings, that it may fly through this and every other land where the immortals ascended, talk with those they love and have left behind.

One prominent and almost universal feeling with mediums, which has been exceedingly painful to me, is that of a desire and conceit that he or she who is a good instrument for table-tipping or raps, ought to be, is, or most assuredly will be very soon, a first-class lecturer, spirit artist, or a prose or poetic writer of transcendent merit, or all of these things in one mighty lump! And how many possessing either of these gifts, did you ever find, except a few well educated persons, but what they would tell you that they surely could become materializers by a few sittings with persons who were such kind of mediums?

Now, it is true that a Michael Angelo was both a painter and an architect; but not all—not many—are Angelos or Shakespeares; if they were the world would recognize neither the one nor the other as such; but even an Angelo did not attempt to be a lecturer, miscellaneous author, priest, or-

cle and prophet; and if he had done so, who doubts that he would never have given to the world the grand pile of St. Peter's, with its fine proportions and appropriate decorations? But dropping the comparison, and to our subject.

1st. Is it not wisdom in those who more than believe in Spiritualism, and ardently desire its propagation, to think about—to try to have as soon as possible an institution that shall take into its halls those who are every day being developed—being forced into mediumship by the irresistible efforts of determined disembodied spirits, often against the will of such embryo mediums?

2d. Are there not Spiritualists enough in the United States, having the necessary funds in combination, together with the able spiritual teachers, to found and support such an institution?

To the first inquiry, then, I will say that there seems to me to be a chaotic lack of any pretension to wisdom in resting for one moment without an effort to establish such an institution. We have poor abandoned children—some grown-up ones, who, placed in such a school with such men as Brittan, Chase and Davis, Stevens and others as its ardent professors, would give to this priest-ridden nation and world in one decade, hundreds of such mediums as Ada Foy, Charley Foster, Dr. Blane, Mrs. Blair, Wells Anderson and many others worthy of eminent enumeration and admiration; and now just imagine one hundred where there is now one such instrument to spread the light of truth within ten short years, and it is a low estimate; then try to express the blaze of spiritual facts that shall then illumine this material, groveling humanity, into the renewed life of a sensible and certain immortality!

Why, I tell you, brother Spiritualists, you would make more converts within the next ten years, after the first ten of classification and instruction, by sending these developed mediums into this wide world, than Christianity has made within the last five hundred years! Think, Spiritualists, while I tell you that I know a man in San Francisco, who was planning in his mind the building of a grand hall for spiritual meetings and liberal discussions, when he should have a few more thousands, and whilst he was doing this, or hoping to, a priest fed out of his hand and ruining his wife, compelled him to get a divorce, divide the property, spend large sums in law, feel that his life had been a failure, and then commit suicide! The facts are well known there, and I could give the name. Would it not have been better for the world, and for himself and wife, to have kept out the viper from his house and given from time to time, as he could spare, a few hundred dollars to an institution such as we are now contemplating?

You desire, when you go to a séance or when you send your children or any one else there, to be able to say, "Mr. or Mrs. So and So is a good test medium" for this or that certain specific phase; or she has spent his or her time under instruction for development in that particular gift, and I feel that we shall see there something to ourselves or to others, that will convince us of the sweet assurance that the loved ones are not lost, and that we shall all meet in a home that is eternal; or, instead of, as too often now, going and sending others to places where there are either impostors or good table-tippers, who despise their own gift, who dabble at writing, talking or materializing, to the disgust of yourself and the repelling of all your friends from Spiritualism—the only hope of an advancing world, that is growing too wise for its old theologies, and too ignorant of its spiritual nature, its future destiny, its immense mental capabilities, and its possibilities of physical improvement.

Now, "wisdom is known of her children." Should the intelligent, thoughtful, philosophic minds of Spiritualists, who have left the old creeds and their older superstitions, be content with an unsystematic jerk here, an Indian war-whoop there, an unknown or Greek communication to-night, and a message in Spanish through the same medium to-morrow night, to those who do not understand it, and all this to be allowed to end in sport, ridicule and smoke, when such mediums could in a few months be developed into intelligent, respected and powerful missionaries that should take the world by the ear and usher in the new era of knowledge, justice, peace and good will to the suffering millions who are now the dupes of ignorance and deception? Would you have sweet converse with the living dead? Give them a perfect telegraph or telephone on your end of the line, and then you may depend on them doing their share on their end, and soon the hearts of both worlds shall leap for joy under the inspiration of the precious old by-gone communions, and the new songs that shall fall down from the supernal heavens like the blessed dew on the thirsty, parching, withering flower of human affection!

Neglect this systematizing, this licking into shape—which even the bear does not neglect—and our systematic wise men shall almost lastly despair us, and the unthinking and overworked multitude shall go on in their doubts, their hereditary pap sucking, and their unending groviness and brute-like imbecility. But I hasten to the second inquiry.

Are there not enough Spiritualists in the Union to found and support one such an *alma mater* for our sons and daughters to perfect themselves in, who are constrained by the spirit to prophesy whether they will or no? Listen, Oh, Spiritualists, and before your ears are bent down to the sensitive sounding-board of human hearts and human harmonies, a sweet, calm voice answers, "I have given the world thirty odd books, spoken many words from the immortals and from my own loving spirit, have lived an exemplary and a pure life, all for Father and Mother God and their children, the dear humanity, and what there is left of that earth-life, drain it O men, O spirits, O God! before I tread the soft green carpets of eternal rest." And when your ears are down you will hear surging and swelling a thousand voices from as many self-sacrificing spirits, "We have done what we could amid sorrow, poverty, bitterness and scorn, and if there is any teaching or learning to be done, give them to us, that we may grasp them as a glad, willing sacrifice, to lead you and us up to a higher, nobler life!"

And are there not some men and women whom fortune has favored with her sheik, and who have hearts as big as their purses, and who will say, "Such as we have we will give you to spread the truth and bless our less fortunate fellows." I know there are such, not only among Spiritualists but among intelligent materialists, and the advanced theological thinkers, who feel that there is no truth saith the Lord, in the creeds or Bibles, that can quite satisfy their eternal longings.

And now for a sanctioning word from the army of spiritual editors, an eloquent, exceptionless voice from the platform and

the rostrum; and a warm, general demand from mediums of every form, and I know the masses of our million brotherhood will respond with proportional means and a glad Amen!

"O 'tis coming! 'tis coming! I hear the bells ring! It comes like swift love on the carrier dove wing! The good that is coming, the good that is coming, will see its waves rolling on, like an infinite sea."

JESSE H. BUTLER.

A SPIRIT CAST OUT.

How an Unbeliever Materialized a Séance.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

On Fremont street, near Folsom, is a building belonging to a Mrs. Sleeper, which bears conspicuously on its front a sign, imparting to a worldly public that a Mrs. Crindle lives within and exercises for its behoof a wonderful occult faculty for the highly useful art of materializing disembodied spirits. Mrs. Crindle has been in the practice, on stated evenings, of beckoning up from spirit land the incorporeal shapes, clothing them with fleshy integuments for the benefit of curious or sentimental people who have four bits to pay for their folly. Mrs. Sleeper takes in the four bits from the credible and the curious alike; and Mrs. Crindle summons up the spirits from the vaky deep, and for four bits more sets them to talking to individual members of the circle, who pay for the privilege of getting pointed from their friends in heaven. On Monday evening there was one of these spirit shows given in the building to a large gathering of people, among whom were Col. J. P. Dameron, the distinguished Democratic statesman, Judge Collins, and other believers in the spirits. There was also in the gathering one Thomas H. Hannah, of No. 215½ Bush street, a graceless unbeliever, who had been coaxed by his friends late attending, to be convinced by occult demonstration that the spirits will, to oblige certain gifted persons, return and put on their carnal vestments to talk with the living. The lights were turned low, when the medium entered a cabinet, and began preparation for calling up the spirits. After the usual mystic persuasiveness, it was announced that the spirits were assembled and were coming to commune with the circle. An aperture appeared in the folding doors, a certain morose and grumpy spirit No. 1 was disengaged, and was announced as the Empress Josephine materialized. The spirit of several other distinguished personages returned in the flesh to talk with the select circle of sitters, who, with many "Oh's" and "Ah's" acknowledged the favor, holding their breath in awed credence. A departed sister of one of the party returned, and was recognized by him and talked with him at considerable length. Finally the spirit of a late long face, who was announced by his colonial friend Star Eye, by which name she seemed a familiar of several of the circle. She appeared to be a spirit of superior rank, and the veteran sitters of the circle were much more awed at her appearance than at the condescension of the Empress Josephine, Duke of Wellington, Hannibal, or any other of the distinguished dead who had come for a few minutes' gossip with the meeting. Mr. Hannah grew interested, for he noticed a remarkable physical resemblance in all the spirits of the evening, as if each wore the same shaggy garment over different spiritual framework. In fact, the spirits, to an eye which penetrated the outward disguises of head dress and paint, looked all of one family. Hannah put up his half-dollar for a chat with Star Eye, learned from her that his only sister—his never had one—was happy in heaven; that his mother-in-law—he was never married—was being rewarded according to her deserts in the other world, and that his wife's spirit was rejoiced to see him coming to a belief in the spirits, and would come to commune with him at the next sitting of the circle. At parting the spirit put out a hand to lay it on his head, when he grasped the wrist with both hands and gave a violent pull. "Star Eye" shrieked hysterically as his head banged against the door with a force which changed her to blackeye, and proved the material part of her, what she might be, a spirit of her spiritual pretensions. The company held up its hands and raised its voice in horror at the profanation of the spirits. Hannah braced himself against the door, shouting above the clamor of the company, "Come out of that, you son of a gun." The spirit struggled hard, but Hannah tugged like a puppy at a root, and, after a brief struggle, the spirit yielded with a shriek, and came through the aperture in the door head first, with another spirit strangely clinging to her. The two piled on top of Hannah, who fell on his back in the middle of the floor with the violence of his pull and the sudden yielding of the spirits. In the fall the spirit's wig fell off, revealing the features of Mrs. Crindle, the medium, and the other spirit proved to be the husband of Mrs. Sleeper, the owner of the house and treasurer of the show. The circle broke up in considerable excitement and confusion, and Hannah made his exit through the front window.

We publish the above without vouching for its entire correctness, but to show our readers the necessity of absolute test conditions at all times and under all circumstances. Our readers may ask, Why this sweeping assertion? We reply that Mrs. Crindle has friends who believe in her as a genuine medium in some phases, yet granting the correctness of their belief, it seems that little, if any, confidence can be placed in the materializations which occur in her presence, not to mention the utter absence of scientific value of any phenomenon produced in her presence without crucial test conditions.

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